

Yours very Truly,
Geo. F. Scott

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FIFTY YEARS IN THE MINISTRY:

WITH
NUMEROUS CHARACTER SKETCHES.

BY
JOHN SCOTT, D. D.,
AUTHOR OF "PULPIT ECHOES," "THE LAND OF SOJOURN," AND "A LARGER
CATECHISM OF THE DOCTRINES, HISTORY, AND POLITY OF
THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH," ETC.

INTRODUCTION BY REV. J. J. MURRAY, D. D.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."



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To

HIS BELOVED WIFE,


who, for more than fifty years, has shared

his toils and cares,

this volume is affectionately

Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

THE observance of the fiftieth anniversary of my licensure to preach the gospel recalled to my mind so vividly many of the scenes and occurrences of the past, and many of the friends of former years, that I have thought it might be of interest to my family, and perhaps to others, to place on record some of my recollections of former times, showing, as they do, the changes which have taken place in one short lifetime.

The great mass of the people belong to the industrial classes, who possess good common sense and such education as qualifies them for the ordinary pursuits and enjoyments of life, but who make no pretensions to literary culture and scientific knowledge. A man who can write an instructive and entertaining book about common things, level to the capacity of this class, has an opportunity of doing greater good than the man who can produce a learned and profound treatise on some abstract scientific subject, which but few persons would be able to understand and appreciate. After all, it is the common, everyday, practical things of life that really concern and interest the great majority of the people, and these are often deemed too trifling to secure attention and be placed on record for their perusal and instruction.

This narrative is about a very common life, passed among common scenes, and occupied with common things. It makes no pretensions to elegance of diction or attractiveness of style; but tells in a plain and simple manner the story of a life spent by a common man, among common people, in an attempt to do them good.

The narrative being largely personal, it is hardly necessary to apologize for its personal style and its numerous personal allusions and statements. These, by a little attention, might have been modified and rendered less striking; but having undertaken to write about myself, I have not hesitated to do so in the most direct manner. This is not agreeable to my own taste, but to accomplish my purpose, it could not easily be avoided.

It is perhaps proper, and even necessary, for me to say here, that in what I have written in reference to certain questions which at one time agitated our ecclesiastical economy, causing long and earnest discussion, and the action which followed, I must not be regarded as re-arguing those questions from a present point of view; but as presenting the light in which they appeared to me, and to those who were in accord with me in sentiment, at the time of their discussion. The subject is historical, and the object is to present facts, not in the light in which they appear to us now, but in the light in which they appeared at the time of their occurrence. The facts being presented in their proper setting, it is for the reader to judge of the correctness of the action taken.

This volume, except a few corrections and additions, was completed on my seventy-third birthday, October 27, 1893. Some important events with which I have been associated, and many changes in the Conference with which I am connected, have occurred since then; but as I only undertook to give the recollections of fifty years, these, of course, are omitted.

I trust that my narrative, with its numerous facts and incidents, will not prove entirely uninteresting and unprofitable.

Eldersville, Pa.

INTRODUCTION.

A MAN that has given fifty years of his life to the ministry of the gospel in any branch of the Methodist Church, must be a dull man if he has seen or heard, during that time, nothing worth recording. But the author of this book is not a dull man. Going through the world with his eyes open, he has improved his opportunities, and acquired a fund of facts and reflections that will not disappoint the reader who takes up the volume with the expectation of being entertained and edified.

The book having been submitted to me in manuscript, I read it with varied but sustained interest from beginning to end. Sometimes smiling, sometimes laughing aloud, at one moment stopping to wipe the tears from my eyes, at another admiring a forcible argument, a just reflection, or a quaint expression, I persevered in the perusal until, at the end of two sittings, I came to the conclusion, regretting that the end had come. Possibly I was more interested than some others will be, because familiar names occur in the narrative, and I had taken part in some of the transactions recorded. But apart from personal, local, or denominational associations, I think there is enough in the book to repay perusal; and I shall be disappointed if the young are not instructed, and the old are not gratified, as they go along with the author in the paths which, for fifty years, he pursued as an itinerant preacher of the gospel.

Dr. Scott, having lived before the division of the Methodist Protestant Church and subsequent to the reunion

of the same, and having been prominent in the transactions associated with both, naturally records what came under his own observation, and I am free to acknowledge that he does it in the spirit of fairness and charity. Reared amid different surroundings, and associated for the greater portion of my life with people of whom he knew little by actual intercourse, my narration of the events which occurred in the trying times of our ecclesiastical history, and my reflections upon the occurrences of those days, might not be identical with his own. Every man speaks of what impresses him from his own point of observation. "When we read history," says Dr. Hugh Frank Foster, "we have not understood the subject if we have gained merely a knowledge of the facts." Facts are misleading, though narrated with honest intent, unless they are presented in a setting of their proper surroundings. Many, if not all, the differences of good men are attributable to their inability to see things clearly on all sides. "Now we see through a glass darkly;" perfect vision is the privilege of the saints that have passed "within the veil." Dr. Scott has clearly presented facts from his point of view, and thereby has done a service to those that thought and acted with him that will be appreciated by them, and he has done it in a manner that will elicit no unfavorable comments from those that differed with him. Those of us who did not so fully understand the pressure of all kinds upon our brethren of the North and West, will revise our judgment in the light of this book. If it does not as fully set forth the difficulties of our brethren in the South, charity will say, it is because the author could not be so familiar with them as we were ourselves.

JOHN J. MURRAY.

UNION BRIDGE, MD., *December 12, 1893.*

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BOTH my parents were born in Ireland. My father, John Scott, was the son of James and Susan Scott, and was born in the Parish of Enniskillen, County of Donegal, Ireland, on the 9th day of February, 1783. My mother, Frances Carson, was the daughter of Joseph and Jane Carson, and was born in the Parish of Enniskillen, County of Donegal, Ireland, on the 19th day of May, 1782. Their marriage took place in the parish church on June 2, 1807. They became members of the Wesleyan Methodist society in their native village, but the date of their union with it I am not able to give. Their house became a preaching-place, and a home for the Methodist preachers. I have often heard my mother speak of some of the preachers, and especially of a Mr. Hazlett, who appears to have been a special favorite. At that time the ordinances were not administered by the Methodist preachers in Ireland, and my parents, like other members of the society, went to the parish minister to receive the sacraments.

In 1819, my parents, with their four children, Susan, Charles, Jane, and Rebecca, together with my grandfather and grandmother, James and Susan Scott, emigrated to this country. It was before the days of ocean steamers, and they took passage in a sail vessel for St.

John's, New Brunswick—why, I do not know—and from there they took passage for Baltimore; but in consequence of a report that yellow-fever prevailed in that place, they were landed in Washington City. They were six weeks on their second passage, in consequence of continued stormy weather. In Washington City they procured wagons, which brought them to Cross Creek Township (now Jefferson), Washington County, Pa., where my grandmother had two brothers, Robert and Charles Scott—for her maiden name was Scott—who had preceded them to this country. Here they settled on a farm, and never removed from the neighborhood. My grandmother had another brother, Francis Scott, grandfather of Rev. T. H. Scott, of the Muskingum Conference, who, with his family, accompanied my parents to this country; but he died on the way, before they reached their final destination.

On the 27th day of October, 1820, about a year after my parents arrived in the neighborhood, I was born, within about one-half mile of Bethel church, in what is now (1892) Jefferson Township, Washington County, Pa. The house in which I was born has disappeared, but its site is marked by some of its remains. In this neighborhood I was raised, and lived till I arrived at manhood.

This portion of Washington County possesses a rich and productive soil, was originally heavily timbered, abounds in excellent springs of pure water, and is underlaid with thick veins of the best bituminous coal. Its surface is somewhat broken and diversified, but well adapted to agricultural purposes. It is especially adapted to the growing of sheep, and while wool commanded a remunerative price, this industry was largely followed.

In the days of my boyhood the work of subduing the forest and clearing up the farms had not been completed,

and I assisted to some extent in these labors. Like other boys, I attended "grubbings," "log-rollings," "house-raisings," "huskings," "flax-pullings," "scutchings," and other gatherings where both young and old were assembled to aid in performing necessary work, which the people generally thought required the help of their neighbors. While the young men were called upon to assist in outdoor labor, the young women were invited to assist in indoor work, such as quilting, or sewing, or something else; and when the labors of the day were over, the young people generally had a good time in social enjoyment, and I dare say they derived more real pleasure from those gatherings than is now enjoyed at fashionable and expensive parties. At nearly all of those gatherings liquor was supplied, and most persons drank, and yet there was not perhaps a greater amount of drunkenness then than now. But then they drank pure whisky. It was not like the adulterated, poisonous stuff that is now used. Of course, the quality of the liquor was not a justification of its use, but it prevented the effects of its use from being so injurious. Liquor was kept in most families, and men could not be obtained to assist in the harvest and at other kinds of work without it.

The agricultural implements then used were very rude. Many persons used plows with wooden "moldboards." When the "Half Patent" plow was introduced, with iron "coulter," "shear," and steel "moldboard," it was regarded as a wonderful invention and the height of perfection. But if farm implements were rude, the soil was new and rich, and crops were generally abundant. Grain was reaped with the sickle, and threshed with the flail, and afterwards, as the next step in advance, tramped out by horses on the barn floor. This work was generally done in the winter; and to stand all day in an open barn, with

the thermometer at zero, with but moderate exercise, was indeed very trying. Yet many a time when a boy I performed this service. Sometimes the grain was winnowed with a "fan," used by two persons, and sometimes by throwing it up with a shovel when there was a strong wind blowing, which carried away the chaff. But after a while "windmills," turned by hand, were introduced, which was a great improvement.

There were then but few wagons in use. Grain was often carried to mill on horseback; but in winter, when there was snow on the ground, it was hauled on sleds. On such occasions the driving, like that of Jehu, was often furious. The recollection of my own recklessness when a boy, in driving horses with a single line and very inferior harness, has often made me shudder. And yet, notwithstanding this, there were but few accidents. Somehow or other, people are adapted to the times in which they live and to the circumstances with which they are surrounded.

The people in the country had but few wants beyond their own ability to supply. Nearly every farmer kept a few sheep, sufficient to supply him with wool for the use of his own family. This was carded, spun, and woven at home, and "fulled" in a manner peculiar to the times. A web, or part of a web, of flannel, after being well saturated with strong soapsuds, was placed on the floor, and a number of chairs were placed in a circle around it, at such a distance from each other that the feet of two persons sitting opposite each other on two of the chairs would almost meet. A rope was tied around the chairs to keep them from slipping back. Then the chairs were all occupied, generally by young people, barefooted, and the kicking and pounding of the flannel with a dozen or more feet commenced. As the suds became cold and ran off,

a fresh supply of hot suds was procured, and the lively work went on till the flannel had attained to the desired thickness. The process was rather a laborious one, but it was generally attended with such mirthfulness that it was deemed a pleasure, rather than a toil. After being thus fulled, the flannel was used for blankets and various kinds of garments for the comfort of the family. Flannel for ladies' dresses was generally woven from yarn that had been colored in different colors by simple dyes, mostly obtained from barks, and woven in different patterns of checks, some of which were very pretty. In this way the family was supplied with plain, substantial, and comfortable clothing for the winter. If their garments were coarse, they were comfortable; and this was the most desirable thing. Then the people were very much on an equality, and there was but little cause for envy among them. It is not so much what we have, as what we have compared with the possessions of others around us, that constitutes the standard of our ambition and desire.

The summer wear of the people was generally the product of flax raised by themselves. The flaxseed was sowed, the flax "pulled," and "watered," and "broke," and "scutched," and "hackled," and then spun and woven by members of the family. There were two grades of the linen fabric; that woven in whole, or in part, from the "tow," the coarser part of the fiber obtained by "hackling," and that woven from the finer fiber of the flax. The former was generally used for pantaloons, and the yarn was often colored different shades by barks and copperas, and woven in checks. The finer quality was used for sheets, pillowslips, shirts, and other articles of personal and household use. The garments made of this coarse linen were very serviceable, and very pleasant for summer wear.

There was generally a tannery in every neighborhood, where the hides of cattle killed for domestic use were tanned and made into leather. In the fall of the year the itinerant shoemaker went from house to house, making shoes for the whole family out of the leather thus furnished him. The shoes were not always of the most elegant make; but they were generally strong and substantial.

Wheat, rye, corn, oats, and potatoes were generally raised in sufficient quantities to meet home demands, and some to spare. A sufficient number of cows were kept to supply the family with milk and butter, and sometimes an excess for market. Hogs were raised to afford a supply of meat, while chickens, in addition to furnishing a supply of eggs, were always at hand, in case of necessity, for table use. Maple sugar and syrup were generally manufactured in sufficient quantities to supply home consumption. So far as clothing and food were concerned, but little was needed beyond what was produced at home.

The forests were being cleared, wood was abundant, and the great, open fireplace admitted of such a fire as warmed and cheered the whole household. There were no lamps and oil, but candles were "molded" and "dipped" so as to afford necessary light. Of course the light was not equal to that now furnished by oil, gas, or electricity; but it was the best light then in use, and was considered very comfortable. It is wonderful how people can learn to accommodate themselves to their circumstances, especially when they know of nothing better.

It seems to me there was far more sociability and real enjoyment in those days than at present. There was less formality, less selfishness, and a greater interest felt by the people in each other than there appears to be now. During the long winter evenings the families exchanged visits, either receiving or visiting some friends almost every

night, thus passing the time delightfully, when there was no pressing work to do. As people acquire wealth, they become more independent of each other, and as a natural consequence they become more selfish—their friendship is more conventional, and less natural and cordial.

The religious advantages of the neighborhood were fair for those days. Bethel church, a small frame building, but sufficiently large to accommodate the people of the neighborhood, had been erected by the Methodist society in 1814. It was embraced in what was called the "Ohio Circuit"—a four weeks' circuit, with two preachers—so that there was preaching in the church every two weeks. This church was about a mile from my home. My parents united with the society, and worshiped in this church, and to its services, when a very small boy, I often went up with joy.

The first Methodist preachers of whom I have any recollection were William West and Andrew Coleman. The former, according to my recollection, was a rather tall, spare man; the latter a rather small, neat man, and, as I thought, of a wonderfully solemn countenance. I was afraid of him, for he always talked to me and catechised me when he came to our house; and I tried, so far as I could, to keep out of his way. I learned an important lesson from this experience, which it would be well for every minister to learn; and that is, that it is better to inspire a child with love than with awe; better to attract a child with kindness than to repel him by austerity. A minister should never be frivolous, neither should he be morose. A pleasant seriousness is the most winning and impressive. A minister can often do the young, and even the old, more good indirectly than by direct appeal. Sometimes a vessel under sail can make no headway directly in the teeth of a gale; but by "quartering" and "tacking"

can advance, though it may be slowly, in the right direction. He that winneth souls must be wise. At a later date Simon Lauck, Leonidas Hamline—afterwards bishop—and Joseph Boyle were on the circuit.

There was a local preacher, John Elliott, in the society, who was considered a very good man and a good preacher, who often preached in Bethel church and in the surrounding neighborhood. He remained in the neighborhood till I grew to manhood. I had great confidence in him, and was greatly indebted to him for his sympathy and pious counsel when I was a boy. He afterwards united with the Wesleyan Methodists, and removed to Davis County, Iowa, where he died. I believe he was faithful to the end. On one occasion he greatly shocked me by the utterance, in animated conversation, of the word "gosh." Had a clap of thunder come out of a clear sky, it would not have surprised me more. To my young ears it sounded like swearing, and it seemed difficult for me to restore him to the high place he had occupied in my esteem before. I never heard him give utterance to a similar expression; but that one utterance made such an impression on my mind that I never forgot it.

Christian men, and especially ministers, can not be too careful in their conversation to avoid everything that is objectionable, or that might exert an injurious influence on others. I have heard ministers, I suppose from the force of early habit, the propriety of which they were never led perhaps to question, indulge in such expressions as "by gum," "by golly," and others of like character. Such expressions always grate upon my ear, and although perhaps meaningless, have the appearance of evil, and, as in my own case just referred to, may be the means of wounding tender consciences, and doing much harm. All

such expressions, it occurs to me, should be carefully avoided. "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay."

There was another local preacher in Bethel society, Charles Scott, a grand uncle of mine, who preached a great deal in the neighborhood and surrounding country. He was a plain, blunt Irishman; but it was said that while his sermons lacked polish, they were full of thought. He was very plain and pointed in his preaching. He did not denounce the sins that prevailed in some other country, or in some other neighborhood, but those which prevailed in his own; and he was generally able to make the people understand who and what he meant. A sermon that has no point, and that is not calculated to better the life of some one, is useless. Mr. Scott always had a direct aim in his preaching, and he generally made out to reach the point at which he aimed. An aimless sermon seldom accomplishes any good. A man to succeed in anything must have a definite object in view, and must earnestly labor to reach it. Mr. Scott was not a man of polish and literary culture; but he was a man of excellent common sense, and had a clear understanding of the great saving truths of the gospel. Polish is a nice thing, but unless a man has something worth polishing, it is all glitter and no substance.

Methodism in this country, in the beginning, was greatly indebted to the labors of local preachers, and especially to Irish local preachers. They served as pioneers to prepare the way for the regular itinerants, and to watch over and care for those whom they were instrumental in bringing to Christ. Indeed, Methodism was founded in this country by two Irish local preachers, Philip Embury, who organized the first Methodist society in New York; and Robert Strawbridge, who, about the same time, organized a Methodist society on Sam's Creek, in Maryland.

CHAPTER II.

My Father an Early Reformer—"Mutual Rights"—Bethel Society—Reform Controversy—General Conference of 1828—Organization Under Conventional Articles—Honored Names—Other Societies—Ohio Circuit—Josiah Foster, First Preacher—John Wilson—Masonic Procession—Change of Pastor—John Clark—New Bethel—Two Days' Meetings—Dedication of New Church—Large Attendance—Great Revival—Conversions at Private Houses Throughout the Neighborhood—Love-feast—Conversion—United with the Church—Conversion of Children.

My father was a reader of the *Mutual Rights*, and a strong advocate of reform in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was the prevailing sentiment in the Bethel society. Whenever the members met, which was very frequently, the subject was discussed, so that from my very earliest recollection I was familiar with the "Reform" controversy. The action of the General Conference of 1828, in Pittsburg, tended to increase the excitement, unify the "Reformers," and render secession, in their opinion, a necessity. The result was, that in many places those persons who had been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church, not for immorality, but for "envying" against its Discipline, and their friends who sympathized with them and who voluntarily withdrew from the Church, organized themselves into Associate Methodist Churches, as they were termed at the time.

In 1829 almost the entire Bethel society withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and organized under the "Conventional Articles" adopted in a Convention of the Associated Methodist Churches in Baltimore, in November, 1828. The society was composed of a class of

most excellent men and women, whose names are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. They were people of unblemished moral and religious character, of strong common sense, and well informed in regard to Church matters. They were honest in their convictions, and conscientious in the course they pursued.

I am sorry that I am not able to give the names of all who entered into this organization. Among them, however, were James Patterson and wife, John Patterson and wife, John Elliott, Sr., and wife, John Elliott, Jr., and wife, John Cassiday and wife, Dr. David Pierce and wife, Charles Scott, Sr., and daughter, Charles Scott, Jr., and wife, John Scott and wife, John Long and wife, Edward Jones and wife, William Melvin and wife, Anne Melvin, Sarah Melvin, and others, whose names I can not give. These men and their associates embraced the leading citizens of the neighborhood.

About the time of the organization of the society at Bethel, societies were formed at Eldersville, West Middletown, Pughtown, Nessley Chapel, and Freeman's Landing, and a circuit formed, called Ohio Circuit, embracing these and some other appointments. The first preacher on this circuit was Josiah Foster, a local preacher from Carroll County, Ohio. He was regarded as a very good man, and a plain, practical preacher. He was noted for his short sermons. How short they were I can not say; but they were considered short compared with the generality of sermons at that time, which were mostly from an hour to an hour and a half or two hours in length. The people were anxious to hear the gospel, and as a preacher did not preach very frequently in the same place, it was common to give a synopsis of the whole gospel in every sermon, showing man's apostasy from God, his redemption by the suffering and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the way

of life and salvation through him. It was the same old story, but differently told, and was always attractive and impressive.

We have more learned preachers and more learned preaching now than we had then; but it is a question whether we have a purer gospel preached, or men who, as a general thing, are as successful in bringing souls to Christ. We have men who can speculate and theorize; but "no speculations however ingenious, no Bible knowledge however extensive, no sentiments or theories of morals however excellent, can be substituted for personal experience of forgiveness and regeneration. The Church that ceases to be distinguished for converting power, and which does not lead its people to walk in the way of holiness, can not be the means of bringing back an alienated world to God." Those early preachers were men of sound, common sense, of deep religious experience, of fervent piety, of clear insight into human character, and appeared to be peculiarly adapted to bringing men to Christ, and teaching them the way of eternal life. Their great object was to get men converted—to bring them to an experimental knowledge of the saving power of Christ. Whether their sermons were long or short, or whether they embraced a wide or narrow range, they aimed directly at the one great object of saving souls.

Mr. Foster remained but one year on the circuit. I believe he was not so circumstanced as to be able to give all his time to the ministry, and only consented to supply the circuit to meet an emergency.

Mr. Foster was succeeded on the circuit by John Wilson, an Irishman of more than ordinary ability, but somewhat eccentric. I was too young to be able to judge correctly of the character of his preaching, but those who were older and competent to judge, pronounced him an excel-

lent preacher. It was told of him that on one occasion, when giving an invitation to persons to unite with the Church, he remarked: "Now I wish you to understand that we do n't want many, but just a few good ones, for we have more now than are good." This was a precaution which it might be well for other preachers sometimes to take. If there were greater caution taken in receiving persons into the Church, there would often be far less trouble in getting rid of improper persons who have proved themselves unworthy of membership in it. But ministers are often anxious to increase their membership, without proper regard to the character and religious experience of those whom they receive.

Mr. Wilson was a Free Mason, and during the year he walked in a Masonic procession and carried the Bible, in Steubenville, Ohio. This gave great offense to Judge McKeever, of West Middletown, and other antimasons on the circuit, to whom his labors were no longer acceptable, and for the sake of harmony on the circuit, he was removed at the end of the year.

The following year the circuit was supplied by John Clark, called "Pittsburg John"—his home being in Pittsburg—to distinguish him from another John Clark in the Conference, who was called "Hacker's Creek John," because his home was on Hacker's Creek, in Western Virginia. Mr. Clark was a rather tall, spare man, of pleasing address and agreeable manners. He was rather radical in his views, and while popular with all, was a special favorite with those who, the preceding year, had been opposed to Mr. Wilson. He was very successful on the circuit, and his labors were blessed with extensive revivals.

For a considerable time after the organization of the new society at Bethel, both societies occupied the same house for worship alternately. But occasional conflicts

occurred which produced unpleasantness, and it was found that both societies could not well worship in the same building. The members of the new society, by their labor and money, had erected the old house, and in justice it belonged to them. Of all those who adhered to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Bethel class, only one man had contributed anything to the erection of the church, and he but five dollars. But the old society claimed the property, and the "Reformers," rather than engage in any legal contention, resolved to erect a new church-building for themselves. A site was chosen on the same eminence on which the old church stood, and only about ten or fifteen rods distant from it. This was not done for the purpose of annoying their Methodist Episcopal brethren, but for their own convenience and comfort. That was the place where they had been in the habit of assembling to worship for many years, the place where their dead were buried, and they did not wish to leave it. Their feeling was not only justifiable, but commendable.

All the necessary arrangements having been made, the work of erecting the new church began in the spring of 1832, and by the latter part of August it was completed and ready for dedication. It was a stone building, and much larger and more commodious than the old one. My uncle, Francis Scott, had the contract for the stone work, and I spent the summer in working at the new building. I carried water, made mortar, and did everything which a stout boy of between eleven and twelve years of age could do. I took great pride in the new building. To my young and inexperienced eyes it appeared like a grand structure. Its large windows—large in comparison with anything of the kind that I had seen—its paneled pulpit, with heavy moldings and projecting Bible-board, its altar-railing of fine cherry, nicely varnished; its pews, with solid backs

and capped with a neat molding, looked to me like the perfection of art. Although it would be considered a very plain and homely church now, it was regarded as a very good and comfortable church then, and God honored it with his presence and filled it with his glory.

At that time it was customary to hold what were called "two-days' meetings" and "quarterly-meetings," which sometimes were continued till Monday forenoon. "Protracted-meetings," as they are now called, had not then been introduced. It did not require two or three weeks of service to get the Church ready to go to work to save souls. They were always ready, and were always looking for tokens of the Divine favor at every coming together. Persons were often converted under the ordinary preaching of the Word.

The new church was called "New Bethel," and was dedicated on the second Sabbath (the 9th) of September, 1832, just before the session of the Annual Conference. The services commenced with a prayer-meeting on Friday night, and at the very first meeting the Divine Spirit, in his convicting power, came down upon the people, and many cried out in the earnestness of their hearts, "What must we do to be saved?"

On Saturday a great many persons, members of the Church and others, came from West Middletown, Pughtown, Nessley Chapel, Freeman's Landing, and other places. Some came in wagons, some on horseback, and some on foot. It seemed like the gathering of the tribes of Israel for a holy convocation to the hill of Zion. A holy awe seemed to rest upon the people. The sacred influence appeared to deepen and widen throughout the day. At night the power of the Lord came down in a glorious manner upon the congregation. It seemed like the breaking forth of mighty waters, the flowing of streams in the

desert. Believers were made to rejoice, sinners were convicted, and penitents were converted. There was indeed the shout of a King in the camp. When the congregation was dismissed at a late hour, and the people returned to their homes along the public highways, through the woods and across the fields, from almost every direction might be heard the voices of some singing the praise of God, of others shouting aloud for joy, and of others crying out in the bitterness of their souls for mercy. It was a time of wonderful power and grace.

The strangers who came to the meeting were entertained by the families of the Church in the neighborhood. There were many persons at my father's house, and many who were seeking the Savior. It was not a night of quiet slumbers. There were those there who could not give "sleep to their eyes, nor slumber to their eyelids," till they had found Him whom their souls desired to love. Several of them arose in the night, and went out into the orchard to plead with God, where they were converted. Similar scenes occurred in other families in the neighborhood. It was a memorable night—a night of the right hand of the Most High.

On Sabbath morning the people met in the church for love-feast; and it was like the gathering of triumphant hosts. From every quarter came tidings of salvation. Great battles had been fought, and great victories had been won. Souls had struggled into life, and their "mouths were filled with laughter, and their tongues with singing." The glory of the Highest appeared to overshadow the place. The interest continued during the day, and during the evening, and through the closing service on Monday morning. As the result of the meeting forty-four persons united with the Church, and a far greater number was believed to have been converted.

I believe I was converted at that meeting. I felt no great and sudden change, but I was fervent in prayer, and my heart gently opened to the influence of the Divine Spirit. I had not been a bad boy; I had not been exposed to bad influences, and had not formed any bad habits. I used no bad language, and never swore an oath in my life. I had been religiously trained; I believed in religion, and thought it the most desirable thing in the world. I had not the sense of guilt which vile transgressors of God's law would naturally have. Yet my heart went out in longings after God. By degrees a great change came over me. It seemed to me I had gotten into a new atmosphere. My heart was filled with love and peace and joy. I was as happy a boy as could be. I could truthfully sing:

“The day glides sweetly o’er my head,
Made up of innocence and love.”

There seemed to be nothing to interrupt my happiness. But I did not unite with the Church. Indeed, I do not know that the thought of uniting with the Church occurred to me during the meeting. But after the meeting was over, and Brother Clark had gone to Conference, I got to thinking about the matter, and felt a strong desire to become a member of the Church, but feared I was too young to be received. I requested my father to ask Brother Clark, when he should return from Conference, if he would receive me into the Church. Brother Clark was returned to the circuit for another year, and the first time he came to our house my father made known to him my request, and he said that he certainly would. So, at his first appointment at Bethel, in the latter part of September, 1832, I united with the Church.

I do not believe the doctrine that is now taught by some, that children do not need to be regenerated—that

they are born in the kingdom, and that all that is necessary to save them, is to properly train them and keep them in the kingdom. This doctrine appears to me to be in direct conflict with the plain teachings of God's Word. The carnal mind, which is natural to every child of Adam, is enmity against God, and must be taken away by the renewing power of the Divine Spirit, to make us truly acceptable to God. That this carnal mind in children should be repressed and restrained by proper education and training is admitted; and that children who have not run to any great extent into sin, and whose evil propensities and inclinations have not been developed and strengthened by indulgence, may more easily be brought to Christ than hardened transgressors, is undoubtedly true; and that we should earnestly seek the conversion of children before they run into courses of vice, is a most obvious duty. We can not be too earnest in seeking the salvation of the children; but let us remember that they must be born from above, and be made the children of God by faith. This is in accordance with my own experience. I felt that a wonderful change had taken place in me. It seemed to me I was in a new world. Everything around me seemed to be different.

CHAPTER III.

Father's Illness and Death—Going to School—Books—Teachers—James Carmichael—Visit to Pittsburg—Gift of a Dollar—Purchase of Grammar and Dictionary—Improvement in School—Literary Society—Address on Solar System—Back-sliding—Unhappy—Reclaimed—Family Prayer—Purchase of a Farm—Call to Preach—Embarrassment—Sale of Farm—Hand of Providence—Dr. Brown Pastor—Great Privilege—Elected Assistant Class-leader.

My father's health had been poor for some time, and his illness increased, and on December 23, 1833, he passed away. He was a good man, a man of uncompromising integrity and honesty, and had been for many years a devoted Methodist. I believe he was, as was customary in those days, a licensed exhorter in the Church. Before his death he called me to his bedside, and gave me his dying counsel and blessing. Among other things, he told me not to forget to pray to God every day for his blessing to rest upon me; to be faithful in the observance of the means of grace, and not to neglect the prayer-meeting and the class-meeting. When he was through, he laid his hand upon my head, and asked God to bless me, and said, "John, remember." My father's death was a great loss to me; but I did not realize it then as I did afterwards.

I commenced going to school when I was a small boy. The schools in our neighborhood at that time were of a very low grade. The teachers were incompetent, knew but little themselves, and, of course, could teach others but little. I had learned to read, write, and cipher. I had gone through the "United States Spelling-book," the "New Testament," and the "Introduction to the English Reader," and thought I knew something about "figures."

Indeed, I began to consider myself somewhat of a scholar. But this vain conceit was soon taken out of me. We got a new teacher, Mr. James Carmichael, who was a fine scholar, and a teacher of large experience. He soon made me realize that I knew nothing. He put me, as well as many others, back into the spelling-book, and back to the very beginning of it. He taught me the difference between vowels and consonants, which I did not know before; the various vowel sounds, all about diphthongs, silent letters, hard and soft consonants, as he called them, accents, the rules of spelling, and the combination of syllables into words, or word-building—in short, he gave me a thorough drilling in the rudiments of English. The idea began to dawn upon my mind that language was a very nice thing, and that it was subject to very exact rules, or laws. I have always felt that I was more indebted to Mr. Carmichael than to any other teacher to whom I ever went. Mr. Carmichael remained with us for several terms, and I profited much from his instructions. Many young men who pass through college, and study Greek and Latin, labor under great disadvantages all through life, because of insufficient drill in the rudiments of their mother-tongue.

A short time after my father's death, I made a visit to my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Johnston, residing some sixteen or eighteen miles west of Pittsburg, on the Pan-handle Railroad, at what is now called McDonald, a new town largely built on what was my brother-in-law's farm. While there, my brother-in-law had occasion to go to Pittsburg, and he took me with him. It was a great gratification to me, for, although Pittsburg was then but a comparatively small place, it was by far the largest town I had ever seen, and it impressed me with a sense of its greatness. In the market my brother-in-law gave me a silver dollar, and my mind was at once exercised as to what

I should do with it. The idea of keeping it never occurred to me. Boy-like, I must spend it; but I could not decide what to purchase. At that time English Grammar was not taught in our school; but I had met with a boy, John L. Johnston, who afterward became a brother-in-law of mine, who lived in another neighborhood, who told me that it was taught in his school, and that he was studying it. He also gave me the name of the Grammar he was studying. After a good deal of thought, and after looking at a great many things I saw for sale in the market-place, I concluded to buy an English Grammar. So I went into a bookstore on Market Street, and asked for "Roswell C. Smith's English Grammar." I had never seen a Grammar, and had not the slightest idea as to what kind of a book it was. The clerk threw it down, and I took it up and happened to open it at the conjugation of the verb, "I love, thou lovest, he, she, or it loves." I thought it was a very queer book, and that that kind of reading would not do me any good. I told the gentleman I did not like it. He asked me what objection I had to it; but I could not tell. But as I had asked for the book, I thought I must take it; so he wrapped it up for me. I then asked the price of it, and he said, fifty cents. I had fifty cents left, and I concluded that as I had a Grammar I should have a dictionary. I asked for "Walker's School Dictionary," a small, square book then in pretty general use. He threw it down, and I asked the price. He said, fifty cents. I told him to tie it up for me. So now my dollar was gone, and I had a Grammar and a dictionary. I was rather proud of my purchase, and anxious to get home, so I could examine my books more fully.

The gift of that dollar, and the purchase of those books, I have always regarded as the turning-point in my life. As a little pebble cast into a tiny stream near its

source changes the direction of its waters, and turns them into a new channel, so they gave a new direction to my thoughts, and shaped my future course. It is true I was ambitious before that to learn, and it was this that influenced me to improve the opportunity afforded me.

When I got home and examined my Grammar, I found that Mr. Carmichael had taught me a good many things contained in the first part of the book, and that I understood them pretty well. I was greatly encouraged by this, and determined to master the book. After looking through it in a general way, I concluded to commence at the beginning. I soon found that it was very plain and simple, and that as soon as I understood one thing thoroughly, it prepared me to understand something else that I did not and could not understand before. Thus I went on, every step I took preparing me to take another. The trouble with most young people, and indeed with old people too, is, that they try to understand something which depends on a knowledge of that which precedes it, which they do not possess. The only way to succeed in anything, is to begin with first principles, and advance by degrees to final conclusions. This was the way I tried to study grammar, and I think it was the right way. Of course, my progress was very slow, as I had no one to teach me; and had no time to study but at night, after my day's work was done. But instead of being a task, it was a pleasure. I always liked the study of language, and had a greater taste for it than for most other studies. This enabled me to persevere in my effort; and I succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of grammar as enabled me to avoid gross errors, without being able to observe those nice distinctions on which the beauty of language often depends. When we got a teacher in our school who could teach

grammar, he said I understood it as well as he did; but I suppose he did not understand it very well.

Our school improved, and in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, we had English grammar and history taught. Indeed, some of the boys began to have literary tastes, and a literary society was organized, in which questions were discussed and speeches and lectures delivered. Of course, the performances were very humble and feeble; but they indicated a taste in the right direction. A person may know very little, but there is hope of him if he moves in a proper course. It is not so important where a person begins, as where he ends.

I had somewhere come across a pretty full and clear outline of the solar system. I had read it with great interest, and indeed wonder, and thought I had become possessed of rare knowledge, and that I was competent to enlighten my young companions on the subject; and so chose it for my next address. The thing is too ludicrous to put on record even of a boy, if it were not for the sequel. I delivered my address and told all that I knew, which I suppose was well enough; for I did not venture beyond the record.

When the society adjourned, our teacher, who was quite an intelligent man, came to me, and told me that he had a book which he would let me have, that would tell me a great deal more on that and many other subjects. A few days afterwards he brought to me a work on Natural Philosophy, which opened up to me a new world. I read and studied it with deep interest. Some time after that I got a copy of "Blair's Rhetoric," and a little later a small work on Logic. I suppose I would not have stood a very good examination on any of the subjects I attempted to study; but I tried to know all about them I could.

After my father's death, which, as before stated, occurred a little more than a year after I had united with the Church, I did not feel the same restraint over me that I had felt before. I was older, and mingled more with other boys, and was exposed more than formerly to evil influences. The influence of the great revival had somewhat worn off. There was not the same religious fervor and zeal in the Church. All these things affected me. My religious ardor abated, and my religious enjoyment diminished.

It was customary at that time for the members of the Church to occupy the seats at each side of the pulpit, and immediately in front of it, while the non-professors occupied the seats in the back part of the church. It was also customary, then, to have class-meeting immediately after the public congregation was dismissed. I had always occupied a place in the Church, from the time I united with it, about two seats from the front, among the members of the Church. When the congregation was dismissed, those around me sat down and remained for class; and being among them I did not find it difficult to do so also. But as I grew cold in religion, class-meeting had not the same attractions to me, nor had immediate association with my brethren. The result was, I dropped back a seat in the Church, and then another; until I soon found myself sitting among the ungodly. When the congregation was dismissed, all around me went out, and I had not courage enough to resist the temptation, and I went out too. Thus class-meeting was neglected.

But, notwithstanding this, I did not abandon the Church, or run into vice. I still considered myself a member of the Church, and felt its restraints upon me. But I had lost my love. I was a servant, and not a son. I was far from being happy. This state of things continued

for a year or more. But at length it seemed to me I could endure it no longer. I did not feel so much a sense of guilt as of loss. It seemed to me I had lost something. There was a great void in my heart, and I was filled with sadness and sorrow. I often thought of the dying words of my father, "John, remember," and they gave me pain. I could stand it no longer, and I determined to retrace my steps, and endeavor to regain what was lost; and began earnestly to seek God in secret. I also became regular in the observance of the means of grace, and went even to the altar of prayer, and sought God publicly; but I could not find comfort. I was told to believe, and to lay hold on Christ by faith; but it seemed to me I could not do it.

There was a cousin of mine, about my own age, or perhaps a few months older, George M. Scott, who for many years past has been a minister in the Iowa Conference, who was a member of the Church, and, like myself, seeking the Savior. There was a little cottage prayer-meeting held in the neighborhood every week from house to house, but which met for the most part at Brother William Melvin's, about two miles from where I lived. My cousin and I attended this prayer-meeting very regularly, and generally went and returned together. We would often stop on our way to this meeting in the woods, and pray God to meet with us, and reveal himself to our hearts. Like the Greeks of old at Jerusalem, we desired to meet Jesus. No one but God knew the feelings of our hearts and the exercises of our minds.

One night at this little prayer-meeting at Brother Melvin's, my distress of mind became so great that I feared if I remained in the room I would not be able to restrain my feelings, and I felt ashamed to give way to them before others; so I concluded to go out and seek some private place, where I could pour out my soul before God; and if

I gave way to my feelings, no one would hear me. I got out of the house, and out of the little yard in front of it on to the public highway. It was very dark, and I did not know where to go. It seemed to me that I would sink beneath my load. While standing there in deep distress, Jesus of Nazareth, the friend of sinners, passed that way. It seems to me I did not "lay hold" on Christ, as I had often been told to do; but I let go of everything, and fell, helpless, into his arms, feeling that he alone could save me; and he did save me. My burden was gone, my soul was filled with joy, and I shouted aloud the praise of God. I do not know that I have ever shouted since, or that I will ever shout again till I join the great multitude before the throne; but I shouted then in the fullness of my joy, and returned into the house and told what great things God had done for me. The man-fearing spirit that had possessed me but a short time before was gone.

A short time after my conversion, and before the meeting closed that night, it was deeply impressed upon my mind that I must go home and establish family worship in my mother's house, which had not been attended to since my father's death, or I would lose my religion. I could not divest myself of this impression. I remained at Brother Melvin's that night; but when I went home the next morning, I told my mother of my conversion and of the impression made upon my mind in regard to my duty. She was greatly rejoiced, encouraged me to perform my duty, and to be faithful. That night I read a portion of God's Word, and offered prayer in the family as best I could. This practice I kept up till I left home to enter the itinerancy.

I was but a boy, and we frequently had young people as well as others at our house over night, and it was often a great cross to me, in their presence, to attend to family

worship; but God sustained me, and gave me grace to enable me to bear the cross. This was the means of my preservation. The only way in which any one can stand fast in the faith and maintain his integrity, is by doing his duty, bearing the cross, and trusting in God for support. It is not surprising that so many persons who have been truly converted fall away, and sometimes make shipwreck of faith, when they refuse to take up the cross, and confess Christ before men. Every young convert should at once be put to work, and taught that the only way in which he can stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free, is to be faithful in the performance of every Christian duty.

My father left some means at his death, and the little farm on which we resided was designed for my mother's support while she lived, and at her death it was to be divided between my brother, who was my senior by about nine years, and myself. At the age of seventeen I had attained to my full stature, and had the appearance of a strong and vigorous young man, and was able to do any kind of work on a farm. About that time a neighbor of ours came to my brother, and wished to sell him his farm, which adjoined ours, and was one of the best farms in the neighborhood. The price was very low, and the terms were very easy. My brother thought if I would take his interest in the home place, that he could buy it. I had no money, nor was there any immediately required of me; but I thought I could make some. I agreed to the proposition, and my brother bought the farm. We worked together, and we worked very hard, and succeeded as well as we expected, and had not conscience and a sense of duty on my part interfered, we would no doubt have succeeded in carrying out our purpose, and would have become the owners of adjoining farms.

From the earliest period of my recollection, I thought I would be a preacher. I had no idea how such a thing would be brought about; but such was my impression. After my conversion I often thought of it; but the subject would pass out of my mind, and after a time return again; but I was too young to give it very serious attention. But when I grew older, and thought more upon the subject, and especially after I found myself tied up by financial responsibility, I became greatly troubled; for the matter began to press upon my conscience, and I began to feel that God had called me to the work of the ministry. But I could not repudiate my obligation, nor relax my efforts to meet it. I could not see any honorable way of escape. My way appeared to be completely hedged up. Obligation and duty appeared to be drawing me in different directions. In the meantime every spare moment I had was given to my books. Indeed, I was seldom without a book in my pocket, to read at odd moments when I was not employed.

This state of things continued for a couple of years or more. My mother, and also my brother, became aware of the state of my mind; but there seemed to be no way of escape. At length my mother proposed that we sell the home place, and that she transfer her interest to my brother's farm, as that would release me and assist him; as he desired to retain the farm he had bought, as it was larger and better than the old one. This plan was agreed upon. But there was one great difficulty in the way. Times were hard, money was scarce, and there was no sale for property, and the prospect of being able to carry out our purpose appeared to be almost hopeless. Still, the farm was offered for sale, and very unexpectedly to us, a neighbor, whom no one supposed desired to procure a farm, came and bought it, giving us our price, and I was released

from my obligation, my mother was equally well provided for, and my brother's financial condition improved.

I have always regarded this as a special interposition of Divine Providence, and I have introduced it here to show how God can work out deliverance for us, save us from ourselves,—our own imprudences,—and open up the path of duty before us. If I did not believe in a special superintending Providence, and that God hears the prayers of his children, and, notwithstanding their many mistakes, guides them by his counsel, takes care of them, and opens up their way before them, I would give up all hope, and sink into utter despair. I had made a mistake in assuming the obligations I did. But God knew my sincerity and inexperience, and, in a manner that I could not have thought of, opened up a way for my escape, and without injury to any one. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

When I was about eighteen years of age, the Rev. Dr. George Brown was pastor of our circuit, and it was a great privilege to hear his very able and practical preaching. He was then in his prime, and many of his sermons were grand and overpowering. He discussed the great doctrines and practical duties of Christianity, and his sermons, for a student of theology, were far superior to most lectures delivered in our theological seminaries. I endeavored to profit by them, and was thankful that I was permitted to sit under the ministry of such a master in Israel. The preaching of the gospel is designed to teach men, as well as to excite their emotions; and that preacher who does not instruct the people in the great mysteries of the gospel and make the way of salvation plain to their minds, it matters not how much he may arouse their feelings, fails in the most important part of his work. Dr. Brown

was clear and forcible in his expositions of Divine truth, and also powerful in appeal.

Before leaving for Conference, Dr. Brown held an election for leader in our class, and after the society had elected Brother George Elliott leader, Dr. Brown pointed to me, and said, "I want you to elect that young man assistant leader," which the class at once did. It was very unexpected to me, and almost overwhelmed me, for I was exceedingly diffident and backward in those days. Brother Elliott was a good and prudent man, and he dealt kindly with me, and by degrees induced me to take some part in leading the class and in conducting our social meetings. I am thankful that I had sense enough not to put myself forward, or seek to bring myself into notice. A man who has not sense and modesty enough to know and keep his place is not fit to be a minister of Jesus Christ. Humility and modesty are graces which every man, and especially every young minister, should diligently cultivate.

CHAPTER IV.

John Herbert—Three Years' Pastorate—Fatherly Care—Licensed to Preach—My First Sermon—Some of the Books Read—Doctrines of the Gospel—Theories of Preaching—Wise Counsel—Recommended to Conference—John Cowl—John Beaty—A. W. Porter—Trip to Conference—Distinguished Members—Shinn's Sermon—Received into Conference—Appointed to Ohio Circuit as Assistant—R. T. Simonton, Superintendent—Muskingum Conference Set Off—Quarterly Meeting at West Middletown—John Deselm's Prayer—Four Weeks' Circuit—Short Sermons—My Brother Charles—Small Salaries—Had Acquired a Little Experience.

DR. BROWN remained on the circuit but one year. He was succeeded by John Herbert as superintendent. Brother Herbert was a good man and a good preacher, and because of his straightforward course and his unswerving integrity had acquired the sobriquet of "Honest John." He was popular on the circuit, and remained for three years, the full time then allowed by the Discipline. He was kind to me, and encouraged and counseled me, and a friendship grew up between us which was never interrupted while he lived. Shortly after leaving Ohio Circuit, he retired from the itinerancy, and located in Allegheny City, Pa., where he went into business, and where he gained the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He connected himself with our First Church in that city, and was one of its main pillars. He was over eighty years of age at the time of his death, and he was gathered in peace to his fathers.

During his last year on Ohio Circuit, Brother Herbert watched over me with the care and solicitude of a father. He was prompt in suggesting whatever he thought would

be for my good, and he endeavored to open up my way. Without any solicitation on my part, for I never could have asked for it, he brought my case before the second Quarterly Conference of the year, on the 19th day of February, 1842, and I was duly licensed to preach the gospel of Christ. That was on Saturday, and on the following Tuesday evening, I think, I preached my first sermon in Eldersville. My text was Colossians i, 28: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom: that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." I noticed three points: The great *subject* of preaching "Christ;" the *manner* of preaching—"warning and teaching every man in all wisdom;" and the great *object* of preaching—to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Although my text embraced the whole gospel, my sermon was very short—about fifteen minutes. In that length of time I said all I had to say. I have always been thankful that I had wisdom and grace enough to make Christ the theme of my first sermon, and I hope he will be the theme and inspiration of my last. Men may preach other things; they may speculate and philosophize as they please; but, after all, a crucified Christ and a risen, exalted, and interceding Savior, is the only hope of the world.

Although I had been endeavoring to prepare for the ministry for several years, yet having no one particularly to direct me, my reading was desultory and confined to such books as I could obtain. Among other books I had read Dr. Adam Clarke's *Life*, written by himself, Wesley on "Christian Perfection," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Hervey's "Meditations," Finney's "Lectures on Revivals," one or two volumes of Dr. Thomas Dick's works, a portion of Ruter's "Ecclesiastical History," and a part of Watson's "Theological Institutes." I also had access to Clarke's

Commentary, which I often consulted. I was groping my way, reaching out after something, I hardly knew what, and greatly needed some competent person to direct me in my studies. I had, however, formed a pretty correct idea of preaching, having been permitted to sit under the ministry of some of the best preachers of that day, such as Dr. Brown, Bishop Hamline, and others. From them, too, I had obtained a pretty good knowledge, in a general way, of the leading doctrines of Christianity. I had also formed, perhaps, a right conception of the work of the ministry, but I was poorly qualified to perform it. Still, my aim was in the right direction, and while wasting a good deal of time and strength in ill-directed efforts, I made a little advancement towards the desired goal. But had I fully realized the fearful responsibility I was about to assume in becoming a teacher and guide of others, in regard to interests of the highest importance, involving not only their happiness in this world, but also in the world to come, I should have shrunk back from the work as utterly incompetent to perform it. But then, when does a true minister feel that he is competent?

My mother had been comfortably settled in her new home, my little worldly business had been settled up, and I had made what arrangements I could to enter the itinerancy and devote my life to the work of the ministry. At the last Quarterly Conference of the Ohio Circuit for the Conference year ending September 1, 1842, I was duly recommended to the Pittsburg Conference as a suitable person to be received into the itinerancy. The brethren also with great kindness and consideration instructed their delegate to the Annual Conference to ask for my appointment to the circuit as assistant preacher for the next year. They said they knew me, and could bear with my weaknesses better than strangers could.

I will never forget the advice given me by Brother Samuel Bushfield, of West Middletown, before starting out in the itinerancy. While a boy on the farm I had been in the habit of wearing what is called a "wammus," which was an outer garment made of red flannel, much like the blouses that are now worn. When taking leave of me, Brother Bushfield said, "Johnnie, never forget your red 'wammus.'" I fully grasped the idea, and have been thankful all my life that I had a friend to give me such wise counsel. I have never been tempted to vanity, because I have always felt my deficiencies to be so great that I have had cause for humiliation rather than a feeling of self-importance. But in the last fifty years I have known a good many young men, who, by the grace of God and the favor of the Church, were called from ignorance and poverty into the ministry, who, if they ever received such counsel as Brother Bushfield gave me, certainly forgot it. They appeared not to know themselves, and to have forgotten "the hole of the pit whence they were digged."

During Brother Herbert's first year on Ohio Circuit William Ross was the assistant preacher. He was a young man of piety, of fair ability as a preacher, and was well received and held in esteem by the people. At a later date he removed West, and united with the North Illinois Conference, where I believe he labored successfully for many years. During Brother Herbert's second year on the circuit, John Cowl was assistant preacher. He was a single man. He was born in England, and came to this country when quite young. He had been two or three years in the Conference, was a fine preacher, and consecrated to the work. He became one of the leading ministers of the denomination, and never abandoned the ministry while he was able to preach. He is still living (1892), in the sev-

enty-seventh year of his age, esteemed and loved by all who know him. He has an honorable record, and although no longer able to preach, he is ably represented in the Conference in the person of his eldest son, W. R. Cowl, who has been a member of the Conference for nearly twenty years, has filled some of its best appointments, and is one of the very best thinkers and preachers in the Conference. During Brother Herbert's last year Alexander W. Porter was assistant preacher. He was of Irish descent; indeed, may have been born in Ireland; was raised in Pittsburg, and had not been preaching long. His brother James, spoken of as a precious young man, had traveled the circuit some years before, but fell a victim to consumption, and soon passed away. Brother Porter was a bright young man, pleasant and agreeable in his manners, and gave promise of becoming a fine preacher. But, like his brother, he was afflicted with pulmonary disease, and soon ended his labors.

Brother Porter and I procured a horse and buggy, and went together to the Conference, which met in Mount Vernon, Ohio, in the early part of September, 1842. The distance we traveled can now be made by rail in five or six hours. But there were no railroads in those days, and, traveling by private conveyance, it took us between three and four days to reach the seat of the Conference. The first night we stopped in Cadiz, Ohio; the second with a cousin of mine, Charles Scott, near Cambridge, Ohio. Here we spent the Sabbath. The following Monday night we spent at Brother Joseph Thrapp's, father of Israel and Joel S. Thrapp, near Newark, Ohio; and on the afternoon of our fourth day's travel we arrived in Mount Vernon. As we neared the end of our journey, we found ourselves in a company of perhaps twenty or twenty-five preachers and delegates, mostly on horseback, who had fallen in with each other at different points along the way. They appeared

like a company of troopers who were hastening forward to engage in some impending conflict. Some of those who attended the Conference had come two hundred miles or more, and seemed cheerful and happy, and indifferent to the toil they had endured.

The Conference was composed of a large number of respectable and talented men, among whom were such men as Asa Shinn, George Brown, Zachariah Ragan, Cornelius Springer, William Reeves, Israel Thrapp, and others. It was my first Conference. Everything was new to me, and deeply interested me. In due time, after a not very rigid examination, my name was reported to the Conference for reception. Several of the preachers knew me, and spoke kindly of me, and Judge McKeever, who was the delegate from our circuit, also spoke in favor of my admission, and stated to the Conference that he was instructed to ask for me as assistant preacher on Ohio Circuit. Preachers were needed, especially young men, and the standard of qualifications was not very high; so I was received into the Conference as a probationary member.

Several persons were received into the Conference at that session; but I can now recall only the names of Henry Palmer and Joel S. Thrapp, the former of whom, after preaching in the Pittsburg Conference for nearly forty years, and serving several times as its president, was placed on the superannuated list, and after a few years of occasional local service, died in peace at a good old age. The latter served for many years in the ministry in the Muskingum Conference, acting as its president several times, and also serving as Publishing Agent, and then for several years as agent of Adrian College. He still lives (1892) at an advanced age, a hale and vigorous old man, honored and esteemed, but not engaged in regular ministerial work.

At that Conference I heard the venerable Asa Shinn

preach for the first and only time. As I remember him, he was a man of medium height, of well-rounded form, high and broad forehead, placid countenance, and keen and penetrating eyes. His whole appearance and bearing were deeply impressive. His text was Ephesians iii, 8: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." The general subject discussed was the office and work of the ministry. I can not give an outline of the sermon; but it struck me at the time as one of great force, and this was the general opinion. One point particularly impressed me. It was the apostle's humility in view of the great work to which he was called. He entertained a lowly opinion of himself. He spoke of himself as "less than the least of all saints," using, as Mr. Shinn said, "the superlative diminutive," to show the low estimate he put upon himself. It is an act of infinite condescension in God to call any man, it matters not how great his talents, into the ministry, and make him a co-worker with him in saving the souls of men. Who is sufficient for these things?

At that session the Muskingum Conference was set off, embracing that portion of the State of Ohio formerly embraced in the Pittsburg Conference. The two Conferences were of about equal size, embracing each about the same number of ministers and members. Israel Thrapp was elected president of the Muskingum Conference, and George Brown president of the Pittsburg Conference. My lot fell in the Pittsburg Conference, in which I have retained my membership ever since.

At that Conference Robert T. Simonton was appointed superintendent of Ohio Circuit, and, at the request of the delegate, I was appointed his assistant. Brother Simon-ton was, in many respects, a pleasant and agreeable man,

yet he did not impress me as a man of deep sympathies or broad and generous views. I thought he was more disposed to criticise than to help me. Still, there was no breach between us, and we labored in harmony through the year. He was a fluent speaker, and never at a loss for language. His words seemed to flow in an unbroken stream. Taking him all in all, he was an ordinary preacher of about average ability. I never felt disposed, however, to choose him as a model, either in matter or manner.

One event occurred during the year, illustrative of his character, which was unpleasant, but not without amusing incident. Our second quarterly-meeting was held in West Middletown. John Clark, who had formerly been pastor of the circuit, was on Pittsburg Circuit, and Judge McKeever, who was a great friend of his, without consulting Brother Simonton, had invited him to come to our meeting. According to the strict rules of propriety, this, of course, was out of place. Brother Clark was not at home when the letter was received, nor till after our meeting. Sister Clark read the letter, and supposing that ministerial help was desired, sent Moses N. Warren, who was the assistant preacher on Pittsburg Circuit, to our assistance. This gave great offense to Brother Simonton, and he refused to take charge of the meeting, claiming that his authority had been ignored. He was very dumpish and taciturn. The situation was decidedly unpleasant. Of course, we endeavored to conceal the trouble as much as possible; but any one could see that there was something wrong. Brother John Deselm, a local preacher from the Nessley appointment, had come to the meeting. He was a man of deep piety, of good common sense, a good preacher, and withal very eccentric, and sometimes given to saying queer things. He did not know anything about the trouble with Brother Simonton, but felt that there was

something wrong, which was a drawback to our meeting. Some one called on him to pray, and he told the Lord that there was something wrong. He could not tell him what it was, but he conjectured that there might be an Achan in the camp, who had stolen a wedge of gold and a Babylonish garment; or a Judas, who had betrayed his Master; or a Peter, who had denied his Lord; or an Alexander the coppersmith, who had done much harm; or a Diotrephes, who loved pre-eminence. When he had gotten through with the whole list, he could not decide which of them it was, but he told the Lord that there was "some devilment the matter." A good many knew what the "devilment" was, and many others, who did not know, felt as Brother Deselm did. The meeting passed off without any public manifestation of unpleasantness, but, of course, under the circumstances, without any special religious interest. It is well enough to observe the proprieties of life and the respect that is due to others; but a Christian, and especially a Christian minister, should be willing, for the glory of God and the good of his cause, if circumstances require it, to waive his claims to precedence and personal recognition.

The circuit was what was called a "four-weeks'" circuit, consisting of eight appointments, each preacher preaching at two of them every Sabbath. In this way every appointment had preaching every two weeks, while each preacher preached at all the appointments once in four weeks. The appointments embraced in the circuit were: Independence, West Middletown, Bethel, Eldersville, Holliday's Cove, Freeman's Landing, Pughtown, and Nessley Chapel. There were church-buildings at all of these appointments, except Independence, Holliday's Cove, and Freeman's Landing. At these appointments we preached in schoolhouses. The two extreme points on the circuit,

West Middletown and Nessley Chapel, were between twenty-five and thirty miles apart. The distance between any two of the appointments at which we preached on the same day was not more than five or six miles, and in most cases less. The circuit was therefore considered an easy one to travel. The roads, however, were bad, and in winter the traveling was very disagreeable.

My leisure time was spent at my mother's in study, and in the preparation of sermons. I found sermonizing a difficult work. I never could talk without having something to say, and it kept me very busy to find something to say to the people; and after all my efforts I was always ashamed of my performances. I preached short sermons, because I could generally tell all I knew about a subject in a short time. I never was much of a repeater. Repeating rifles, I suppose, are very effective weapons; but repeating preachers seldom do much execution. I soon found that when I failed to express myself clearly at the first attempt, I seldom improved it by further efforts. Clearness of thought is the great essential to clearness of expression. A man who has a thought clearly defined in his mind, if he has ordinary use of language, will have very little difficulty in expressing it clearly; but if his thought is confused, it matters not how often he attempts it, he will fail in clearness of expression. Dr. Adam Clarke said that he often preached not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, because in that length of time he had said all he had to say on the subject, and he did not think it worth while to repeat it then and there. The best way is for a preacher to have something of importance to say, then to say it in the most impressive manner he can, and when he is through, to quit.

Before the year was out, I had preached the same sermons at different appointments on the circuit, always trying to improve them. From my own experience, I could

appreciate the wisdom of Mr. Wesley in removing his preachers from one circuit to another often at the end of six months. Had they remained longer, they would but have repeated themselves. But after a preacher has acquired habits of study, and gained a little experience, it is best for him to be placed in a position that will compel him to study, so that he may bring out of his treasure things new as well as old. Whenever a preacher relies wholly on his old preparations, and does not labor to prepare new subjects and develop new themes, it matters not whether he is young or old, his mental growth will cease, his mind will become sluggish, and he will be no longer efficient. If we cease to burnish the metal, it will grow dim; if we cease to employ our mental powers, they will grow feeble and sluggish.

While we had no great and general revival on the circuit during the year, we had some good meetings and several conversions. It was my great happiness, at one of my appointments at Bethel, to receive into the Church, in connection with others, my only brother, Charles, some nine years older than myself. He maintained his connection with that society for nearly fifty years, and died in faith and hope, February 5, 1892, a little over eighty years of age.

Those were not the days of large salaries. The full "allowance," as it was called, of a single preacher was one hundred dollars a year. He was expected to be generally on the go, and not to stay very long in a place at a time. He was entertained by the members of the Church on whom he called, taking a meal, or spending a night or a day or a couple of days with them, according to circumstances. Then he passed on, to call on some other family, and be entertained in a similar manner. In those days it was customary in the country for school-teachers to

"board with the scholars," as it was called, spending a week with one family, and then a week with another, until all the patrons of the school had been visited in this manner. So the young preacher was expected to board round among the members. Of course, a young man would naturally be tempted to stay longer where he was well entertained, and where he felt that he was welcome, than where the entertainment was not so good and where the welcome did not appear to be so hearty. Great care had to be taken to prevent jealousies among the people, by avoiding every appearance of partiality. The opportunities for study by a young man under such circumstances were far from being favorable, and it required a good deal of determination and perseverance to enable him to make much improvement.

A married preacher was allowed one hundred dollars for himself, one hundred dollars for his wife, and twenty dollars a year for each child under fourteen years of age. A married preacher, although he had a home, was necessarily absent a great deal, visiting the members, and in going to and in returning from his appointments. His "allowance," all things considered, was perhaps more ample than that of the unmarried man. But small as the "allowance" was, the whole amount was seldom received. When this was the case, the amount contributed was divided between the two preachers in proportion to their respective claims. My first year I received sixty-three dollars, and Brother Simonton received the same proportion of his "allowance." These were not large salaries, but then our wants were not so numerous, and money possessed a greater purchasing power than now.

I had acquired a little knowledge and experience during the year, and although still but poorly equipped, I was a little better prepared to go among strangers than I was at the beginning of the year.

CHAPTER V.

Conference in Pittsburg—First Saw G. B. McElroy—Ordained Deacon—Appointed Assistant on Union Circuit—James Hopwood, Superintendent—Large Circuit—Leaving Home—Stop in Washington—James L. Porter and Wife—National Road—Laurel Hill—Arrival at Uniontown—Father and Mother Phillips—Henry B. Bascom—Preaching-places—Entertainment—Protracted-meetings—James Hopwood—F. A. Davis—Breakneck—Connellsville—Isaac Frances—Samuel Catlin—Hugh Cameron—Camp-meeting—Hard Times—Book-bill—My Only Horse-trade—First Marriage—Small Salary.

THE next Conference met in Pittsburg. I have no very distinct recollection of its general business. At that Conference I first saw George B. McElroy. He was a tall and very slender young man. If my recollection serves me right, he was a delegate from the First Church, Pittsburg.

For some reason the Stationing Committee thought of sending me to Wheeling, and in view of this fact the Conference deemed it necessary to ordain me. So I was ordained deacon, the Church at that time recognizing two orders, deacon and elder, in the ministry. But near the close of the Conference the arrangement was changed, and I was appointed assistant on Union Circuit, embracing Uniontown and Connellsville, Pa., and the region round about. Brother D. H. Phillips was delegate from Union Circuit, and he seemed to be pleased with my appointment, and promised me a hearty welcome to the circuit. James Hopwood was appointed superintendent of the circuit. He was a stranger to me, but impressed me favorably as a pleasant and agreeable man.

At the close of the Conference I returned home, and

prepared to go to my new field of labor. I found it very difficult to bid adieu to my friends, and break off all my early associations, to go among entire strangers. I tried to treat it with seeming indifference; but no one but myself knew the struggle that it cost me.

The distance from my home to Uniontown, the nearest appointment on my circuit, was fifty-six miles. The first day I went to Washington, Pa., and stopped with Brother James L. Porter, one of our good brethren there, with whom I was acquainted, and to whose home the weary itinerant was always welcome. During the preceding winter, I had assisted Brother J. B. Roberts, pastor of our Church in Washington, at a protracted-meeting, and had been entertained by Brother Porter. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, a sincere Christian, and deeply interested in the welfare of the Methodist Protestant Church. Sister Porter partook of his spirit, and heartily seconded all his efforts to promote its interests. During my visit there I had formed some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom were the Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Hunter. The former became the wife of Rev. John Cowl, and the latter, some three years after, assumed my own name. But now I did not call on any one, but spent the night pleasantly with Brother and Sister Porter, and early next morning, after receiving their blessing, I started on horseback for Uniontown, thirty-six miles distant. My way was over the National turnpike, which at that time was one of the great thoroughfares of trade and travel between the East and the West. The road was splendid, the day was delightful, and my progress was very satisfactory. About the middle of the afternoon I saw the blue range of the Laurel Hill, like a heavy cloud lying along the horizon, in the distance. I pressed on, and a little before sunset reached Uniontown, and found a delightful home with

Brother John Phillips and his excellent wife, an aged couple, among the first "Reformers," devoted friends of the Church, and justly held in high esteem by all who knew them.

Brother Phillips was a local minister, and had long been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had known many of the early Methodist preachers in the West. He related to me at various times many interesting anecdotes of Bishop Asbury, Jacob Gruber, Thornton Fleming, John F. Fielding, Henry B. Bascom, and others. Mr. Bascom boarded with Brother Phillips while president of Madison College, and he knew all about his personal habits. A part of Mr. Bascom's library was still at Brother Phillips's when I first went there. Among his books were a great many volumes of sermons by different authors, many of which appeared to have been very much used. One of Mr. Bascom's peculiarities, as stated by Brother Phillips, was, that he never would allow another person to shave him. If he was so circumstanced that he could not shave himself, he would permit his beard to grow. Another peculiarity was his great love of home. He would ride long distances after preaching at night to get home, rather than remain among strangers. Sometimes in the summer, when the weather was pleasant, he would walk back and forth in the shade in the back yard for nearly half a day, apparently absorbed in deep thought. On such occasions he did not seem disposed to talk, and appeared to be annoyed if any one spoke to him. Brother Phillips said that when Mr. Bascom was in one of those moods, they always expected something grand on the next Sabbath, and they were never disappointed. On one occasion a little niece of Mr. Bascom was at Brother Phillips's, and some of the friends teased her by telling her that her uncle could not preach—that he was no preacher. The little girl

was greatly annoyed, and seemed to take the matter greatly to heart. The next Sabbath Mr. Bascom preached one of his grand sermons, and everybody was carried away with his eloquence. His little niece was present, and was as much excited as the rest, and, unable to restrain her feelings, she clapped her hand, and exclaimed, "I knew my uncle could preach! I knew my uncle could preach!" It was in Brother Phillips's house that some of Mr. Bascom's strongest articles in favor of the Reform movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church were written. Although Mr. Bascom was afterwards elected a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he never retracted the charges he had made against the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Brother Phillips had three married children, D. H., Joseph L., and Mrs. Mary Byers, all members of the Methodist Protestant Church, residing in Uniontown. His oldest son, John Wesley Phillips, resided in Connellsville, Pa., and was a leading member of our Church, and one of the foremost citizens of the place.

Union Circuit covered a good deal of territory. It embraced as preaching-places, Oliphant's (now Fairchance), Uniontown, Monroe, Union Schoolhouse, Franklin (now Dunbar), Connellsville, Breakneck, Kell's Schoolhouse, Gallatin's, Fayette Furnace, and the Neck (now Broad Ford). There are now six charges within the territory embraced in Union Circuit, to wit: Uniontown; East End Church, Uniontown; Fairchance and Monroe, Dunbar, Connellsville, and Broad Ford. It was a "four-weeks'" circuit, with two preachers. I preached in Oliphant's in a private house on Saturday night. The room in which I preached served as church, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and bedroom. We have a good church there now. On

Sunday morning I rode seven miles, and preached in Uniontown at eleven o'clock; and then rode two miles to Monroe, and preached at three o'clock, and sometimes back to Uniontown, where I preached at night. On the next Thursday night I preached at Breakneck, four miles from Connellsville. I always returned to Connellsville the same night after preaching. There was no place there to stay. One man always invited me very kindly to stop with him; but I was told that he had two wives, and I did not like to accept his invitation. On Friday night I preached at Kell's Schoolhouse, about four miles from Connellsville, in a little different direction. I always stopped with Brother Kell, a very clever, but somewhat eccentric brother, who appeared to be quite comfortably situated. There I always slept cold in winter, which was my own fault, for had I asked for additional covering, I have no doubt I would have obtained it, as the family appeared to have plenty of everything. But I was very timid and backward in those days, and could not summon up courage enough to do so. On Saturday I rode some nine or ten miles up the mountain to 'Squire Gallatin's, on Indian Creek, where I preached in a schoolhouse at night. Mr. Gallatin and family were Germans, very clever, and very comfortably circumstanced. Mr. Gallatin spoke English very well, his wife rather imperfectly; but all the children spoke German only. I stopped with Brother Gallatin, and slept in a room upstairs, where there had never been fire, and sometimes in winter it was very cold. There were plenty of covers, comforts with feathers quilted in them as I thought. They were very warm; but too small. When I would pull them up to cover my shoulders, my feet would be bare; and when I would try to cover my feet, my shoulders would be bare. So I had to work them round cata-

cornered, and when I got fixed right, I slept very comfortably. Brother Gallatin was a very intelligent man, and treated me very kindly.

On Sunday morning I rode seven miles across Laurel Hill to Fayette Furnace, where I preached at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon I rode thirteen miles down the "mud pike," as it was called, to Connellsville, where I preached at night. In summer-time this was a delightful round; but in winter it was very disagreeable and trying. Sometimes in riding down the mountain, it seemed to me I would perish with cold.

The next Sabbath I preached in Connellsville in the morning, and rode some four or five miles to the Neck (now Broad Ford), where I preached in the afternoon. I had no preaching-places for the following week. The next Sabbath I preached at Franklin, about four miles from Connellsville, at eleven o'clock; at Union Schoolhouse, four miles from there, at three o'clock; and at Uniontown, four miles from the latter place, at night. This made one round on the circuit.

When in Uniontown my home was generally at Father Phillips's; when in Monroe, at Brother Thomas Nesmith's. He was a local preacher, and a very pleasant and agreeable man, full of the milk of human kindness. He loved to talk, and his conversation was generally entertaining. When in Connellsville, I stopped with J. W. Phillips, John Coup, and Samuel Freeman. While I visited the other members, these were my principal stopping-places. They were all in good circumstances, always gave me a hearty welcome, and made me feel at home.

The superintendent of the circuit was James Hopwood, who, I believe, was raised in Monroe, formerly called Hopwood, after his father, who, I believe, laid out the town. His father and one of his brothers lived there, and another

brother, a lawyer, lived in Uniontown. Brother Hopwood was a good man, and a fair preacher. He was kind to me, and treated me well, and our relations were very pleasant. His wife was a pleasant woman, a lady of refined taste, and proved herself a good friend of mine. I always recall my intercourse with Brother and Sister Hopwood with pleasure. Brother Hopwood was a man of varying moods. Sometimes he would be greatly dejected, and seem to think that everything was going wrong. At other times he would be greatly elated, and then everything was right. He had a quick, short way of speaking, and sometimes, when excited, would make amusing remarks. One night in Church in Connellsville he became very happy, and in his quick, nervous way exclaimed, that he did not know what the Lord was going to do with him; that he did not know but that he would set him to making worlds yet. On my return home to Brother Phillips's, I told Brother F. A. Davis, one of our invalid bachelor preachers, who was stopping there, what Brother Hopwood had said, and he remarked very sarcastically, "I would like to see one of the worlds that he would make." Thus it is. "Many men of many minds," and many moods. Brother Davis did not think that even the Lord could enable Brother Hopwood to make much of a world!

We held several protracted-meetings during the winter, and a camp-meeting in the summer. It was, upon the whole, a year of prosperity. Many souls were converted and added to the Church. At Fayette Furnace, on Laurel Hill, among Pennsylvania Germans, we held a meeting of much interest. We met at night in the schoolhouse, and had meetings in daytime from house to house. We generally commenced our day meetings at ten o'clock, and sometimes we could not get them closed till one or two. The people became excited, and they would sing, and pray, and

speak, and sometimes shout, and there was no stopping of them till they got through. They were wonderfully gifted in prayer, and prayed with a fervor and eloquence seldom witnessed. At the close of these day services, the majority of the members generally remained with the family where the meeting was held for dinner. The next day the meeting was held at the house of some other member, where the same routine was observed. And so it went on till we had gone round the neighborhood. It was a time of spiritual refreshing and great religious and social enjoyment. The people, although in humble circumstances, appeared to be free from care, and very happy.

We also held a protracted-meeting at Breakneck, among as wild and uncultured a class of people as could be found in all that region. But little good, apparently, was accomplished. One night thirteen men got down at the "mourners' bench;" but we did not see them any more, and supposed that they had come in sport or on a banter among themselves. The devil sometimes gets people to do very absurd and foolish things.

In Connellsville we had a strong society, and very interesting meetings. We had in the society two local preachers, Isaac Frances and Samuel Catlin. Brother Frances was a genial soul, and no man seemed to enjoy a hearty laugh better than he did. He preached a great deal, and was popular among the people. Brother Catlin was a good preacher, a rather sedate and serious man, and enjoyed the confidence of the people. His preaching was very acceptable.

We had another good brother there, who, though not a preacher, was a prominent member, a devoted Christian in whom every one had confidence; but who was peculiar in his manner, and who, in the earnestness of his soul, often said amusing things. This was Brother Hugh Cameron.

He was a man over six feet in height, very muscular, and had a powerful voice. He had lived in the neighborhood of Franklin Church, where our people had held several camp-meetings. At one of these meetings Asa Shinn, George Brown, T. H. Stockton, and several other ministers were present. The meeting was one of very great interest. Our people were then called "Radicals." Brother Cameron, then a very wild, wicked man, who had no regard for the Church or religion, and who never went to any place of religious worship, had heard of the "Radicals," and his curiosity was wonderfully excited, and he concluded that he would go to the camp-meeting, to see what sort of people these "Radicals" were. He attended the meeting, but was not converted; yet new thoughts were stirred within him, and he became dissatisfied with himself and with everything around him. He did not like the people, he did not like the neighborhood, and concluded to move away. He did so; but things were no better where he went, and he concluded to return to the old place. He came back, and at last found out that it was his own heart that was wrong. He earnestly cried for mercy, and God thoroughly converted his soul. He had before been a very zealous servant of the devil; but he now became as earnest and zealous for the truth. His whole heart and life were changed, and he afforded a demonstration of the power of Christ to regenerate and save the very worst of sinners. He was "an epistle known and read of all men." I once heard him exclaim in a little prayer-meeting: "Bless the Lord that there ever was a split in the Methodist Church! I'm a Methodist; my soul's a Methodist; the Lord's a Methodist." His thought was, that had it not been for the division in the Church and the term "Radical" applied to the "Reformers," which attracted him to the camp-meeting, he might never have been led to hear the gospel, and might

have perished in his sins. Methodism had been the instrument in saving him, and he could not magnify it too highly in his thought.

It was a year of great stringency in financial affairs. Every kind of business was depressed, and it was very difficult to get money for anything. Much of the business, in that region at least, was done by an exchange of commodities. Many individuals and many business firms issued what were called "shinplasters," which were promissory notes, printed in the form of bank-bills, payable to bearer, generally for small amounts, and which were used as currency in the neighborhood, where the parties issuing them were known and believed to be good for the amount. But beyond this, they would not be received. This made it hard for the single preacher, who had no family to use such things as the members might be able to give him, and who could not use "shinplasters" but in the neighborhood where they were issued, and where he might not be able to procure the things that he needed.

In the early part of the year I had purchased on time a set of Clarke's Commentaries, and a copy of Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," from our Book Concern in Baltimore, having no doubt but that before the time arrived to pay for them I would have the money to do so. But I was sadly disappointed. I failed, without any fault of mine, to meet my engagement. Brother Richardson, Book Agent at Baltimore, good man that he was, wrote me a very sharp letter, vaguely hinting at dishonesty, which greatly wounded my feelings, and also somewhat incensed me, for I had been taught from my early childhood to abhor dishonesty. I smarted and chafed under the imputation, vague as it was; but did not know how to get out of my trouble. Had Brother Richardson known my purpose and circumstances, he would not have written as he

did. It is not the proper thing for men to make accusations and pass harsh and uncharitable judgment on others, in ignorance of their true character and circumstances.

When I left home I took with me a good, young horse that I had raised. I still had him. Brother Daniel Howel Phillips, who had been delegate to Conference, knew of my difficulty, and proposed, as an accommodation to me, to trade horses with me, and give me twenty dollars. He said he knew it was not enough; but he was hard pressed for money himself, and it was the best he could do. I knew he was sincere, and was doing it as a favor to me. His horse was old and pretty nearly worn out; but I thought I could get along with him, and I did not desire to have any more epistolary correspondence with Baltimore. So I accepted Brother Phillips's offer, got the twenty dollars, paid Brother Richardson, and never got a bill of books on credit afterwards. That was my first and last horse-trade.

My new horse was not much of a horse. He was, literally, "weak in the knees," and often bowed down, though not to worship, in what I considered very unbecoming places. If he did nothing else, he excited me to great and constant watchfulness when journeying with him. I had occasion once or twice to ford the Cheat River with him, the bottom of which, where I crossed it, appeared to be covered with small, round boulders. I greatly feared he would immerse me in that stream, although not a believer in that mode of baptism, before I got over. But whether he knew my sentiments or not, he braced himself for the occasion, and I got through the flood in safety, and was almost as jubilant as Miriam when she celebrated the deliverance of the Israelites from the waters of the Red Sea. I would not cast any reproach on that horse, for he

served me to the best of his ability—and that is as much as any one can do—to the end of the year; and not needing a horse for another year, I took him to Pittsburg and sold him, saddle and bridle, for a sum far from sufficient to make a man purse-proud. We parted without visible signs of regret.

The first marriage I ever celebrated was in Connellsville. The parties were Aaron Bishop and Mary Eicher. They were both members of the Church, and continued in its communion in Connellsville till a few years ago, when they both died, within a few months of each other, esteemed and honored by all who knew them. Brother Bishop was a prosperous man, a sincere Christian, and a devoted friend of the Church, and liberal, even beyond his means, in its support. Sister Bishop, for many years before her death, was greatly afflicted with paralysis of the vocal organs, and unable to articulate. She bore her affliction patiently, and maintained a good degree of cheerfulness. I was very much frightened in performing the ceremony. It seemed to me there was something in my throat that obstructed my utterance, and it was difficult for me to speak. I have married, I suppose, hundreds of couples since, but I have never entirely overcome that feeling. The fact is, marriage is a mysterious and solemn thing, and is regarded by but few persons in its proper light. Many persons enter into it from improper motives, without any correct sense of the obligations they assume, and the responsibilities on which they are about to enter. It is generally considered a matter of natural emotion and affection; but while this is so, our affections should be controlled, or directed, by our intelligence, and we should act in the matter of marriage, as well as in other things, in a rational manner, in view of all the interests and responsi-

bilities involved. I married several other persons during that year.

The year at length came to a close, its business was wound up, and I had received on my "allowance" the sum of seventy-four dollars, nearly three-fourths of the whole amount. Brother Hopwood had received in the same proportion. This was an advance on the preceding year, and, considering the extreme stringency of the times, it was not bad; at least, I did not murmur.

CHAPTER VI.

Conference at Fairmont—Mrs. Hannah Reeves and Cornelius Springer—Sensational Preaching—Uniontown made a Station—Appointed to that Charge—Hard Study—Lack of Confidence in Myself—Boarding-places—Father Phillips and Hebrew Names—D. H. Phillips—John H. Deford—Watering the Horse—John L. Means—Joseph L. Phillips—Fine Singer—Close of the Year—Case of Trance.

THE Conference of 1844 met in Fairmont, Virginia, now West Virginia. I have but a faint recollection of the business of that Conference. Nothing out of the usual order of things occurred at it to fix my attention. Sister Hannah Reeves and Brother Cornelius Springer were both there, and both preached on Sunday morning, the former to an overflowing congregation, and the latter to a comparatively small audience. Stopping at the same place, after they had returned home and reported the character of their congregations, Sister Reeves playfully twitted Brother Springer with the fact that he could not attract the people as she could. He replied that that did not signify anything; that had it been announced that he would have a monkey-show at his Church, he would have had a much larger crowd than she had. It is a pity that it is so; but it is nevertheless true, that it is not the ablest and best preachers that are the most acceptable, and attract the largest congregations. The majority of people would rather hear the sensational vaporings of some pretentious upstart than the most important truths of the gospel, delivered in a clear and solemn manner by a man of ability and character. I would not by this cast any reflection on Sister Reeves, for she was an excellent woman, and a good,

plain gospel preacher. But she did not attract the people because of her great ability and eloquence, but because she was a woman, and the preaching of women was a rare thing in that community. Idle curiosity brought many to hear her.

Among those received into the Conference at this session was Henry Lucas, father of John H. Lucas, at present a member of the Conference, and a successful worker. He was a man of good, rugged common sense, frank and candid, a plain, sound preacher, and was for twenty-six years a successful worker in the Conference. His health then failed, and for eleven years he sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference. He died in 1881. His end was peace.

At that Conference Uniontown was taken from the circuit, and made a station, and I was appointed its pastor. The appointment may have been ultimately beneficial to me, but it was a severe test, and one which I found it difficult to stand. I had done a great deal of extra preaching in Uniontown the preceding year, and had preached almost every sermon I had there, and to make and preach two new sermons every week was to me no small undertaking. I felt the burden that was placed upon me, and resolved to do the best I could to bear it. Still, I entered upon the labors of the year with no little apprehension.

The year was without special incident. I studied, night and day, to try and do my duty and acquit myself with some little degree of credit. Even before I retired to rest on Sunday night after preaching, I would try to find a subject for the next Sabbath, fearing if I let any time slip, I might fail to be ready. I never put off my preparation till the last moment. Some young men have too much confidence in themselves; my failing was, I had too little, and, consequently, was always in a state of appre-

hension lest I should fail. I have scarcely ever been able to rise and address an audience without a feeling of timidity and embarrassment, however much I may have been able to conceal it. But I have often felt, after getting fairly started, and having fully grasped my subject, that I could undaunted face the world. But, after all, it is worse for a man to have too much confidence in himself than too little.

I boarded part of the time with Father Phillips, part of the time with his son, Daniel Howel, and part of the time with John H. Deford, a lawyer, who was a member of our Church. I felt at home in each place, but Father and Mother Phillips were so good and kind to me, and treated me so much like a child of their own, that their house had for me a special attraction. Mother Phillips was one of the best and most amiable women I ever knew. Her name is worthy to go down to future generations, as abundant in good works, and one who, for the Master's sake, delighted to minister to his servants. She was, I suppose, near seventy, but active and cheerful, and as she went about the house attending to her domestic duties, she would sing like a girl, and seemed to be always happy. I suppose she was naturally of an amiable disposition; but her heart was filled with the love of God, and she was happy all the day long.

Father Phillips had been a cabinetmaker, but had retired from business. When in business he sometimes employed and boarded quite a number of men. Family worship was kept up regularly, and all his employees were required to be present. On one occasion he was absent from home for a considerable time. He had at that time thirteen men and boys in his employ, who boarded in his house. Some of them were pretty wild. Sister Phillips was left in charge. The men were called in as regularly as when

Brother Phillips was at home, and she conducted family worship morning and evening, and the men conducted themselves with great propriety, and treated her with becoming respect. She told me that had it not been for the solemn awe which the worship of God seemed to inspire in those men, she did not believe that she could have controlled them. In addition to that, their belief in her piety—for no one could witness her life without being convinced of that fact—no doubt also had its influence on their minds. Even the worst of men have a secret respect for the pure and the good.

Father Phillips seldom preached, but he was very faithful in the observance of the means of grace, and helpful with his wise counsels and sympathies. I presume he was over seventy, and age was beginning to show its effects upon him. He was a tall man; but his form was now somewhat bent, and his step rather unsteady. He and I alternated in holding family worship. He, as a usual thing, attended to worship at night. After supper he generally lay down and took a nap, rising about nine or half-past nine o'clock. He had lost some of his teeth; his sight was not what it once had been; and his articulation, especially after one of his evening naps, was somewhat indistinct. He was reading the Bible through in course at family worship, and did not omit the genealogical chapters in the Old Testament. Some of those old Hebrew names are not easily pronounced; and not being an expert in that line, his renderings of them were not always exact. With all my respect and love for him, I must confess that I was often greatly amused at the old gentleman's courageous attempts to master the situation; but he was not always successful.

Daniel Howel Phillips was also a local preacher, a man of fine intelligence and a fluent speaker; but he was so

pressed with business that he was not able to give much attention to preaching. But he was deeply interested in the Church and active in its support. I found him a true friend, and my stay and intercourse with him and his family was very pleasant.

John H. Deford was a prominent lawyer of the place; had represented his county in the Legislature; was a man of considerable means, a great friend of the Church and of the preacher. But many people think it a privilege, if not a divine right, to speak hard of lawyers, and, it matters not how conscientious they may be in the discharge of their duties, to condemn them. This was so in the case of Brother Deford. There were those who did not like him, and who took pleasure in criticising him. But he seemed utterly indifferent to such criticisms. He may have been sensitive; but if he was, he could so completely conceal his feelings as to make the impression that nothing said to him or about him affected him. But this may have been the result of his perfect self-control. At any rate, he was a man who did not allow the rebuffs of others to deter him from doing what he believed to be his duty, or from pursuing the course he had marked out for himself. I boarded with him for several months, and saw him in his family, in his office, in the public, and in the Church, and my confidence in his sincerity and Christian integrity increased every day. He, no doubt, like other men, had his faults; but I was convinced he was a good man.

Brother Deford was quick in his movements, and often spoke quickly. If he handed you a dish at table, he would do it quickly, and would often speak in a quick and nervous manner. He had several children. His oldest son, John William, was a boy of perhaps twelve or thirteen. Mr. Deford kept a horse and carriage, and John William

generally took care of the horse. Brother Deford and I attended to worship alternately. One Sunday morning his father sent John William to water the horse, and before his return we assembled in the sitting-room for prayers. Brother Deford opened the Bible, as it afterwards appeared, on the seventeenth chapter of John, beginning with: "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven," etc. He was looking intently on the Book, and I thought every instant that he would begin reading, when suddenly, in his quick, nervous way, he lifted his eyes, looked around the room, and missing his boy, exclaimed, "Where is John William?" and quickly remembering, added, "He's gone to water the horse," and then, without the slightest pause, read, "These words spake Jesus," etc. I must confess to my badness; but the thing came on me so suddenly, and it seemed so ludicrous, that I thought laugh I must. I had great difficulty in controlling myself and observing the proprieties. I was several times on the point of explosion, but succeeded in restraining myself. I know it was not pious in me; but it seemed as if he read it all from the Book, and it was an entirely new version to me. The thing frequently recurred to my mind, and annoyed me through the day. Perhaps I should not have recorded this; but I give the simple facts as they were, and the reader can explain at his leisure the psychological conditions underlying this little episode.

There was another local preacher connected with the charge, John L. Means. He was a small man, of more than ordinary intelligence, a tailor by trade, and a good preacher. He was an excellent singer. He often preached, and generally to the satisfaction of the people. Joseph L. Phillips, a layman, was a fine singer, and an active worker in the Church. The society at that time stood well in the

community and had a good working force. The year at length drew to a close. There had been some prosperity, and some good had apparently been done. Everything was pleasant, and the year ended in peace.

During this year a remarkable case of trance occurred under my observation. A young woman, whose name I can not recall, a domestic in the family of Brother D. H. Phillips, was the subject of it. She had not, to the knowledge of any one, been laboring under any mental excitement or physical disease. We had been holding a protracted-meeting; but there was no unusual excitement. She had attended the meetings, but had manifested no particular interest or seriousness. One evening, after retiring to her room, she fainted, as the family supposed; but all their efforts failed to restore her to consciousness. At length she was carried down-stairs to the sitting-room, a comfort was placed on an old-fashioned settee, and she was laid upon it, where she remained perfectly motionless, and, most part of the time, apparently dead, for eighty-four hours. She was visited by all the physicians in the town, and by most of the people; but no explanation of the case could be given, and nothing could be done to restore her to consciousness. At length, after the lapse of three days and twelve hours, she revived. I had visited her many times a day during this time, and saw her immediately after she came out of her trance. I asked her if she was tired; but she said she was not. I asked her if she was hungry; but she answered, No. Part of the time, she said, she was perfectly conscious, and heard everything that was said by those about her; but she could not move a muscle. She said that some of the persons who called to see her pinched her, and ran pins into her; but she could not move. Part of the time she was utterly unconscious of everything

around her. During her trance she had wonderful and beautiful visions, which she related with much vividness, and powerful religious impressions were made on her mind. She professed conversion, and united with the Church. But her piety was like the morning cloud and early dew, and soon passed away. I give the facts; but I can give no physiological or psychological explanation of them.

CHAPTER VII.

Conference Met in Connellsville — Thomas H. Stockton — A Peerless Preacher — Ordained Elder — Appointed to First Church, Pittsburg — F. A. Davis, Assistant — Boarding-places — Large Congregations — Plenty of Work — Leading Members — Charles Avery — Sketch of His Character — Benevolence — Second Church — Colored People — Aid Society — Death and Funeral — Edward Moore — Responses — Protracted-meeting — “All the Goslings” — Small Salary — Object of Envy — Important Lesson — Marriage — Acting as Chorister — Close of the Year.

OUR Conference met in Connellsville that fall (1845), and I had not far to go. It was a Conference of much interest to me. I had the pleasure of hearing at that Conference, for the first time, the celebrated Thomas H. Stockton, a man of unsurpassed eloquence, preach. He was a tall and rather spare man, with long arms, broad and high forehead, hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, large mouth, rather prominent nose, and large, blue eyes. From this description, one would not take him to be a handsome man, and yet there was something very attractive and pleasing in his appearance. There was something about him that was very impressive, and that would attract attention among ten thousand people. His appearance in the pulpit, before he uttered a word, would deeply impress a congregation. Then, he read a hymn as he only could read it. His action during the delivery of his sermon was in perfect harmony with his language and thought, and the images which he presented to the mind were vivid as life. Whatever he described, seemed to pass before his audience as a living reality. His preaching was generally pathetic; but sometimes he would indulge in fearful de-

nunciation, and occasionally in the most withering sarcasm; but not often. He seemed to have perfect control over his audience, and to be able to inspire them with such feelings as he desired. There was nothing apparently affected in his manner. He seemed to be perfectly natural in all he said and did. I have heard a good many eloquent preachers, but I never heard any one to compare with Mr. Stockton. His sermon on the Sunday morning of the Conference was one of wonderful eloquence and power. At the close of the sermon, in company with some others, I was ordained elder. P. T. Laishley was president, and James Robison secretary of the Conference. Their names are on my elder's credentials.

At that Conference I was appointed superintendent of the First Church, Pittsburg, and F. A. Davis was appointed my assistant. He was my senior in years, and also in the ministry, and my superior as a preacher. But his health was not good, and I suppose the Conference, in view of that fact, made him assistant. We were both unmarried, and he was called an "old bachelor." He was a Virginian, naturally of a proud, haughty spirit, and was dissatisfied with his position in the ministry, as beneath that which his talents should command. He at that time contemplated leaving the ministry, and was reading law in view of entering the legal profession. This purpose, however, he afterwards abandoned. He was very poor; but he held that the world owed him a living, and he was not always as careful as he should have been in keeping his expenditures within the limit of his income. This often caused him anxiety. He had a love affair during the year; but it failed to materialize. Notwithstanding his little peculiarities, he was in most respects a pleasant and companionable man, and we got along very well together, without anything to interrupt our harmony. A few years afterwards

I married him to a Miss Baker, of Uniontown, a young and pretty girl, who had spent her life at school, and knew nothing about the cares and duties of domestic life. His views and feelings were all Southern, and he removed to the Alabama Conference, and afterwards united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He had a large family of daughters, and always remained poor.

Brother Davis and I boarded for half the year with John Armstrong and his good wife, Dorothea. They were an excellent Irish couple, members of the Church, and treated us with great kindness. Brother Armstrong was a first-class bookkeeper, and had a good position. He was a quiet, sensible man, very neat in his person, exact in his habits, and always pleasant and agreeable. His wife was a whole-hearted woman, and fairly idolized her husband, and waited on him, of her own choice, as if he were a lord. Her affection and attentions appeared to be fully reciprocated. In the spring of 1846 they removed to Wheeling, and we found boarding for the remainder of the year with Brother John Cowl, pastor of our First Church in Allegheny City. Our sojourn with him and his family was very pleasant.

The First Church, Pittsburg, was then in a prosperous condition. We had a large membership, a large congregation, and a large Sunday-school, which held two sessions every Sunday, meeting at nine o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon. The city was then (1845-6) comparatively small, and business had not driven the people, as it has since done, to the suburbs. Many of our members and congregation lived near the church, so that it was not difficult for them, on account of distance, to attend. I preached once every Sabbath, and Brother Davis preached once. I also taught a Bible class in Sunday-school every Sunday morning and afternoon, met a class

of ladies on Tuesday afternoon, and attended week-night service every Wednesday evening, with frequent extra meetings of different kinds. This, in addition to pastoral visitation, visiting the sick, and attending funerals, afforded me ample work; quite as much as I felt able properly to do. I worked hard all the time, and did not eat the bread of idleness.

The year was a pleasant and prosperous one. We held a protracted-meeting of several weeks' continuance during the winter, and souls were converted and added to the Church. We had many faithful workers. There were several classes well attended, and there was no lack of persons to lead in prayer, or to speak for Jesus, as occasion required. Among the leading members of the Church at that time were Charles Avery, Edward Moore, Charles Craig, John L. Sands, J. J. Gillispie, W. H. Garrard, William and David Rinehart, Dr. Joseph Henderson, Dr. Harrup, Henry Palmer, Henry Morrison, and a host of others, whose names I can not now recall. Stephen Remington, one of the heroes of the Reform movement in Pittsburg, was still living; but had been stricken with paralysis, and was confined to his house. The First Church at that time was one of the most prosperous Churches in the city. It had on its roll the names of men of high standing, and whose memories are worthy of being cherished in the Church through all coming time.

Charles Avery was a man of no ordinary ability and character. At the time of which I write he was a little over sixty years of age, having been born in Westchester County, New York, in 1784. His father was the owner of a small farm, and he was one of a large family of children. His education was obtained in the district school of his neighborhood. At an early age he left home, and became an apprentice to an apothecary in New York, where

he acquired a thorough knowledge of the drug business. In his eighteenth year he was converted, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. At a subsequent period he was licensed to preach, and in due time ordained deacon and elder, although he never entered the itinerancy.

In 1812 he invested what means he had in a small stock of drugs, which he shipped to Philadelphia, intending to bring them from there to Pittsburg, where he proposed engaging in the drug business and the manufacture of white lead. But the vessel which carried his goods was wrecked, and, having no insurance, his entire stock was lost. Friends, however, came to his assistance, who furnished him with a little capital, and, procuring another stock of goods, he came to Pittsburg, and commenced in a small way in the drug business and the manufacture of white lead. At that time, as now, nearly all the manufacturers of white lead adulterated their product with whiting, a very inexpensive preparation of chalk, which, while it detracted from its value, greatly lessened the cost of the article. Mr. Avery was too honest and conscientious to do so, and in consequence of the competition of unscrupulous manufacturers, he could not sell a pure article at a price that would enable him to carry on the business at a reasonable profit. He said, "If I can not sell a pure article, I will give up the business;" and he did so, and invested his capital in commodities which admitted of honest treatment. In all his business transactions, those who were the most intimately associated with him declared that he never deviated from the strict rule of rectitude, but often sacrificed his personal interests rather than conform to the corrupt usages of trade. Still, his business prospered, his means accumulated, and he was soon known as one of the most successful and enterprising business men of Pittsburg. He was one of the first to perceive the

value of the copper-mines of Lake Superior, and made a large fortune by dealing in their products. The various branches of business in which he was engaged prospered; indeed, he would not carry on an unprofitable business. He soon took rank among the leading business men and capitalists of his adopted city.

Mr. Avery was one of the early advocates of reform in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and when the "Reformers" organized in Pittsburg in June, 1829, he entered into the organization with heart and soul. Notwithstanding his business engagements, he often found time to fill appointments in the neighborhood of the city, and to assist his brethren at quarterly-meetings and on other occasions. He was a good preacher, and his labors were always acceptable. He was no lover of the Roman Catholic Church, and seldom preached without referring to it in some way. There were two very commendable traits in Brother Avery's character. He was never ashamed of his religion or of his brethren. He never failed boldly to acknowledge Christ when occasion required, it mattered not where he was, or with whom he was surrounded; and he never was ashamed to recognize his brethren on the street, or anywhere else, it mattered not how poor or how black they were, or how aristocratic the company might be in which he was. He was the friend of the poor, and especially devoted to the interests of the colored people.

Mr. Avery's benevolence was equal to his wealth. He was abundant in good works. No good cause failed to receive his cordial support and liberal aid. The first five dollars he made in Pittsburg, he gave to aid in the erection of a Methodist church, and many thousands of dollars he afterward gave all over the country for the same purpose. Indeed, his brethren in his own Church often imposed upon him; for, knowing his liberality, they not

infrequently refused to do their part as they should, knowing that Mr. Avery would not allow the cause to suffer. He felt this, and sometimes complained that his brethren, to relieve themselves, would burden him. In speaking to me once on this subject, he said, "They would skin me; yes, they would skin me!" But notwithstanding this, he did not withhold his contributions, but continued to give with undiminished liberality. It is often the case that men of large means and liberal disposition are imposed upon by those who, although able to do much, excuse themselves because there are those who are able to do more. Every man should be liberal in support of every good cause in proportion to his ability, and as the Lord has prospered him.

When the Second Church, Pittsburg, was built, a few years after the time of which I have been writing, Mr. Avery, to begin with, paid three thousand dollars for the lot, and as the building progressed he continued to give as money was needed. Brother James Robison was pastor of the Second Church, and superintended the erection of the building, and solicited and collected the necessary funds. One day he came to me—for I was again pastor of the First Church—and said he was in a great strait. He needed fifteen hundred dollars, and he did not know where he could get it, and he did not know what to do. If he could not get the money, work on the Church must stop. He said he had asked Mr. Avery for money so often, that he was ashamed to go to him again. He asked me if I would not go to Mr. Avery, and ask him to help him out. He said he was a member of my Church, and he would receive it kindly of me. I told him I would go. So I went. It was on a Friday. I found Mr. Avery at home, and in excellent humor. Sometimes he had peculiar

moods, when you could not easily approach him. But that day he was in excellent spirits. It was not long till he inquired how Brother Robison was getting along with the new church. I told him the work was progressing finely; but Brother Robison was in a great strait for money, and did not know what to do. He inquired how much he needed. I told him fifteen hundred dollars would let him out. He seemed thoughtful for a moment, and I concluded to make my appeal. He was an old man, and I was but a young man, and the ludicrousness of my position and appeal must have appeared wonderfully amusing to him. Said I: "Brother Avery, I am your pastor, and I want to give you a little pastoral advice this morning. You have already invested a great deal of money in that church, and it would be a great pity if it should fail now, and all the money you have given be lost. I would advise you to let Brother Robison have what money he needs, and you take a mortgage on the church, to make yourself secure." He saw the point in a moment, and threw himself back in his chair, and laughed immoderately. I never saw him laugh so heartily. The idea of me giving him pastoral advice, and such advice, in view of the fact that he had almost built the church, appeared very amusing to him. As soon as he got over his laugh and had composed himself, he began to tell me of the different ways in which people approached him to get money out of him, showing that he fully comprehended me. He said he had no money just then; but he thought Mr. Arbuckle, his partner in the cotton business, had money, and for me to go to him, and tell him that if he would let Mr. Robison have fifteen hundred dollars, he would indorse his paper, and see it paid. I went to Mr. Arbuckle with my message, but he said he had disposed of all his money the day before. I reported

the fact to Mr. Avery, and he said he would see what could be done. On the next Tuesday he took Brother Robison a check for the amount he needed.

The colored people, who, he said, had no one to care for them, were the special objects of his solicitude and liberality. He seemed to regard himself as under special obligations to care for them. He helped them in every way he could, by his money, by his counsels, and by his sympathy. Not satisfied with affording them temporary aid, he planned and labored for their permanent and future good. Seeing that there were no institutions of learning of high grade where they could be admitted, and receive mental training to elevate them in the scale of intelligence, he erected, at his own expense, a fine college building and chapel near his own home in Allegheny City, and gave it an endowment sufficient to yield about three thousand dollars a year. He did this in his own lifetime, so that his purpose might be fully carried out. He was president of the Board of Trustees, the majority of whom were colored men, and most of the teachers were also colored persons. The design of this institution was to furnish a complete college course in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and science.

For many years before his death, Mr. Avery gave away his entire income, and yet when he died his estate was worth nearly a million of dollars. That was before the days of large fortunes, such as have since been accumulated by speculation in railroad and other stocks. In his day but few men were worth a million dollars. At his death he gave five thousand dollars each to three of our city churches, and four hundred shares of "Monongahela Navigation Company" stock, worth at the time twenty thousand dollars, and which afterwards greatly appreciated in value, to the "Aid Society of the Pittsburg Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church," the income to be

applied annually to the support of needy and wornout preachers of the Conference. Numerous bequests were made to colored Churches; but after providing amply for his wife, and properly remembering a few relatives—for he had no children—the bulk of his fortune was left for the purpose of carrying on schools and missionary work among the colored people in our own country and in Africa. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of colored people in the South are to-day being instructed and elevated by the means which he left for that purpose. There is also a successful mission in Africa, now under the supervision of the “United Brethren in Christ,” which is supported by money left by Brother Avery.

As might have been expected after such a life of piety and benevolence, Mr. Avery’s death was one of peace and joyous hope. He came down to his end full of faith and assurance. He had no doubt or mistrust of his Father’s love; but full of confidence he departed in hope of a better inheritance.

I was at his funeral. An immense multitude of people were present, to show their esteem of the deceased and their sorrow at his departure. Business men, judges, lawyers, doctors, congressmen, poor widows whom he had assisted, factory girls who had long been in his employ, colored people of every shade whom he had labored to elevate and bless, mingled in one promiscuous mass, showing the universal respect in which he was held. The memory of Brother Avery is as precious ointment poured forth.

Edward Moore was another member of the First Church, who, when I first knew him, was an old man, and had been retired from business for a considerable time. He was, I think, a native of Ireland, but had resided a long time in Pittsburg. He was rather under medium height, an active, energetic, and devoted Christian, and

was pretty generally known as "Amen Daddy Moore," because he was in the habit, as was customary with the early Methodists, of responding in hearty Amens to what he approved in the preaching, as well as in the prayers which he heard.

The old First Church had three aisles, and the two front pews to the right and left of the center aisle abutted at their extremities against two columns, which in part supported the galleries—for the church had both an end and side galleries. Brother Avery sat in one of these front pews, with his back against one of the columns, and Brother Moore sat in the other, with his back against the other column. The responses of these two brethren to the preacher, particularly if he became animated and earnest, were frequent and very hearty. Such responses had an encouraging effect on the preacher, and assured him of the sympathy and approval of his brethren. It often served as an inspiration, and gave confidence and courage, especially to a young and diffident man.

Brother Moore's responses were not always restricted simply to "Amen." He frequently indulged in brief remarks, which were sometimes not a little amusing. It seemed at times as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud. On one occasion, while hearing Brother John Cowl preach, he appeared to be quite carried away, and in a sort of soliloquy softly exclaimed, "Dear me! How he goes on! That should be printed." He was very generally known in the city, and everybody had faith in him and loved him.

During the winter we held a protracted-meeting of several weeks' continuance. Brother William Reeves, a very earnest and able preacher, assisted us, and preached every night for thirteen nights. The main audience-room was filled every night. The attention was marked, and a

profound impression appeared to be made; but, although an invitation was given every night for seekers, not one came forward. On the thirteenth night of the meeting, Brother William H. Garrard, who was standing with me at the altar, said to me, while the congregation was singing, that he believed there were serious persons in the congregation, and if they would not come to the "mourner's bench," to ask them to rise up in their seats, or in some way to express their desire for salvation. While we were conversing we had turned our backs to the congregation. It seemed to me we had not been talking a minute—but perhaps it was longer—and when we turned round the two front seats, extending two-thirds of the way across the house, were filled with seekers. As soon as one started, they all started and came at once. Brother Moore was on his feet in an instant, clapping his hands and blessing the Lord. There was a gentleman in Pittsburg at that time, Mr. James Gosling, who kept a large dry-goods store on Market Street. His family attended our Church; but were not members. Among those who came forward was Mr. Gosling's wife, his sister Margaret, and his daughter Sophie. Brother Moore saw them and knew them, and clapping his hands as he walked in front of the seekers, he exclaimed, "Lord, bless all the Goslings!" The prayer was all right, and was generally understood; but it sounded queerly, and a stranger might easily have misunderstood it, and given it a ludicrous application. Our meeting was successful, and resulted in the conversion of about forty persons, and their reception into the Church.

There were many noble men and women in the First Church at that time—too many to be enumerated here—who were pious in heart, consistent in life, and greatly devoted to the interests of the Church. But few of them remain. The great majority of them have passed away.

That year I received my full Disciplinary "allowance" of one hundred dollars and my boarding. This was too small an amount to clothe me, as I was compelled to be clothed in the city, and meet the various incidental expenses which I could not well avoid. Sometimes I felt very much straitened, and not a little depressed, in view of my very limited financial resources. I remember that one day I felt very badly. I was really in need of money, and had none; and I thought my lot was a pretty hard one.

It was customary then for gentlemen to wear circular cloth cloaks. Scarcely any one wore an overcoat. To appear respectable and like other people, I was compelled to have a cloak. On the evening of the day above referred to, we had a meeting of some kind in the church. After supper I put on my cloak, and, I suppose, looked pretty respectable, and started, rather moodily, from my boarding-house in Allegheny for the church. As I came down near to Lacock Street, there were three factory girls returning home from work, and as they crossed a vacant lot, talking and laughing as if they had never known a care, one of them pointed to me, and said, in a rather subdued tone, but loud enough for me to hear her, "If I was as rich as that man, I would n't care." I thought if she only knew, how rich—or rather poor—I was, she would want to be as rich as some one else. But, judging from my appearance, she thought I was rich, and was perhaps tempted to envy me. The incident set me to thinking. I concluded that appearances were often deceptive. I looked perhaps quite as respectable as many a rich man; but my position compelled me to do so, and that was one cause of my trouble. My position compelled me to keep up an appearance which my means did not well justify. I realized what many another person has realized, the embarrassment of genteel

poverty. But I took comfort from the thought, that if I only knew the true condition and circumstances of those whom I was tempted to envy, I would perhaps, after all, prefer my own condition to theirs. We know our own difficulties and trials; but we do not know the difficulties and trials of others, and in our ignorance it is not best for us to disquiet ourselves by envying them in their lot. I returned home that night a little wiser and a little better contented than when I left.

Having received my full Disciplinary "allowance" that year, and as much as I could expect according to the law of the Church while a single man, and as I had served nearly four years in the itinerancy, the time required under the old Methodist *régime* before marriage, I concluded to get married, and I succeeded in carrying out my purpose. I selected for a companion Miss Margaret Hunter, of Washington, Pa., and, after the lapse of nearly half a century, I have no reason to regret my choice. I suppose, dear reader, that you would like to know something about our courtship and marriage; but I do not deem that a matter of sufficient public importance to go into history. Dr. George Brown used to tell the young preachers that when he was courting his wife, he made it a subject of prayer; but he always rose from his knees, feeling, "Well, I'll have Liza anyhow." Our little granddaughter, who is of a very inquiring turn of mind, has often persistently asked me what I said to grandma when I wanted her to marry me; but if you will believe it, I have never yet been able to answer the child. I suppose it is not best to place such little matters on record; but to leave every one to the exercise of his own ingenuity in such cases.

There is one incident, however, connected with our first appearance at church after our marriage, which it

may not be improper to relate. It appears more amusing to me now at this distance of time than it did when it occurred. I took my wife to church, and saw her comfortably seated, and then took my seat in the pulpit beside Brother Davis, who was associated with me as assistant pastor, and who was to preach that evening. He was very prompt in beginning the service on time, and would not wait for any one. The congregation was a little tardy that evening; but Brother Davis, as usual, began on time, and read a long long-meter hymn. There was not a member of the choir present, and no one to sing. I never professed to be an artistic singer; but I could sing a little in those days, and as there was no one else to do it, I started the hymn, two lines of which Brother Davis had read. Pretty soon the members of the choir came in, and the congregation filled up. Brother Davis, standing by my side, kept lining out the hymn, and I kept singing it, and the choir and the whole congregation, my wife with the rest, stood and listened without uttering a single syllable that I could hear, whether in admiration or in awe I can not say. I suppose they feared they could not "come to time," and give the tune the peculiar accent and expression that I did. I had the best of attention. Indeed, it was one of the efforts of my life. I would not, however, recommend any of my young friends to become chorister, without any instrumental accompaniment, unless he was used to it, on his first appearance at church with his young wife.

It was not long till the close of the Conference year. It had been a year of hard work, of some trials, of considerable enjoyment, and of encouraging success. I had now spent four years in the ministry; I had learned something of the trials and also of the enjoyments of my chosen field of labor; I had selected a companion for life, and now

regarded myself as having fairly entered upon my life-work. I was deeply sensible of my lack of proper qualifications for the great work in which I was engaged; but I labored faithfully, so far as I had opportunity, to supply these deficiencies. I was diffident and shrinking in untried positions, yet self-reliant, confident, and hopeful of the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

Conference in Allegheny City—Appointed to Uniontown—Young People and Housekeeping—Small Salary—Mr. Isaac Skyles, a Kind Friend—Left in Debt—Church Never Prosperous—Layman's Bureau—Wrong Policy—Conference in Waynesburg—T. H. Stockton's Sermon—Appointed to Manchester Circuit—Removal—Cold House—Mr. and Mrs. Bingham—Horse and Buggy—Cultivation of a Garden—Pastoral Visitation—The Brown Families—Quarterly-meeting—No Money—No Flour—A Barrel of Flour Brought to My Door—Very Bad Flour—Controversy About It—Many Excellent People—A Special Visit—Attention to the Poor—Local Preachers—Joseph Burns—A Sad Event—Out of Debt.

THE Conference of 1846 met in Allegheny City, next door to the parsonage where I boarded. Rev. George Brown was elected president, and Joseph Burns secretary. The Conference was not marked by anything special, or anything out of the ordinary course of things. I was appointed that year again to Uniontown. The Church there desired my services; and, although it was very feeble financially, I was willing to go.

We had not yet commenced housekeeping, and it required a few days after Conference for us to make the necessary preparation, and then we removed to our new field of labor. We were received very cordially, and were entertained by Father and Mother Phillips, at whose house we remained a couple of weeks or more, while a little house was being prepared for us. We were treated very kindly; but the time seemed long till we got to housekeeping ourselves. The future has always bright visions for the young, and they are anxious to realize the anticipated pleasure. The proper thing for young married people to do is to go

to housekeeping for themselves as soon as circumstances will permit. It gives them more interest in life; makes them more active, self-reliant, and useful. It seldom works well for newly-married people to live with their parents, unless it is to take care of them. Old people's views are different from young people's, and they are apt to interfere, dictate, and impose restrictions which are not agreeable to young people. Let young married people go to themselves. Let them feel the dignity and responsibility of their new position; let them plan and arrange for the future; and let them, in their own way, carry out their plans. Boarding or living with parents seldom yields the best results.

At length we got to housekeeping. Our residence was not a stately one; but it was neat and comfortable. We had a neat little sitting-room and a nice little kitchen down stairs, and a little hallway where the stairs went up to our bedroom over our sitting-room. There was also room for a bed over the hall upstairs. We had not much—we did not need much—but what we had was new and good, and we greatly enjoyed it. It was ours—it was our home—we presided there as the united head of the household. The family relation is of Divine origin. "God setteth the solitary in families." There is nothing more beautiful than to see a young married couple happy in each other's love, influenced by the same feelings and motives, and their minds filled with bright hopes of the future, erecting their family altar, and entering together on the duties and labors of life.

The members of the Church were kind to us, and did what they could to support us and contribute to our comfort; but they were not able to do for us what they desired. With all our economy we could not live on what we received, and were under the necessity of going in debt. This greatly annoyed us, and detracted very much from our

happiness. I found, however, a good friend in Mr. Isaac Skyles, a merchant in the place, who very kindly supplied us with what we needed when we had no money. Had it not been for his kindness, I do not know what we would sometimes have done. When we came to move at the end of the year, I settled with him and paid him all the money I could spare, and still I owed him a considerable sum; but instead of insisting, as some men would have done, that I should pay him his entire bill, he insisted on my taking back some of the money that I had paid him, lest I might not have enough to move me to my new home. It was an act of great kindness; I highly appreciated it, and have never forgotten it. Of course, I embraced the very earliest opportunity to pay him, and assure him of my gratitude. It is true, I had lived three years in the town; he knew me; and he knew that my salary of one hundred and fifty dollars was not enough to keep us. He had confidence in me, and he found that it was not misplaced. A good character is not a bad thing to have. It is not money; but it often serves for a time in place of money.

I labored faithfully that year; but without any very great success. I trust some good was accomplished; but the results were not what I desired. Uniontown never seemed to have a good soil for Methodist Protestantism. At one time our college was located there, and was manned by able and learned men, which should have given our cause some prestige; and our Church there has been supplied at various times by our best preachers; but still it never prospered or became strong. Now, after nearly fifty years, it is still feeble, and the "Layman's Bureau" is supplying it with a preacher and aiding in his support, in hope of building up our cause there. We have always had some good members there; but we have not had enough of them. I trust the present effort will prove a success.

Aside from our financial straits, we got along very pleasantly. The friends were kind to us. We had their sympathy and love, and they did what they could to support us.

A weak Church in a town where other Churches have regular services every Sabbath labors under great disadvantages. It lacks sufficient strength to sustain itself and keep a minister all the time, without overburdening its members or embarrassing its pastor, and thus discouraging both. To unite it with some other charge to give it financial support, detracts from its influence and hedges up its way, for it is difficult to hold a congregation with preaching but a part of the time, when other Churches in the town have preaching every Sabbath. It is a question whether it is right to labor so persistently to maintain a Church organization where there is no lack of the gospel, and where the conditions essential to denominational success are largely wanting. The same amount of labor bestowed somewhere else, under more favorable conditions, and where there is greater need, might be productive of much more good. Is there not sometimes a little unjustifiable denominational pride connected with such efforts?

At length the Conference year came to a close, and, although we liked our Uniontown friends, and were sorry on many accounts to leave them, yet because of their inability to support us, we were willing to make a change. Our Conference met that year (1847) in Waynesburg, Pa. It was a very pleasant Conference. That peerless preacher, Rev. T. H. Stockton, was present, and preached on Sabbath morning to an immense congregation in a grove adjoining the town. His sermon was one of wonderful eloquence. Towards its close he described the death of a young Christian lady. The picture was clearly drawn, and was vivid as life. You imagined yourself standing by her bedside.

You saw her pale brow, her hollow cheeks, her bloodless lips, her clear, bright eyes, and her whole countenance lit up with an inexpressible radiance and sweetness inspired by the hope of a better life. As she neared the Jordan she sang, in a low, soft voice, a verse of a hymn expressive of her hope and joy. Brother Stockton sang it, and you imagined you were listening to the sweet voice of the dying saint. At length you saw her breathe her last, and almost imagined that you saw her pure spirit, escorted by the angels, ascending to her God. The impression made on the congregation was indescribable. Wherein did the power of that man's eloquence consist? It was not so much in what he said, although that was beautiful, as the manner in which he said it. His appearance, his tone, his action were deeply impressive. But back of all that was there not a soul-power which, in some inconceivable manner, mastered the minds of those who heard him? It would seem that God gives to some men an indescribable gift or power, by which they can bring other minds under their influence and control.

At that Conference I was appointed to Manchester Circuit. This circuit had been a part of the old Ohio Circuit, on which I was born, and which I traveled the first year of my ministry. It had been set off as a separate circuit three years before. It embraced but three appointments, Freeman's Landing, Pughtown (now Fairview), and Nessley Chapel. These appointments were not far apart, so that it was an easy circuit to travel. It was near my old home, and I was among old friends and acquaintances.

At the close of the Conference I returned to Uniontown, and packed up my goods, and then sent my wife, with our babe, Willie, by coach, thirty-six miles, to Washington, Pa., to make a little visit with her mother, while I accompanied our goods to Brownsville, and from there

down the Monongahela by boat to Pittsburg, where I re-shipped them. The water in the Ohio was very low, and it took us a couple of days to get down from Pittsburg to my place of debarkation. The boat frequently ran aground, and we spent hours with spars and windlasses trying to get her over the shoals and sandbars. At last, to my great satisfaction, we reached the place of my debarkation. I got my goods off the boat, and had them hauled up to Pughtown, a distance of about three miles, where I had procured part of a house from a Mr. Bingham, a merchant in the town, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, who occupied the other part of the house for about six or eight weeks, when he moved out, and we got the whole house. He and his wife treated us with great kindness while we lived together in the same house, and also after they left it. They were a most excellent couple, and we esteemed it a privilege to enjoy their friendship.

When I got my goods disposed of, I procured a horse and buggy and went after my wife, a distance of perhaps thirty miles. After we reached home we soon got things arranged, and we settled down to the duties of life in our new home. Our house stood on posts, and proved to be very cold. It was larger than we needed; but there was only one room in it that we could occupy with comfort during cold weather, and we made that our living room, and used it pretty much for all family purposes. In the spring we procured a smaller and more comfortable house, where we had a nice plot of ground for a garden, which I cultivated, and in which I raised all the vegetables we needed. We also raised a large number of chickens.

The cultivation of a garden in a small country town, where it can be done, is of great advantage to a minister. If he is a studious man, the exercise required to do this

will be beneficial to his health. A half-hour in the early morning, or a half-hour in the evening, will be sufficient for all the labor necessary to cultivate a small garden for the use of his own family. This saves him the expense of buying many things he can raise himself, and he can have them at hand when he might not be able to obtain them from others. Then, there is a real luxury in having vegetables fresh from the garden, instead of getting them from the market or the store, or from wagons, after they have become wilted and stale. But some preachers are too indolent, or they do not know how, and are not disposed to learn, to help themselves in this way. We pity the man who can do nothing to help himself when he has the opportunity, but is dependent on others for every bite that goes into his mouth. Our young men at college require a gymnasium, where they may take suitable exercise to develop their muscles and preserve their health. Suitable exercise after a man has entered the ministry, or some other profession, is as necessary to the preservation of his health and strength as it was when he was in college; and there is no more healthful and invigorating exercise than the cultivation of a small plot of ground. Whenever I have had the opportunity, I have had a garden. It has always afforded me pleasure to cultivate it, and it never took time that should be devoted to other things, or disqualified me for my other duties. Our garden in Pughtown was a very good one, and supplied us with all the lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, cucumbers, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, and cabbages we needed. When a preacher ceases to eat such things, he may laugh at the idea of his attempting, when he has an opportunity, to cultivate them.

It was necessary for me on this circuit to get a horse, and I also found it advantageous to procure a buggy. This enabled my wife and me to visit the members at their homes,

and become acquainted with them and their families in a manner we could not otherwise do. A minister's success depends very much on his ability to gain the good-will of his people, and is obtained largely by the manner of his intercourse with them. He must not be too distant and reserved, or they will think he is cold and formal; and he must not be too familiar, or he will lower himself in their estimation, and lose their respect. A happy medium should be maintained between these two extremes. Nor should a minister visit too much, and make the people tired of him; nor should he visit too little, and make the impression that he is neglectful and indifferent to them. These are matters which call for the exercise of good judgment on the part of a minister, and he can not be too prudent in avoiding everything, however trifling it may appear, which might tend to create a prejudice in the minds of the people against him, and thereby diminish his influence and usefulness. Then, there are great differences in people, and a minister should study them so that he may adapt himself, in his intercourse with them, to their different peculiarities. If a minister can secure the good-will of his people, it will go far to render his labors among them acceptable. A minister whom the people love can scarcely do anything that they will not approve; but if he fails to gain their esteem, he can scarcely do anything that will be acceptable to them.

To what extent we were successful, I will not pretend to say; but we made it a point to visit all the members, rich and poor, at their homes, and tried to get acquainted with them. Their treatment of us was uniformly kind and courteous, and our stay on Manchester Circuit was very pleasant to us.

There were on the circuit several families of the Browns, whom I had previously known. There were four brothers, James (a local minister), and John, and Jacob,

and George. They were men of means and high standing in the community, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. They were near relatives of the venerable George Brown, D. D., one of the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church, and, like him, they had a vein of humor in their composition, were fond of a little amusement at another's expense, and were a good deal eccentric. It was necessary to know them in order to understand many of their remarks. Indeed, they would often, in the kindest spirit, say queer things to strangers, to see what kind of stuff they were made of.

The first visit my wife and I made on the circuit was to Brother James Brown's, who lived on a large farm in Holliday's Cove. He and his family received us with great cordiality. My wife had been raised in town, had never been much among strangers except at school, knew but little practically of the world, and was timid and sensitive. When we came to the supper-table, Brother Brown, in his own peculiar way, began to inquire of her if she knew how to do anything; if she could milk cows, churn, and make butter, and do many other things necessary to be done on a well-regulated farm. She had to acknowledge her inability, on account of inexperience, to do these things. He then wanted to know how she expected to get along as the wife of a Methodist preacher, if she could do nothing. I understood him; but my wife did not. He did not intend anything unkind; but wished, in a good-humored and quizzical way, to tease her a little, not thinking how sensitive she was. Her heart was nearly broke. By great effort she restrained her tears until we got alone; but she could restrain them no longer. I tried to console her. I told her I had known Brother Brown for years; that he was peculiar, but kind-hearted, and had no intention of either insulting her or wounding her feelings, and when she knew

him as well as I did, she would not feel badly at his remarks. She felt somewhat better after my talk with her; but still seemed to fear that she was about to be crucified.

Our next visit was to Brother Thomas Anderson's, at what was then called Freeman's Landing (now Penrith). Brother and Sister Anderson were a very kind and pleasant couple. Sister Anderson was a cheerful, warm-hearted, motherly woman, who seemed to sympathize with Mrs. Scott, and she at once gained her confidence. She could not refrain from telling her of Brother Brown's remarks, and how badly they had made her feel. Sister Anderson told her the same thing that I had told her, that Brother Brown was a little peculiar; but that he meant nothing unkind, and that when she got to understand him, she would not feel hurt at his remarks. She then related to Mrs. Scott some amusing remarks—amusing to him—which Brother Brown had made to her a short time before, and which were even more out of line than what he had said to my wife. This made her feel a little more comfortable, and she thought she would try and not be so sensitive in the future, and began to pick up a little courage.

The next visit we made was to Brother John Brown's, a brother to James. When we came into the house he had his sleeves rolled up; he had just been washing, and was in the act of drying his face. Without advancing toward us, or changing his attitude, he dryly remarked, "Here comes John Scott with a wife to starve to death." That was more of it. My wife thought, like the Irishman, that she would be "kilt." But after we were there awhile, Sister Brown was so pleasant, and Brother Brown was so cheerful, and had so many anecdotes to tell, that my wife began to feel better and more at home. I had been there before, and knew him, and knew how to take him. He was a very kind, clever man; but noted for his little eccentricities. It

was on Brother Brown's farm, near the mouth of Tummelson's Run, on the Ohio River, that Adam Poe and the Big Foot Indian had their fierce and memorable conflict. The spot where this encounter took place is now out some distance in the river, as the bank at that point has receded, within my own recollection, perhaps one hundred feet; but it is now protected.

Shortly after our visit to John Brown's, we called to see his brother Jacob and his family. Jacob was perhaps the most peculiar of them all. He had a fine farm on the Ohio River, was surrounded with every comfort, was a man of fine intelligence, had an interesting family; but it seemed to me that he prided himself in being eccentric. He had no regular time for shaving. Sometimes he shaved once a week, sometimes once a month, and sometimes once a quarter, just as he took the notion, or as his wife succeeded in coaxing him to do so. He was very careless, ordinarily, in his dress, going often quite a distance from home, or to public gatherings, in very inferior apparel. He sometimes attended political meetings in this manner, and while a strange speaker, who did not know him, was addressing the crowd, he would occasionally ask a question, which was often carelessly answered, as his appearance indicated that he did not amount to anything. After a number of questions had been asked and carelessly answered, he would take the liberty of making a comment, and would sometimes put a speaker into an awkward position through his own careless answers, for Mr. Brown was well-posted on almost every subject.

On our arrival at Brother Brown's, he informed us that Mrs. White, wife of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Pughtown, had just left, and that he had been telling her how to make sausages, and wished to know of my wife if she could make them. She had to confess that she had

never performed that particular part of domestic labor. He then proceeded to inform her with great particularity of the entire process of making sausages, and especially how the casing was prepared, indulging in some exaggeration which would make the picture more impressive to one not familiar with the art. It seemed to my wife that the plot thickened, and what the end would be she could not tell.

When I arrived on the circuit I had but little money, and I had many uses for the little I had. It was then customary to pay the preacher at the quarterly-meeting, brethren often forgetting that he sometimes needed a little money before the quarterly-meeting came. The plan is not a good one. Weekly payments in stations, and monthly payments on circuits is much preferable every way. It is easier for the people, and much better for the minister. Men who are permanently settled on farms, or who are engaged in business, and who know what they can depend upon, may make bills; but even then it is better not to do it if it can be avoided; but no preacher should be compelled to do so. Outstanding bills are always an annoyance, for a minister who depends on the voluntary contributions of others for a support, never knows certainly how much he will receive, and is always fearful, when he shall get what they contribute, that he will not be able to square his accounts. Especially should a minister who has just come to a new charge be furnished with a little money to begin with, as the expense necessarily incurred in moving his family and goods, and in fitting himself up in his new home, is generally sufficient to exhaust his funds. Most persons have no idea of the embarrassments under which ministers often labor, especially in entering upon new charges.

Our quarterly-meeting was to be held in the little vil-

lage where we lived, and we expected some friends from the other appointments to stop with us during the meeting. The Friday before the meeting arrived and found me out of flour, and without money. I was not much acquainted. The stores in the village where I was acquainted did not keep flour. The people of the town went to Pugh's Mill, half a mile or so distant, for flour. I did not know Mr. Pugh, and I did not like to go as a stranger and ask him to trust me. My wife had flour enough to prepare her yeast; but not enough to bake with. She told me in the morning that I must get flour; but I had not the courage to go to a stranger, and ask him to trust me. I was in great trouble. Dinner-time came, and my wife told me she could wait no longer, that if I did not get flour we would have no bread. I sat down to dinner full of sad thoughts. But while we were eating in silence, some one rapped at the front door. I went to the door and found one of the brethren, who said he had brought me a barrel of flour, as he thought we probably needed it. I was greatly rejoiced, feeling that the Lord had remembered us in time of need. I told my wife that the Lord had sent us a barrel of flour. So I felt. But it proved to be miserably bad flour, and as our family was small it lasted us a long time. My wife and I differed about that barrel of flour, and she still sticks to her opinion. She contended that the Lord never sent it; for if he had sent it, he would have sent good flour. She claimed that the inspiration to the act came from another quarter; that the brother knew it was bad, and wanted to get it off his hands; and while he could not sell it to others, he could give it to the preacher, and charge him full price for it. But I told her it was as good, perhaps, as we deserved, and that the Lord saw, perhaps, that we needed to cultivate the grace of patience, and he put us on a diet of sad, black bread for that purpose. How-

ever that may have been, it let me out of a bad scrape. I never was so glad to see a barrel of flour in my life. But sometimes I felt almost disposed to accept my wife's logic on the subject, when I learned that the brother had the reputation of being a little "tricky" sometimes. It is highly improper to impose on any one; but to impose on a poor Methodist preacher, under the pretense of doing him a kindness, is a very mean thing. But such a thing is sometimes done.

Our stay of two years on Manchester Circuit was pleasant to us, and I think not without profit to the circuit. There was a very good class of people on the circuit. The Melvins, the Mayhews, the Hobbsses, the Andersons, the Browns, the Evanses, the Brennemans, the Mahans, the Deselms, and others, were people of good moral and religious standing in the community, were strongly attached to the Church, and kind and liberal to the pastor. We had much social as well as religious enjoyment among them.

My wife and I made one visit on that circuit we will never forget. We started one morning to go to Freeman's Landing by a somewhat circuitous route. I told my wife of a poor family living on the road we took, that we should call to see as we passed. They lived in a very unpretentious place; but were nice people. Before we reached the house we passed a log stable, and discovered that the woman we intended calling to see was in the stable "picking" geese. We drove past the house some distance, and stopped; but it took us a good while to get out of the buggy, and get the horse hitched, and get ready to go in. We delayed on purpose to give the woman time to get into her house of one room and change her dress. When we got to the door she was dressed and ready to meet us, and seemed to be overjoyed at our call. She insisted on our remaining for dinner, and we consented to stay, although we had not

intended to do so. Everything in the house was neat and clean, and she got us a very good dinner. She shed tears of joy. She said she never had a preacher to eat in her house before, and she was so glad we had consented to take a meal with her. Although forty-five years have passed away since then, we often speak of that visit, and always recall it with pleasure. Preachers often make a great mistake in being attentive to the rich, while they neglect the poor. The rich often feel that they honor a minister and lay him under obligations by receiving his visits, while the poor feel that it is a great privilege to have the minister visit them, and are thankful for his kind attentions. While a pastor should not neglect any of his members, the poor should be especially remembered.

Some time after our visit to this poor family, the husband, who was not at home when we were there, brought us a small pumpkin as a present. Its money value was very small; but it was of great value to us. It was all they had to give, and we appreciated it as coming from loving hearts. It was an assurance that we were kindly remembered, and that we had a place in the affections of these poor but good and kind people.

There were three local preachers on the circuit at the time I was there,—John Deselm, James Brown, and Joseph Burns. Reference has already been made to the first of these. He was a good man, quite eccentric, powerful in prayer, and sometimes would preach an excellent sermon; but at other times, without any intention on his part to make them so, his sermons would be quite amusing. He was well versed in the Scriptures, and I never knew a man who was so familiar with Scripture biography and the genealogies recorded in the Old Testament as he was. He lived at Port Homer, on the Ohio side of the river, and

belonged to the society at Nessley Chapel. He married a Nessley, and was an uncle of the Browns already spoken of.

Brother Burns had been a member of the Conference, had filled several important appointments, and had traveled the Manchester Circuit for three years, and there never was a more popular man in that community. He was highly esteemed by almost every one, both in the Church and out of it. It was generally believed that he was engaged to be married to a young lady on the circuit, a member of the Church, and an excellent girl; but he discarded her, as was supposed, and sought the hand of a daughter of a wealthy merchant in Pughtown, whom he married. After their marriage he entered the store of his father-in-law. But the people liked him better in the pulpit than they did in the store. His popularity began to wane, and many of his former friends regarded him with coolness. His wife did not live long. After her death, without undue haste, he married a widow lady whose former husband kept a tavern, as it was then called. She owned the property, and still occupied it. After his second marriage he began keeping a public house. I am not certain that he kept a bar; but my impression is that he did. At any rate, he began to "tipple," the habit grew on him, and at length overcame him. When his habit first became known and the subject of remark, Brother John Cowl, who was then pastor of the circuit, remonstrated with him, and warned him of his danger; but he took offense, and ceased to attend Brother Cowl's ministry. He then studied law, and practiced in his own and adjoining counties for several years. His second wife died, and he married a third time. He had, I believe, three children; but I know only of one of them, who is a very respectable and prosperous man, living in or near Cleveland, Ohio. At length the end came. He

sent for Brother Cowl, who visited him in his last sickness, and heard his sorrowful regrets for the sins and follies of his life. Brother Cowl administered to him such counsel and encouragement as he could, but with what result he could not tell. At the time I was on Manchester Circuit, Brother Burns was in his father-in-law's store. He was correct in his habits; he and I were the best of friends, and he gave me all the assistance and support he could. I refer to him here with sorrow, as a warning to others, even in the ministry, to beware of temptation, and to guard against the first step in an improper direction. If God has called a man to the work of the ministry, it is a dangerous thing for him to abandon his sacred calling and engage in secular pursuits. One wrong step leads to another, and when a man gets started in the wrong direction, it is hard to tell where he will end. What the end of Brother Burns was, we can not say. We would not limit the Divine compassion, nor would we presume on the Divine mercy. The Judge of all the earth will do right. This is the security of earth and the joy of heaven.

A very sad event occurred while we resided in Pughtown. The Rev. Mr. White, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church near that place, took his own life. Mr. White was a very excellent man, genial, companionable, and fraternal. I knew him well, and liked him very much. His life was consistent and upright. He adorned his profession. He was an excellent preacher, a faithful pastor, and while he was almost idolized by his own people, he was held in high esteem by the entire community. He resigned his charge at Pughtown, and was elected a professor in Jefferson College, located in Canonsburg, Pa. He removed with his family to that place; but he soon became melancholy, and regretted the change he had made. Nothing could arouse him from his depression, which continued

to increase, until it became obvious to his friends that reason had lost its balance. After a while he returned to his old home near Pughtown, which he still owned. His old friends rallied around him, and tried to cheer him; but all in vain. Nothing could dispel the gloom that appeared to overshadow him. One day in the fall, quite a number of his old parishioners gathered to haul and cut his winter's wood, and, if possible, cheer him up. He mingled pleasantly among them during the day; but while they were eating supper in the evening, he slipped out quietly, went into the stable, and hung himself. He was soon discovered; but life was extinct. His death filled every one with sorrow, and cast a gloom over the entire community.

I think his mind was affected before he left Pughtown. Shortly before his removal, his congregation gave an entertainment to the children. On his way home from the entertainment he stopped at my house, and gave my wife, with whom he was but slightly acquainted, a small paper containing a few sticks of candy. He said she was not forgotten, and he was determined she should have some of the candy. He was always kind and pleasant; but there was something in this so childish, and so unlike him, that we noticed it and thought it strange.

That his mind was unbalanced, and that he was not responsible for his act, was clear to all who had witnessed his conduct; and that the change of his official relation was not the cause of his trouble, they as fully believed. His mental affliction was believed by physicians and others to be the result of disease. He had long been afflicted with tetter about his neck, which often greatly annoyed him. He had used some remedy that had been recommended to him for this affection, which had dried it up, and, as was believed, drove it to his brain. Shortly after the drying up of the tetter his mental trouble began. What a blessing

to be permitted to enjoy the right use of our reason; and what affliction so great as that of mental aberration! Yet many good men have been thus afflicted, and have passed out of this world under a cloud.

During the two years I was on Manchester Circuit, I received about two hundred and fifty dollars each year, which was a little over my Disciplinary claim. Living in the country was cheap, and I raised a good deal of garden truck, which saved me a good deal of money, so that my salary enabled me to live very comfortably, and pay off the debt I had contracted the year before I came there. This was very gratifying, and relieved me of the feeling of embarrassment I had before. It is a very unpleasant thing for any one, especially a minister, to be unable to meet current living expenses. This is a state of things every man should labor to prevent. No minister should be blamed for desiring to obtain a charge that will enable him to maintain his family decently, and "provide things honest in the sight of all men."

CHAPTER IX.

Conference in Pittsburg—Appointed to First Church, Allegheny City—Samuel Clawson and Thomas Maple—Amusing Controversy—William Reeves—Secret Society Question—Trouble in Church—Pastoral Visitation—Different Stories—Silence—Prayer—Labor to Harmonize the Church—Some Success—Conference at Uniontown—William Collier—Examination of T. H. Lancaster—Returned to Allegheny—Things Very Pleasant—Many Good Brethren—Numerous Meetings—P. T. Laishley—Traveling President—F. H. Collier—Study of Greek and Latin—Restrictive Rule—Reluctance to Leave.

WHEN we left Manchester Circuit in the fall of 1849, we went to the First Church, Allegheny City. The Conference that fall met in Pittsburg. The session was enlivened by several debates between Samuel Clawson, a ministerial member of the Conference, and Thomas Maple, a delegate from Monongahela Circuit. Both these brethren were quite eccentric.

Brother Clawson, because of his peculiarities, was called the "wild man." He was of medium height, compactly built, active as a deer, and when excited sometimes performed wonderful feats of agility. He was very dark-complexioned, almost as dark as an Indian. He had a firm-set mouth and chin. His eyes were peculiar. He was not cross-eyed, but instead of this his sight slightly diverged, so that he could not see very distinctly an object directly before him; and when he wished to get a distinct view of a person or any object he looked somewhat sideways, so that sometimes when he was looking directly at you, you would suppose he was looking at some one else. He had a full, clear, sweet voice, and he could modulate it to suit

the sentiment he desired to express. He was a close observer of nature. Scarcely anything occurred around him that he did not notice and remember. He was uneducated in the common acceptation of the term. When he commenced preaching he could hardly read; but he improved himself, and, although he never became a great lover of books, yet he was not indifferent to them; but consulted commentaries, and made himself acquainted with the doctrinal standards of the Church. He possessed a wonderful imagination, and descriptive powers of the highest order. His sermons were not the result of special preparation, but of an impulse or afflatus which came upon him, and which seemed to lift him above himself, and carry him forward in a train of thought sometimes grand and sublime. When this afflatus wore off, he would sometimes conclude one of the grandest and most beautiful passages with a ludicrous and absurd remark. As an illustration of this, I give an instance. It was told of him—and I have no doubt it was true, for I have heard him say things equally absurd—that in a sermon on one occasion he gave a description of the glories of heaven, which so transported his congregation that they almost imagined themselves within the pearly gates of the Celestial City, when he suddenly paused and exclaimed, “Bless the Lord, brethren, when we get to heaven we will all huddle together like pigs in a sty.” I heard him preach on many occasions when he proceeded for five or ten minutes in a strain of sublime eloquence—a sort of blank verse—as grand as anything Milton ever wrote. And what was remarkable, he never committed a grammatical error while giving utterance to those sublime strains, while at other times he often spoke incorrectly. He was a man of sweet spirit and deep piety. What seemed the most ludicrous and mirth-provoking to others was always uttered by him in the most serious manner, and seem-

ingly without the least thought that there was anything unusual in it. He was no economist. He had no idea of business. He did not know how to use money when he had it. He was always poor; but always had friends who came to his assistance in time of need. He was a child of nature. There never was but one Samuel Clawson. After a long life of usefulness, he died in great peace at Weston, W. Va., on his way to the West Virginia Conference, of which he was a member at the time of his death.

Thomas Maple was a tall, raw-boned man, with a rather sharp visage, and a rapid but not very distinct utterance. He was a local preacher, and a great friend of the Church. There were certain expressions in which, when he became excited, he frequently indulged. Among these was the phrase, "Dipend, sir," which he often used when he wished to give special emphasis to what he said. He was quick-witted, and it was hard to corner him. He was a business man; owned a flourmill and a linseed-oil mill, and was a prominent man in Greene County, Pa., where he lived. It was related of him that on one occasion, when he came to Pittsburg to dispose of some of his products, he was invited to preach in our First Church there. He accepted the invitation, and took for his text the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Isaiah: "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" He said he was going to plead the Lord's cause, that he would impanel his congregation as a jury, and that when he was through he would call for a verdict. He proceeded with his argument, and demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the Lord had done everything for his vineyard that he could have done, and if it did not bring forth good fruit, it was not his fault. He claimed that he had gained the case, and called for a verdict. He requested

all who thought the Lord had done all that he could for his vineyard to stand up. But that congregation never was good on a drill; and to his dismay not a single soul arose. But he was not to be defeated, and immediately exclaimed: "Dipend, you do not understand me. All you who think that the Lord has done all for his vineyard that he could have done, sit still." As a matter of course, they all sat still. Then he triumphed in his success. The verdict was unanimous. Many years ago he passed away to his rest.

At that Conference these two brethren had several wordy and amusing encounters. In those days our ministers were but poorly supported. Brother Maple thought that if the Conference met in April instead of September, it would be greatly to the advantage of the preachers, and he moved that the time of the meeting of the Conference be so changed. He proceeded to show, in his own peculiar way, that then a preacher could cultivate a garden, and enjoy the fruit of his labor; but when the Conference met in September, if the preacher did work and have a good garden, he was liable to be removed just when his garden stuff was ready for use, and there was but little inducement for a preacher to attempt to help himself in this way. He made the most of the garden argument he could.

Brother Clawson was ready and eager to reply. He ridiculed the idea of a man, called to the sacred office of the gospel ministry, and whose mind should be occupied with high and holy things, giving his time and attention to such trifling things as the cultivation of "garden sass." For his part, he did not desire to dig in a potato-patch, but to delve in the rich mines of the theological field. He made the work of cultivating a garden, in comparison with that of saving souls, appear exceedingly small and mean. His argument, of course, was fallacious, as the two interests did

not conflict, as the greater had not to be abandoned to perform the less. But as he put it, it seemed to be absolutely conclusive. He then proceeded to point out the discomfort that the change would cause the minister's family. In doing this he described in a most vivid manner the moving of a preacher's family in the spring, and as he painted it, it seemed to pass before the mind in panoramic view. He brought the old wagon out of the shed where the chickens had roosted over it all winter, and which bore marks of their presence. The cover was old, and you could see the patches on it, and some holes that had not been mended. The preacher's meager household effects were placed in the wagon, and then his wife and smaller children were put on top of them. The day was damp and chilly, and between the wagon-body and the cover you could see the little hands and blue finger-nails of the children as they held to the sideboards to steady themselves. The oldest boy and girl drove the cow, and you could see the poor bedraggled things as they followed her from one side of the road to the other. The mud was deep, and in some places thin, and the horses went "plump, plump" through it, scattering the thin mud and dirty water in every direction. It was indeed a picture of woe. He declared that when he came to a circuit, he wanted "a cloud of dust to herald his coming." Instead of recommending the cultivation of a garden as a remedy for the poverty of the preachers, he would recommend the erection of a great poorhouse in the center of the district to which they might go for relief. This was too much for Brother Maple. He seemed to think the man was crazy, and exclaimed, "Dipend, sir, dipend, sir, he means a lunatic asylum." That ended the debate, and there has never been a proposition made since to change the time of the meeting of the Pittsburg Conference from fall to spring.

My predecessor in the First Church, Allegheny, was William Reeves, one of the leading ministers of the Pittsburgh Conference. He was an Englishman, and had been a preacher among the "Bible Christians" before he came to this country. His wife, Hannah, was also a preacher, and had traveled a circuit in England. Brother Reeves was a man of medium height, well-knit frame, rather dark complexion, high and broad forehead, dark hair, generally cut short and brushed back from his forehead, and strong-set features, indicative of great firmness and determination. He was a man of undoubted piety and irreproachable life. He was a logical and able preacher, and deservedly held in high esteem. His career was an honorable and useful one, and after a life of devotion to God and the Methodist Protestant Church, he rested from his labors and was gathered in peace to his fathers, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in New Brighton, by the side of his beloved Hannah.

Notwithstanding the goodness and ability of Brother Reeves, his pastorate in the First Church, Allegheny, was not a success, and he only remained there one year. Brother Reeves had always been greatly opposed to secret societies; but while in Allegheny, for some reason satisfactory to himself, he changed his mind on that subject, and became both a Mason and an Oddfellow. This excited adverse criticism, especially upon the part of those who were not friendly to these orders, which Brother Reeves resented. This, instead of silencing his critics, led to further criticism and increased irritation. At last the subject was taken into the pulpit, and the breach became still greater. One part of the Church vindicated Brother Reeves, and another part condemned him. The result was sad and injurious. When the Church came to instruct their delegate to Conference, there was a small majority in favor

of Brother Reeves's return for another year. But the authority of the Annual Conference to station the preachers was then recognized, and no charge, after a private arrangement with him, called for a certain preacher and demanded his appointment. Almost every charge made a first, a second, and sometimes a third choice, giving the Conference some latitude in making the appointments. I was named as second choice in case the Conference could not return Brother Reeves. When the Conference became fully acquainted with the facts in the case, it refused to return Brother Reeves, believing that under the circumstances a change was absolutely necessary, and I, as the second choice of the Church, was appointed their pastor. Brother Reeves thought the Conference treated him badly in not returning him to the charge, and so did the delegate, Brother Henry Williams. He said he had nothing against me, but as Brother Reeves was the first choice of the Church, he thought the Conference should have returned him. The situation was very unpleasant, and the appointment, under the circumstances, was far from being a desirable one. It is true I was in no way mixed up with the trouble; but the question was, could I remain so? and could I conciliate and harmonize the contending parties? The congregation was then quite large, and the charge at best was quite a laborious one, so that I had nothing before me but the prospect of hard work and of doubtful success. Brother George Brown gave me some fatherly advice, and cautioned me not to commit myself to either of the opposing parties. I felt the wisdom of his words, and determined to do my best to act in harmony with his counsel.

When Conference adjourned I returned home, and prepared at once to remove to my new charge. I did so with fear and trembling, not knowing what the result would

be. On our arrival we received some rebuffs, yet there were kind friends to receive us, who did what they could to make things pleasant. It was evident, however, that there was an unpleasant state of feeling and a lack of harmony in the Church. Brother Henry Williams, who had been delegate to Conference, and who was superintendent of the Sunday-school, was an excellent man, and had been one of the best workers in the Church, although he attended preaching, instead of coming forward as formerly, took the first seat inside of the door, and appeared as a spectator who was waiting to see what the result of things would be. Brother Reeves was still there when we went; but he was evidently hurt, and was not in a very conciliatory mood. Upon the whole, the situation was trying, and the outlook anything but encouraging.

As soon as we got settled, I commenced visiting the members, and then the "tug of war" began. I would call upon one family, and the first thing I would hear would be a tirade against Brother Reeves, and a severe condemnation of his course. I could not do otherwise than hear it; but without committing myself in any way, would bring the interview to a close by asking if it would be agreeable to unite with the family in prayer. I would then leave them to their own reflections. The next family, perhaps, would be equally severe in their condemnation of the treatment Brother Reeves had received. I would listen patiently, and then propose that we pray. I knew that none but God could inspire them with a right spirit. In this way I went through the entire Church without committing myself to either party. But the trial was a severe one, for I heard many unreasonable and improper remarks by both parties which deserved to be rebuked; but I knew for me to do anything of the kind would do no good, and only destroy my own influence. Hence I restrained myself,

which sometimes required no little effort. Both parties attended Church, and no allusion was made in the pulpit to the existence of any difficulty. Instead of fixing their minds upon it, I endeavored to divert attention from it. This is the best way to overcome a difficulty in the Church. By degrees the excitement began to die out, other thoughts began to occupy the minds of the people, and the prospect gradually grew more encouraging.

The labor of my first year was to harmonize the Church; and, with great prudence and the blessing of God, this was effected. By the end of the year the members had come together, and a pretty good state of feeling existed. A number had been converted and added to the Church; but there had not been anything like a general revival. But the few conversions we had were like drops before a shower, and had a good and encouraging effect on the membership.

At the close of the year the Church instructed their delegate to ask for my return for another year. Two years was then the limit. A preacher could remain three years on a circuit; but only two years in a station. This, perhaps, was best under the circumstances; but with a change of circumstances came the necessity for a change of the rule. God's laws are perfect, and embrace great fundamental principles, which apply under all circumstances, and are therefore unchangeable; but human laws are imperfect and special, and consequently change with changing circumstances.

The Conference met that fall, 1850, at Uniontown, Pa. The session was a pleasant and interesting one. Rev. William Collier, president of the Maryland Conference, was present. He was a very pleasant and genial man, and an able preacher. His visit to our Conference was a sort of prospecting tour, in view of his removal to the

West. About a year and a half later he came West, and united with the Pittsburg Conference, of which he remained a member till his death, which occurred at his home in Sharpsburg, Pa., July 12, 1884, in the eighty-second year of his age. He stood high in the denomination, and was universally respected wherever he was known. His remains were interred in the beautiful Allegheny Cemetery.

At that Conference I was a member of the Committee on Itinerancy and Orders. Brother Collier preached one evening during the session of the Conference. I had heard him preach; but the other members of the committee had not, and they desired to hear him. But our committee had a meeting, and how could they meet in committee and also attend preaching? To solve the difficult problem, they authorized me to examine all applicants, and report my decision to them, and they would indorse it. At the hour fixed I repaired to the place of meeting appointed in the law office of John H. Deford. Only one applicant appeared, T. H. Lancaster, for many years past a leading minister in the Indiana Conference. I asked him a few questions, when he took the floor, and in a connected discourse, addressed to me, gave an outline of the entire Christian system. I did not interrupt him; but let him go on till he was through, and then dismissed him. I reported favorably in his case to the committee, and they accepted my report, and recommended his election. The report was adopted by the Conference. Brother Lancaster's success in the ministry has proven the correctness of my decision.

I was returned by the Conference to Allegheny for another year. The conditions which surrounded me then were far different from those which surrounded me at the beginning of the preceding year. The members had for-

gotten their dissensions, or only recalled them with regret. They had a mind to work, and came up nobly "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Among my most able and trusted helpers was my old and tried friend, John Herbert, who was always found at his post, doing valiant service for the Lord. But there were many other faithful workers, among whom were Henry Williams, Alexander Maxwell, George Kurtz, William Miller, James Short, John Moon, Thomas Moffet, William Karnes, Samuel Claney, and many others, both men and women, whose names I can not now recall. We had a gracious revival that winter. A large number were converted and added to the Church. Our congregations were large, the main audience-room being sometimes so crowded that additional seats had to be brought in and placed in the aisles. Our Sunday-school was also very large, and held two sessions every Sabbath, beginning at nine o'clock A. M. and two o'clock P. M. I generally attended both sessions. At the close of the Sunday-school several classes met, most of which were largely attended. Sometimes some of these classes would continue their exercises till the people began to assemble for evening service. Brother Maxwell was especially enthusiastic, and always had a lively class. Almost every Sabbath he would sing:

"We 'll cross the river of Jordan,
Triumphant, triumphant—
We 'll cross the river of Jordan,
Triumphant in the Lord."

Dear, good man! long ago he crossed over the dark river, realizing the triumph that he had so joyously anticipated.

During the winter the president of the Conference, Dr. Peter T. Laishley, made us his official visit, which

was very acceptable and profitable. Dr. Laishley was an Englishman by birth, and came to this country before he had arrived to years of manhood. He had studied medicine and engaged in its practice before he entered the itinerancy. He was at first identified with the followers of O'Kelly, known as Christians, or Republican Methodists; but shortly after the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, he united with it, and remained in its fellowship till his death. He was rather a short and heavy-set man, smoothly shaven, with a somewhat stern expression. He was very genial and companionable, and took great pleasure in telling anecdotes, of which he had a large store. He was a man of much firmness of character; but not of an overbearing and domineering spirit. He was an able preacher, and a firm defender of the truth. He would not turn his back on any foe; yet he was not contentious, nor did he seek controversy with others. But if a man crossed his path, and desired to measure swords with him, he was not the man to back down. He lived to be an old man, and died on his farm near Morgantown, W. Va., May 31, 1884, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and was buried near his home. He has four grandsons, the Conways, in the ministry,—three in the Methodist Protestant Church, and one in the Baptist Church. He occupied an honorable place in the Church, and was abundant in labors and usefulness.

In those early days of the Church we always had a traveling president, and our ablest ministers were chosen to fill that position. Their visits were looked for with great interest, and generally were profitable to the Churches. In a connectional Church we must have connectional officers; and unless they are to be such only in name, they must visit the different charges, and promote a connectional spirit among them. Without this, the tendency is to con-

gregationalism, isolation, and lack of denominational feeling and attachment.

Towards the close of my second winter in Allegheny, F. H. Collier came to my house, and, I think, brought a letter of introduction to me from his father, the Rev. William Collier, of whom I have already spoken. Mr. Collier was a young married man, and a lawyer. He had graduated and studied law in Georgetown, D. C., supporting himself while studying law by teaching. He came West in hope of finding a better opening for the practice of his profession than he had in the East. He had left his wife at her father's in Georgetown till he could prospect a little, and decide on a place of location. He concluded to locate in Pittsburg. He desired to board with us, and earnestly entreated us to allow him to do so. We had a large house and a small family; but we did not wish to take boarders. But at last we yielded to his entreaties, and we did not regret it. We found him a perfect gentleman, genial and companionable, and disposed to give us as little trouble as possible. After remaining with us about three months, he brought his wife out, and in a few weeks afterwards they procured a house and went to housekeeping. We then formed an attachment to Mr. and Mrs. Collier that has never been broken off. Mr. Collier succeeded in his profession, and obtained an honorable position at the bar. During the Rebellion he went out as a colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment, was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, returned home safely after the war, and not long afterwards was elected judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, Pa., and at the present time is serving his third term of ten years each in that judicial office. At his two last elections he had no opposition. He has for many years resided in Sharpsburg, and he and his family are members of our Church in that place.

I had long desired to learn the Greek and Latin languages; but with the labors I had to perform, and the embarrassments that surrounded me, I never had seen my way clear to fairly make the attempt. But now an opportunity presented itself. Mr. Collier was fresh in his studies, and quite willing to aid me, so that during the three months he was with us I applied myself with a good deal of diligence in that direction, and made a beginning. I afterwards continued the study in Sharpsburg, with the assistance of Professor Goff, afterwards chancellor of the Western Pennsylvania University, and still later by the aid of a private tutor in Pittsburg. Indeed, I kept up the study privately for many years; but I never considered myself proficient in those languages. Still, the little knowledge I acquired of them was sometimes a great satisfaction to me in reading books, and especially when I became editor, and received learned communications from some of my contributors. There is a great difference in men. There are a great many really learned men who make no pretensions to learning, and there are many others who would like to appear learned, who are not really so. We often see illustrations of this. Some persons interlard their writings with words and phrases from the Latin, or some foreign language, of which they know nothing but what they learn from a list of such words and phrases in the dictionary. This, I think, is in bad taste. The English, after all, is not a bad language, and a man must have great thoughts, or but little knowledge of the language, who can not express himself in English.

At length my second year in Allegheny came to a close, and I was under the necessity of leaving, because the rule of the Church would not allow me to stay longer. When I first went to the charge I went with reluctance, and I now left with as great reluctance.

CHAPTER X.

Conference in Morgantown—Route to Conference—Coach-ride Across the Country—Infant Baptism—Missionary to China—Disappointment—Daniel Bagley—Madison College—Two Scholarships—E. Y. Reese and R. H. Ball—T. H. Stockton Received into the Conference—Sent to Sharpsburg—Old Members—William Garner—John Cook—First Bereavement—Religious Prosperity—Close of the Year—Conference at Pruntytown—Trip to Conference—Whisky—Boiled Eggs and Potatoes—Crossing the River—Noble Gillespie—The Priest—J. W. Rutledge—Action on Temperance—Missionary Society—Subject of Slavery—Sermon—Threatened with Arrest—Difficulty in Stationing the Preachers—Sent to First Church, Pittsburg.

THE Conference met that fall, 1851, in Morgantown, Va. Brother William Graham was elected delegate. Our route to Conference was by way of the Monongahela River to Brownsville, from there by stage-coach to Uniontown, and by similar conveyance to Morgantown. We took the morning boat at Pittsburg; but the river was so low that it was nearly night before we reached Brownsville. There were quite a number of preachers and delegates on the boat, enough to fill two small coaches more than comfortably full. It was perhaps nine o'clock when we reached Uniontown, where we spent the night. There was but one regular coach running between Uniontown and Morgantown, and the next morning an additional coach had to be made ready to accommodate the extra number of passengers. The day was extremely warm, and we had hoped to be able to start early; but from some cause there was great delay, and the sun was high before we got started. The coach I was in was one of the old-fashioned kind, the

body being supported by great leather fastenings at each end. We had not proceeded, I suppose, more than eight or ten miles, when one of these fastenings broke, and let one side of the coach-body down. The passengers had to get out, and a rail was pushed under the coach-body to support it till we got to Brownfield, a distance of about two miles. All the passengers but Brother Graham had to walk that distance. He was an old man and rather corpulent, and he preferred to remain in the coach, even if it was "lop-sided" and uncomfortable. At Brownfield we got our coach mended, and also got our dinner. Here our driver hired two additional horses from a farmer; his own, because of his heavy load and the heat of the day, were not sufficient. We had now six horses, the farmer riding one of his in the lead. So we careered along at a great rate, raising a tremendous dust, and frightening all the dogs along the road, and bringing all the women in the houses we passed to the doors, to see such an unusual sight. We afterwards learned that the other coach had taken a different road, and that our driver was anxious to arrive in Morgantown first, and that this accounted for our speed. So, we were unconsciously engaged in a race, preachers as we were, on our way to Conference. At length, after two days of very unpleasant travel, we arrived at the place of our destination, covered with dust, weary and worn.

The Conference at Morgantown was one of much interest. Various subjects of importance were discussed, and different views developed. In almost every body there will be found men of peculiar views and obstinate wills, who will differ from their brethren, and desire to have their own way, without regard to the law of the body, or the views of the majority. There were a few such men in the Conference at that time, who were persistently opposed

to infant baptism, and who maintained that immersion was the only proper mode of administering that ordinance. After a good deal of discussion, a resolution was adopted declaring that no person should be appointed superintendent, or assistant, of a station, circuit, or mission, who would not administer the ordinances according to the Discipline. It is strange that men will remain in a body whose views they can not adopt, and persistently place themselves in antagonism with their brethren.

At that session G. G. Westfall was received into the Conference. In 1854, when the Western Virginia Conference was set off, his appointment was in that district, where he remained till September, 1867, when, on its dissolution, he returned to the Pittsburg Conference, where he has remained ever since. Brother Westfall is a man of fine presence, gentlemanly and affable in his bearing, an excellent preacher, and one of the most faithful and successful laborers in the Conference. His ability and faithfulness have been recognized, as he has filled many of the best appointments in the Conference, and was thrice elected its president, and represented it some six or seven times in the General Conference and General Conventions of the Church. He is a man of clear convictions and unswerving integrity. He has had an honorable career, and his record is without a blemish. He is still active, and bringing forth fruit in old age.

The preceding General Conference had located the Board of Missions in Pittsburg, and the board had resolved to establish a mission in China, and also in Oregon. The missionary for China had been employed, and the arrangements for sending him out had been nearly completed. The action of the Board was heartily indorsed, and had it not been for some unfortunate circumstances which led to the declination of the appointed missionary

to China, almost at the last moment, its purposes would have been fully carried out. As it was, its object was but partially accomplished by sending Rev. Daniel Bagley as a missionary to Oregon.

The report of the trustees of Madison College, at Uniontown, Pa., then under the control of the Methodist Protestant Church, was presented to the Conference, and the Conference decided to take two scholarships at five hundred dollars each; and the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars was at once subscribed for the purpose. My salary the preceding year was only four hundred and fifty dollars; but I subscribed fifty dollars to the fund. A note was given for the amount, the interest to be paid annually, and the principal in installments.

The Revs. E. Y. Reece, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, and R. H. Ball, president of Madison College, were in attendance, and, although not members of the Conference, served on committees. At that session, the Rev. T. H. Stockton, that prince of orators, was received on certificate into the Conference, and loaned for one year to St. John's Methodist Church, Baltimore. He continued a member of the Conference till his death, October 9, 1868. Among his last utterances was this: "I can not tell you how happy I am at the prospect of getting at the center of universal intelligence through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. I am nothing but a poor sinner, and have been all my life; but Jesus is a precious Savior, God a kind and loving Father, the Holy Spirit a blessed Sanctifier."

At that Conference I was sent to Sharpsburg Circuit, a suburb of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The circuit embraced the town of Sharpsburg and Grub's Schoolhouse. I preached in Sharpsburg every Sabbath, and at the other appointment once every two weeks on Sunday afternoon.

The distance was some three or four miles. I sometimes walked out; but generally got a horse from some of the brethren and rode. We had some good members in that neighborhood; but our cause did not prosper there, and after a few years the appointment was discontinued. Sharpsburg was not a strong society; yet we had some reliable members there, and the Church has lived and prospered. Among the older members were William Garner, John Cook, and William Robinson. The last-named lived in the country, was quite an old man, and seldom got to Church. Brother Garner was one of the early settlers of the town. He was a man of even temper, gentle spirit, and consistent life. He had long before passed his prime, and his declining years were spent in ease and comfort. He was fond of fishing, and generally went with his sons once a year up the Allegheny to hunt deer. I often went with him to fish, and admired his skill in the piscatorial art. Brother Cook had been an engineer on the "underground railroad;" and had aided many a fugitive slave who had escaped from his master, and, guided by the North Star, was trying to reach the Canadian border. He was mercurial in temperament, earnest, energetic, and determined. He is still living, and must be in the neighborhood of ninety, if not over that age. Among the younger men were T. H. Gibson, who for a while was a member of the Conference; J. B. Roberts, who also itinerated for several years, but who located in Sharpsburg and engaged in secular pursuits; our friend, F. H. Collier, had also removed to Sharpsburg, and he and his wife were members of our Church. We had then a small brick meeting-house, which occupied the site of the present beautiful Grace Church. Although small, it was sufficiently large to accommodate our congregation. The friends were uniformly kind to us, and our sojourn among them was very

pleasant. Brother Gibson was then entering on a prosperous business career, and he and his wife were especially attentive, and laid us under many obligations, which we have never forgotten. There was one brother who attended Church very regularly, and occupied a front seat, who every Sabbath cleaned and paired his finger-nails during the sermon. I think he did it well, for he took ample time, and seemed to give it his undivided attention. Although it appeared interesting to him, it was not specially encouraging and helpful to his pastor. An attentive hearer is often a great help to a preacher.

During that year we had our first bereavement. Our second child, little Johnnie, was taken from us. He died of scarlet fever, and unexpectedly. We gave him up reluctantly; but we would not call him back. He is safe with the Savior, and we shall meet and greet him again after a while. But how will he appear to us? As the beautiful child with which we parted; or as a wonderfully-developed and glorified spirit? No matter. We shall know him, and feel that he is ours. I thus early learned to sympathize with parents in the loss of their children, and realized the insufficiency of the most tender and fitting words to give comfort to smitten hearts. God only, who is the God of all consolation, can comfort them who are in any trouble.

We had considerable religious prosperity during the year. Rev. George Brown was president of the Conference, and during his visit a revival commenced, the influence of which was felt throughout the entire Church, and which was lasting in its effects.

The year at length drew to a close, and Brother William Garner was elected delegate, and was instructed to ask for my return. The Conference met that year, 1852, at Pruntytown, Va., and there was no way of reaching it

but by private conveyance. Brother Garner had a horse and buggy, and we started together for Conference. I do not remember where we stopped the first night, or how long it took us to reach Pruntytown; but I remember very distinctly of taking dinner, with quite a number of preachers and delegates who had fallen in with us by the way, at a "tavern" between Morgantown and Fairmont. The indications were not favorable for much of a dinner; but it was our only chance, and our horses needed to be fed; so we concluded to risk it. As soon as we entered the house the bottle was placed on the counter, and we were invited to help ourselves; but all declined to drink. We did not like the appearance of things, and concluded to call for food in "original packages;" so we ordered potatoes boiled in the skins, and eggs cooked in the shells. The potatoes did well enough; but it was not a good time for eggs, and in that line we got more than we bargained for. It was not necessary for any one to urge upon us moderation at that meal, for we were all inclined to be very abstemious, even to an extreme. I suppose the principal business of the proprietor of that "tavern" was to drink and sell whisky, and everything about the premises showed the result. Evidences of idleness, filth, and poverty were seen on every hand. What a blighting curse the liquor-traffic is! It is an evil that all good men should oppose, and it should be prohibited and suppressed by law. Our horses fared better than their masters on that occasion, and were the better able to take us on our way. So, after all, we had something to be thankful for.

Some of the brethren, in crossing the river above Fairmont, missed the ford, and got into rather deep water, which came up on the seats of their buggies, and for a little time matters appeared to be rather serious; but they soon got out, wetter if not wiser men than they were before.

In those days bridges were few in number, and ferries were not very numerous, and persons were in the habit of fording streams that no one would think of fording now. I once forded the Ohio River between Steubenville and Wellsburg, and recrossed it the next day; but in the meantime it had risen more than a foot, which I did not know till I had crossed it. Fording large streams when one is not very well acquainted with them, is rather risky business. But it was no uncommon thing for the early Methodist preachers to do so.

The Conference in Pruntytown was well attended and well entertained. Rev. George Brown was elected president, and Noble Gillespie secretary. Brother Gillespie was an Irishman, and not a very handsome man, but a man of intelligence and piety. He was rather tall, had a long neck, his head inclined a little forward, overhanging brows, large nose, rather heavy towards the end, and somewhat pockmarked. He was a good preacher, and a very agreeable and genial companion. He was stationed in Fairmont when the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was being built through that place. There was much sickness along the road, and some cholera. Brother Gillespie was very faithful in visiting the sick. One day, as he was passing along, he heard some one moaning as if in great pain in one of the "shanties," and he went in and found a poor woman, a Catholic, very sick. He talked to her, and prayed with her. Just as he got out of the "shanty," he met the priest, with whom he was well acquainted, and said: "I was just in to see one of your members, and I prayed with her, and told her to trust in Jesus till you came;" and then passed on. He was faithful to the end, and died in peace and hope in New York City many years ago. He made an excellent secretary.

At that Conference Rev. J. W. Rutledge was received

by transfer from the Pennsylvania Conference. He was then acting as agent for the Board of Missions, collecting money to send out missionaries to China and Oregon. He was a very good man, and a good preacher. He was a strong believer in the premillennial advent of Christ, and often preached on the subject. In 1865 he was placed on the superannuated list, and continued to sustain that relation to the Conference till his death, December 14, 1883. He was a member of the Pittsburg Conference for thirty-two years, fourteen of which he was efficient, and for eighteen years he was superannuated.

At that session of the Conference Sharpsburg was made a station, and has remained so ever since. A curious report in reply to a paper presented from the Sons of Temperance was adopted. Among other things, it said: "While we truly sympathize with the Pruntytown Division of the Sons of Temperance in the interest they manifest for this good work (temperance), yet your committee, under present circumstances, deem it inexpedient that the Conference should hold a regular temperance-meeting." A motion was subsequently made to reconsider the vote by which the report was adopted; but it failed.

A missionary society auxiliary to the Board of Missions was organized at that session, and nearly fifty dollars were contributed by its members. The Rev. Asa Shinn was made a life member of the society.

The subject of slavery at that time was agitating the country, and in a slave State a man had to be careful what he said on the subject. One evening, during the session, I was appointed by the Conference to preach in the Baptist church. I took for my text the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah: "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that

shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." My subject was, the character and blessedness of the godly. In speaking of the gain of oppressions I made some remarks which were construed by some as directly applying to slavery, and as there were a few colored persons in the back part of the house that I had not noticed, my discourse was denounced by some hot-headed persons as seditious, and there was strong talk of having me arrested as a seditious person. Serious threats were made, and the gentleman by whom I was entertained, who was a justice of the peace, appeared to be a good deal excited, though he assured me that my remarks were of too general a character to be construed as a violation of the statute. I was not much frightened, as I knew that I had no intention to violate any law, or excite any disturbance. There is nothing better for a man to have when accused than a clear conscience.

There was a good deal of difficulty experienced that year in stationing the preachers. When the Stationing Committee reported, a motion was made to recommit the report, with instructions. Some six or eight motions were made to instruct the committee to make changes in the appointments, most of which were lost. The committee, instead of returning me to Sharpsburg, as had been requested by the delegate according to his instructions, had put me down for the First Church, Pittsburg. A motion was made to amend the report, by placing me at Sharpsburg. The motion was lost, and that item of the report remained as the committee had presented it. The Con-

ference then claimed the right, if it was deemed best in view of all the circumstances, to disregard the wishes of a particular Church in stationing the preachers. Indeed, if the Conference is denied this authority, it is nothing more than an association of Congregational Churches, each one taking care of itself independently of the others. This right, while it should be recognized, should nevertheless be exercised with great care, and the wishes of the Churches should be regarded, so far as this can be done consistently with the good of the whole. The Sharpsburg brethren were not pleased with the action of the Conference; but it did not result in any serious injury.

CHAPTER XI.

Removal to New Charge—Site of First Church—Great Changes—Labors Very Arduous—*Sunday-school Journal*—Copway, Indian Chief—Rev. De Hass—Disappointment—Large Congregation—David Jones—Preparation of Sermon—Death of William Shinn's Child—Embarrassment in Preaching—David Jones united with the Church—Conversion—Entered the Ministry—Conference in Washington, Pa.—Many Visiting Brethren—College Matters—Endowment Money Spent for Current Expenses—Great Dissatisfaction—Elected Delegate to General Conference—Returned to First Church, Pittsburg—Noble Men—Precious Memories.

As soon as convenient after Conference, we removed to our new charge. I had been absent six years, three of which, however, had been spent in the immediate vicinity, so that my acquaintance with the brethren and the Church had been kept up, and it seemed very much like returning home.

The old First Church was built on the site now occupied by Kaufman & Brothers, on Fifth Avenue, a little below Cherry Alley. The parsonage occupied the site of the present Methodist Protestant Publishing-house, and adjoined the church. The building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Cherry Alley also belonged to the Church at that time. Cherry Alley had been graded through; but between the alley and Grant Street was quite a hill, on which the remains of the old, original water-basin were to be seen. Immediately in the rear of the church, on the lower side of the alley, on quite high ground, stood a schoolhouse, which was soon after abandoned, and the lot graded down. Wonderful changes have taken place in that locality since then.

My labors that year were very arduous; indeed, more than any one man should have attempted to perform. I preached twice every Sabbath, and taught a Bible class in Sunday-school, met a class on Tuesday afternoon, and attended prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening, besides the numerous official meetings which were held. I was also corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, and was required to keep copies of all my letters, to be read to the Board. This doubled my work in that connection, as I had no copying-press, and had to make copies of my letters by hand. Beginning in December, I edited the *Missionary and Sunday-school Journal*, wrote all the wrappers, folded and mailed the papers, corrected the mail-list, and did the correspondence which the publication involved. All this, in addition to pastoral visitation and attending funerals, occupied my entire time, and kept me continually on a strain. Had it not been that I possessed a vigorous constitution, I could not have endured it. As it was, my health began to give way, and I began to feel the burden of my work. The Church was then large and prosperous, the members were exceedingly agreeable, and it was a pleasure to mingle with them. My labors were attended with a good degree of success. We had numerous conversions and accessions, and good was done.

During the autumn of 1852 an Indian chief by the name of Copway came to Pittsburg. He was a preacher, and put up at the St. Clair Hotel, which stood on the southeast corner of Penn and Sixth Streets, where the Hotel Anderson now stands. Brother William Rinehart learned in some way of his being at the hotel, and came to me on Saturday morning, and requested me to call on him, and invite him to preach for us. I did so, and he consented to preach in our church the next morning. He was a noble looking man, gentlemanly in his manner, and

impressive in his bearing. His complexion and hair gave unmistakable evidence of his Indian blood. He spoke English fairly well; but sometimes with less circumlocution than is common with those who speak it as their mother tongue. But his "short-cuts" in expression seemed to render his manner the more impressive. He was a beautiful singer, with a sweet, clear, full voice, and under perfect control. It was announced in the evening papers that he would preach in our Church on Sabbath morning, and the announcement brought out a great crowd of people, who filled not only the body of the church, but also the two side and end galleries to their utmost capacity. He was a wonderfully eloquent man, and preached a most attractive sermon. He also sung several pieces in his own inimitable style. The people were perfectly captivated by him, and his praise spread throughout the city. His services were soon in great demand, and he had numerous invitations to preach in various Churches. He engaged, however, to preach for me again on the following Sabbath evening, and the announcement was accordingly made. I relied on him to preach, and made no preparation to occupy the pulpit on that evening myself. With this understanding the week wore away, and at the Sabbath morning service his appointment for the evening was again announced.

About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Brother De Hass, afterwards consul at Jerusalem, who was then pastor of the Wesley Chapel Methodist Episcopal Church, called at my house to see Mr. Copway. Through some misunderstanding he had announced that Mr. Copway would preach in his church that evening. Mr. Copway was stopping with lawyer Dunlap on Fourth Street, and we went together to see him. We talked the matter over together. I insisted that Mr. Copway should preach for me according to his engagement, and Brother De Hass insisted that he should

preach for him. At last we had to leave the matter to Mr. Copway to decide. He said he was very sorry for the mistake; but as it was, one of the congregations must be disappointed, and as he had preached for my people, and they had all heard him, the disappointment to them would not be so great as to Brother De Hass's people, who had never heard him. So he decided to preach for Brother De Hass.

By this time it was four o'clock. I knew our house would be crowded with people to hear Mr. Copway, and that they would be disappointed if they had to hear any one else. Then, I had made no preparation to preach—had no subject in my mind, and had almost no time to make any preparation. I returned home, however, and did the best I could. I thought and prayed, and prayed and thought, and at last selected a subject on which I proposed to make an effort to preach.

The hour for preaching soon arrived, and, as I expected, the house was crowded. I stated to the congregation the fact of my great disappointment, as well as theirs, and how it came to pass, and informed them that as they had come to hear another person preach, and as he was not there, I would not consider it disrespectful to me, or indecorous on their part, to withdraw. But from pity for me, or for some other cause, all remained. I do not remember what my subject was, or how I preached; but I know I was excited, and did the best I could.

Among those who were present on that occasion was a boy by the name of David Jones. He lived in the city on Fourth Street, and having heard of an Indian going to preach in our Church, his curiosity was excited, and, like hundreds of others, he came to hear him. But, like others, he was disappointed, and his curiosity was not gratified. There was, however, something about the sermon, or the congregation, or the services, that attracted his attention,

and he resolved to come again, and he did so. I do not know that any of the members of the Church knew him, or that he knew any of them; but he attended from Sabbath to Sabbath, and at last became interested in the salvation of his soul.

One week I tried to prepare a sermon on the ninth verse of the ninth chapter of Zechariah: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation," etc. I made full notes of the sermon, finishing it on Friday evening. I intended to take Saturday to get it thoroughly into my mind, so I would have no need of my notes, for at that time there was a good deal of opposition to a minister taking notes of his sermon into the pulpit. Other men might make notes to assist their memory in business or other matters; but a minister must not make notes to assist his memory, or prompt him to certain trains of thought. At any rate, whether well founded or not, the prejudice existed, and I did not wish to encounter it.

Just about dusk, a little after I had completed my sermon, on Friday evening, the door-bell rang, and on going to the door I found Brother William Shinn there. He was the older son of Rev. Asa Shinn, a lawyer, and a member of my charge. He lived at Evergreen, a little hamlet some four or five miles from the city. He told me that one of his children was dead, and wished me to attend the funeral from his house the next day. He said there would be carriages going out in the morning at eight o'clock, and I could come out in one of them. I went out in the morning as directed, and, instead of getting home by noon, as I had expected, I did not get back till dark. I then went into my study and run my mind through the sermon, and endeavored to fix every point clearly in my thought. At a late hour I retired; but was up early the next morning, and

thought my sermon over and over nearly till Church time. Then I went into the pulpit, taking my notes with me; but it seemed to me I could not recall the points I had made, or use the notes I had prepared. I was greatly embarrassed, and labored exceedingly. I talked rapidly, for I feared if I stopped I would not be able to start again. I was very much mortified, feeling that I had made a great failure. I was ashamed to look any one in the face. At the close of the sermon an opportunity was given for persons to unite with the Church, and David Jones and some lady came forward and gave us their names; but I did not suppose that either of them had been influenced in the slightest degree by anything I had said that morning. I had intended making another sermon on the verse immediately following the text; but I was so perfectly discouraged with my performance that morning, that I never attempted it.

Brother Jones was a boy of fine mind, stable purpose, had been brought up under Methodistic influence, and gave promise for the future. He entered the employ of Marshall & Sons, now Marshall Brothers, on Diamond Street, Pittsburg. They were connected with our Church, and excellent people. He was faithful in his business, and faithful in the Church. He was among the first to enter the Reiceville Sunday-school, out of which grew the Second Church. As he became older, his brethren saw in him the elements of great usefulness, and opened up his way to attend Madison College, where he studied and prepared himself for the ministry, and in due time, in 1858, he was received into the Pittsburg Conference.

One day, while Brother Jones and I were seated in my house on South Side, Pittsburg, after he had entered the Conference, he asked me if I remembered preaching from a text in Zechariah, quoting the text of the sermon above referred to. I told him that I remembered trying to preach

from it; but that I had made such a failure that I had never attempted to preach from it again. He said that was the best sermon I had ever preached; and then told me that under that sermon, sitting away back in the old First Church, he had been converted, and realized in his heart the saving power of Zion's King. That was some five or six years after his conversion, and I never knew till then that I had been the instrument of leading him to Christ.

How little do we know in reference to the effect of our labors! Sometimes when we think that we have done something that will be productive of great good, little or nothing is accomplished; and sometimes when we think that we have utterly failed, God makes our labors successful. Without the Divine blessing, nothing that we can do will succeed; but with the Divine blessing our feeblest efforts may be instrumental in the accomplishment of great good. We should be encouraged, then, to sow our seed in the morning, and in the evening not to withhold our hand, as we know not whether this or that shall prosper.

Brother Jones has now been for nearly thirty-five years a member of the Pittsburg Conference. He has filled its best appointments, for two years served as president of his Conference, and once as president of the General Conference, and is now, and has been for the last eight or nine years, pastor of the Church in which he was converted. He is a man of irreproachable life, modest and retiring in his manner, and a preacher of wonderful eloquence and power. I would not flatter him. He is too old and has too much good sense for that; but he will pardon me for expressing my good opinion of him, an opinion which is universally shared by all who know him. Had I been instrumental only in bringing such a man to Christ, my life would not have been spent in vain.

The Conference met, in the fall of 1853, in Washing-

ton, Pa. It was well attended, and well entertained. There were several visitors in attendance, among whom were Rev. L. W. Bates, of the Maryland Conference, and Rev. John Burns, president of the Muskingum Conference. Considerable attention was given to the interests of Madison College, which was then under the care and supervision of the Methodist Protestant Church. Rev. R. H. Ball, president of the college, had resigned, and the Rev. George Brown had been elected to fill his place. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by the Conference at the fact that the money subscribed to endow two scholarships in the college had been spent for current expenses. It is strange that institutions that can live and prosper only by retaining the sympathy and confidence of the Church, will deliberately perform acts calculated to destroy that sympathy and confidence. But it is sometimes done, and the result is always disastrous. Men who will deliberately misappropriate trust funds committed to their care, in utter disregard of the wishes of the donors, are not worthy of confidence, and can not reasonably hope to secure the support of honest and upright men. Men may attempt to justify their course on the ground of expediency; but it is never expedient for men to betray a solemn trust. It is a great pity that Madison College was allowed to go down. Had it been sustained, it would have formed a central institution and rallying-point for all the Eastern and Middle Conferences. A more beautiful location for a college could not be found. But through the divisive influence of the slavery excitement, it failed to retain the patronage of a sufficient number of Conferences to make it a success. But, after all, it can not be regarded as a failure. It turned out a number of men who would be an honor to any institution and any Church. Among these the names of David Jones, pastor of the First Church, Pittsburg, and of G. B. McElroy, pro-

fessor in Adrian College, occur to my mind. There are, no doubt, many others, whose names I can not now recall.

At that Conference, delegates were elected to the General Conference to meet in Steubenville, Ohio, in the following May. I was elected a ministerial delegate to that body, and the only one elected on the first ballot. I suppose I was considered by the Conference orthodox on the questions then agitating the Church, and which would come up for consideration in the approaching Conference. My ministerial associates in our delegation were George Brown, John Clark, and P. T. Laishley.

At the close of the Conference I was appointed to the First Church, Pittsburg, for another year. I returned home, and resumed the same routine of work that I had carried on the preceding year, except that I had dismissed my teacher in Greek and Latin, because I could not, in consequence of funerals and other engagements and unavoidable interruptions, meet him at any fixed hour. I did not, however, give up the studies. I worked very hard; but with somewhat impaired energies. I began to suffer from throat affection, and was not quite so vigorous as I had been. Still, I did not neglect or slight my work. Had I then known what I have learned since, I might have saved myself a little, and really increased my efficiency. But without trying to spare myself, I drove on and impaired a vigorous constitution, which never regained its former strength.

The year was a very pleasant one; indeed, it could not have been otherwise among such a people. In my Church work I had the sympathy and support of almost the entire membership. My intercourse with such men as Charles Avery, Charles Craig, Edward Moore, John L. Sands, Robert Morrow, Henry Palmer, William Morrison, J. J. Gillespie, William Armstrong, William Scholey, William Rine-

hart, W. H. Garrard, Solomon Stoner, David Rinehart, John Garrard, Henry Johnson, John Atwell, William Barnhill, John Scott, George Horton, Robert H. Marshall, Henry Morrison, William Henderson, Edwin Johnson, William B. English, and their families, and scores of others, whose names I can not here insert, was indeed of the most pleasant and agreeable character. A more pleasant charge than the First Church was at that time, no one could desire.

Although nearly forty years have passed away since then, the memories of those days are often recalled with pleasure. At the "social reunion" at the closing services in the old First Church, in May, 1892, there were but seven persons present who were members of the congregation when I was first their pastor. Nearly all of those noble men and women have passed away. This reflection sometimes gives a tinge of sadness to my feelings; but the thought of the happy reunion after a while, brightens the prospect, and inspires the mind with hope.

CHAPTER XII.

General Conference in Steubenville—Differences between North and South—Honest Desire for Adjustment—Member of Committee on Paper and Book Concern—Knotty Question—Plan of Adjustment—Faithfully Carried Out—Hand of Providence in It—Conference in Allegheny City—Cholera—Death of Henry T. Layton—Theories about Cholera—Isaac B. Clark—Western Virginia Conference Set off.

THE General Conference met in Steubenville, Ohio, in May, 1854. I had been elected a delegate to that body at the last preceding session of our Annual Conference, and, of course, I felt it my duty to attend. I took my wife and two little boys with me. I did not expect the Church to provide for our entertainment, for that would be an imposition; but we went to a hotel, and proposed paying our own way. My wife has never been in the habit of attending Conference, except when she has had relatives or friends who have specially invited her to attend. The practice of preachers taking their wives to Conference, and imposing them on a Church already overburdened in its efforts to entertain the members of the Conference and those having official business with it, is a bad practice, and should be discountenanced. If they have friends or acquaintances who request them to bring their wives with them, that is another thing. That preachers' wives should have relaxation and rest, no one can deny; but their husbands should arrange for them to have it at some other time than at the session of the Annual Conference, if they have to impose themselves on the people for entertainment.

The General Conference met on the 2d day of May. There were sixty-two representatives in attendance from

twenty-three Annual Conferences. The body was organized by the election of John Burns, of the Muskingum Conference, president, and W. H. Wills, of the North Carolina Conference, and John Scott, of the Pittsburg Conference, secretaries. The chairmen of the most important committees were taken from the Northern and Western Conferences.

The relations between the Southern and Northern Conferences were a good deal strained by the question of slavery, which then agitated the country from one end to the other. Yet the brethren from all parts of the connection seemed to manifest an honest and sincere desire to adopt such conciliatory measures as would conserve the peace and unity of the Church. As a member of that General Conference, which happened to be the last General Conference of the united Methodist Protestant Church for twenty-three years, I must bear witness to the spirit of forbearance, concession, and kindly Christian feeling which was manifested by its members throughout. They all seemed to have but one object in view, not that one section might gain some undue advantage over another, but that some plan might be adopted to enable the Church to bear up amid the moral, social, and political storm that was then raging around it.

I was a member of the Committee on Paper and Book Concern. It was a large committee, and every section of the Church was represented in it. The Church then had but one official paper, *The Methodist Protestant*, located in Baltimore. It was the common property of the whole Church, and persons from all sections of the Church claimed the right to be heard through its columns on any subject which they deemed of importance to the Church, the subject of slavery not excepted. The official deliverances of the Conferences North and West, in denunciation

of slavery, were sometimes excluded from the paper. This created friction and great dissatisfaction. For this there was both reason and apology. Indeed, the circulation of such rejected documents through the South at that time, considering the excitement that prevailed on the subject of slavery, would, in all probability, have been considered treasonable or seditious. This was the difficulty that confronted the conductors of the paper, entirely aside from their own personal views on the subject. The Northern and Western brethren thought it hard to own a paper, and be excluded from its columns.

Our committee had a knotty question before it. This question came up at every General Conference, and it would not down. Our committee was expected to reconcile two irreconcilable things. The subject was discussed in all its phases, and the conclusion was at last reached, to recommend that the whole subject be removed from the jurisdiction of the General Conference; that the assets of the Book Concern in Baltimore be equitably divided, one portion to be given to the South, to be used and controlled by a voluntary association of Conferences in supporting a paper and Book Concern, over which the General Conference should have no control; and that the other portion should be given to support a paper and Book Concern in the West, to be controlled by a similar association of Conferences. Each section, it was thought, could then discuss in its own paper such questions as it deemed proper, and exclude what it deemed improper, and no one could be aggrieved. This plan, if I remember correctly, met the approval of every member of the committee, except Dr. Armstrong, of Tennessee, who declared that it was the entering wedge to division. The other members of the committee could not see it in that light; but thought it the direct road to peace and prosperity.

The report was a lengthy one, none of the details of which are here given. It was adopted entire with very little opposition from any quarter. Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Brown, and a few others thought it would lead ultimately to division; but the great body of the Conference was of a different opinion. They honestly believed that it was a measure in the interest of unity and peace. Many of the members, however, had not reached their homes until they saw that the two sections had dissolved partnership, and mutually agreed to set up business for themselves.

The plan was faithfully carried out, and *The Methodist Protestant* and *The Western Methodist Protestant* became the respective organs of the two different sections, without any interference in their control by each other.

I have never regretted the part I took in bringing about this state of things. It appears to me that the hand of Providence was in it. The members of that General Conference builded wiser than they knew. Had our brethren in the South acceded to the demands of those in the North, it would have annihilated our Church in that section; had the Northern section indorsed the position of the South, it would have disrupted and entirely destroyed our Church in the North. By the arrangement that was made by the General Conference of 1854, each section was enabled, independently of the other, to conserve its own interests, and when the storm was over and the sky grew clear, there were but few wounds to heal, and the brethren began to think of the olden and former associations, and now that the disturbing element, in the providence of God, had been removed, they could see no just cause why the two sections should not be again united in one body. And so, after a time, the desired union was brought about.

The Pittsburg Conference met in September, 1854, in Allegheny City. The summer of 1854 was the driest and

warmest summer I ever saw. The ground was parched, the fields were withered and dry, many of the small streams were entirely dried up, and in some places in the country the people had great difficulty in obtaining water for their stock. The rivers were extremely low, and the water was very impure. The heat was intense and oppressive. The Conference commenced its session on Tuesday morning, September 12th, with a pretty full attendance of its members.

The cholera was in the country that season, and there had been a few cases in Pittsburg; but not enough to occasion any great alarm. One of our members, Sister William Armstrong, had died of the disease some ten days or two weeks before, and there had been a few other scattered cases. On Wednesday afternoon, about two o'clock, a heavy cloud, seemingly black as ink, overspread the cities, and in a very short time a perfect torrent of rain descended, washing out the gutters and flooding the streets. It was a tremendous rain; but it continued for only about half an hour. Then the cloud passed away, and the sun came out in all his strength. In a little while the streets were steaming. The evaporation was very rapid, and the whole city seemed to be sweltering in a sort of steam bath. That night the cholera broke out, and the next day forty cases were reported in the city, and it continued to increase until the deaths exceeded one hundred a day. This was a great mortality, considering the population of the city at that time, which was less than fifty thousand.

There were many theories as to the cause of the disease at that time. Some supposed that the contagion, or infection, was in the atmosphere, and in order to purify the air and destroy the disease, large fires of bituminous coal were kindled at the street crossings, hoping that the sulphureous smoke from these fires might have the desired

effect. But these fires, while they gave a sort of weird and gloomy appearance to the city, had no perceptible effect on the disease. The more probable theory is that the disease originated in the water and the stirring up of the filth in the streets and alleys.

There was something very remarkable, however, connected with the cholera in Pittsburg that year. The disease was confined, with but few exceptions, between the two rivers. There were very few cases in Allegheny City, north of the Allegheny River, and very few cases on the South Side, south of the Monongahela River. So far as visible appearances were concerned, the same conditions favorable to the disease existed in both these places that existed in Pittsburg; yet, although there was constant intercourse between these places and Pittsburg, they were almost entirely exempted from the disease.

For two weeks a terrible gloom hung over the city. When you met a friend in the morning, you did not know but he, or you, or both, might be dead before night. One morning my wife met Sister Mary Dowthet, one of our members, and an excellent lady, in market. She was a near neighbor of ours, and said she intended coming round to our house in the afternoon. But before night she was dead.

Dr. John Cowl, my brother-in-law, then pastor of Manchester Circuit, and James W. Brown, delegate from the circuit, were stopping with us during the Conference. We were all, more or less, alarmed, of course, when the disease broke out with such violence. This alarm gradually wore off, and we seemed to become accustomed to our sad surroundings. Still, we had all the time an uneasy, apprehensive feeling about us. We provided ourselves with such remedies as were generally recommended, so as to be somewhat prepared for an emergency, and then we took such

precautions as we could to guard against the disease. We cooked all the food, and boiled all the water that we used. The water, as observed before, was very impure, and when permitted to stand for some time in a vessel would deposit a brick-dust, slimy-looking substance in the bottom. We were cautious in the use of fruits and vegetables. We did not change our mode of living very much; but we were more careful in the preparation of our food, and perhaps a little more temperate in its use.

I believe there were some twelve hundred deaths in a little over two weeks, when the disease gradually abated, and in three or four weeks entirely disappeared. I visited many persons who had it, and was of the opinion then, as I am now, that one person will not take it by going into the room of one who has it, or who, with proper prudence, waits upon him. I do not think the disease is taken into the system by inhalation, or by touch; but by something taken into the stomach, either in food or drink.

The modern theory advanced by some physicians, that cholera is a disease of dirt, and that persons of cleanly habits and surroundings need not fear it, was not sustained by the facts as I witnessed them in Pittsburg in 1854. Some of the earliest cases were among the most cleanly families and correct livers in the city. The disease may originate in filth, and filth, as in many other diseases, may prove the means of spreading it; but it is a fact that in its ravages it is not always confined to filthy persons or places. That cleanliness, under all circumstances, is promotive of health and comfort, all will admit; but that it is always a preventive of disease, none will affirm. The probability is that many persons, from constitution and habit, are more predisposed to certain diseases than others, and when these diseases prevail, they are liable to be attacked by them, it matters not what their surroundings.

During the prevalence of the cholera I twice visited the home of Isaac B. Clark, at one time a member of the Pittsburg Conference, to attend his funeral services; but no conveyance could at those times be obtained to convey his remains to the cemetery. They were afterwards interred in my absence. He had died of cholera.

Isaac B. Clark was an Englishman, and a good preacher; but while on the Morgantown Circuit, I think, he was overcome by strong drink, and retired from the ministry. His course was downward; but not without earnest efforts to reform. He came to Pittsburg, and I assisted in getting him a book agency. He attended regularly upon my ministry. I visited him, and tried to encourage and help him; but what the final result was, I am unable to say. It is sad to record such a case as this; but it is done as a warning to others. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

The Conference, of course, was excited over the outbreak of the cholera; but it continued its session, and finished up its business without undue haste. One of our number, Rev. Henry T. Layton, a young married man, who had been in the Conference four years, a devoted Christian, and a man who gave promise of usefulness, fell a victim to the disease. The Conference adopted appropriate resolutions of appreciation and condolence with his family, and appointed a committee to attend his funeral. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful Allegheny Cemetery. Dr. Laishley also had an attack of cholera; but by prompt action it was arrested, and he was soon restored.

At that session the Western Virginia Conference was set off, and Dr. P. T. Laishley was elected its president, Dr. William Reeves had been elected president of the Conference before its division, and, of course, he continued president of the Pittsburg District.

CHAPTER XIII.

Editor *Missionary and Sunday-school Journal*, and Corresponding Secretary Board of Missions—Visit to Virginia and North Carolina Conferences—Virginia Conference—Norfolk—Numerous Incidents—Navy-yard—North Carolina Conference—Numerous Kind Friends—Visit to Governor Branch—Return Home—New York Conference—Various Other Visits—Ill-health—Fear of Location—Remedy.

BEFORE the session of our Annual Conference, the Board of Missions had engaged me to serve the Board during the ensuing year. I was to conduct its correspondence, edit and publish the *Missionary and Sunday-school Journal*, visit the Conferences, and in every way I could promote the cause of missions. The arrangement was recognized by the Conference, and I was appointed to that work.

After the close of the Conference, as soon as I conveniently could, I procured a house, and moved out on Fifth Avenue, near the Second Church. We had a small, comfortable house, and I arranged to enter upon my work as vigorously as I could.

The Rev. Dr. George Brown proposed attending that fall the sessions of the Virginia and North Carolina Conferences in the interest of Madison College, and I arranged to accompany him in the interest of foreign missions. We were to meet in Baltimore at Brother Starr's. The Virginia Conference met in Norfolk, Va., and the North Carolina Conference in the Bradford Church, about two miles from Enfield, North Carolina.

I had never traveled any except within the bounds of our own Conference, and was not very familiar with the ways of the world. I had never been on board a railroad

car. Indeed, railroads were then rather a new thing, the Pennsylvania Road having been completed to Pittsburg but a little more than a year before. I procured a ticket, however, and boarded a train in Pittsburg at seven o'clock on the morning of October 31st, for Baltimore, Md. About seven o'clock in the evening the train arrived at Harrisburg, where I remained all night, no train leaving there for Baltimore till the next morning. The day of fast trains and close connections had not then been introduced. As the train did not start till nine o'clock, I had time the next morning to look about the city a little, and visit the State House, which was being fitted up for the meeting of the Legislature.

About one o'clock we reached Baltimore. I had never been in the city, and knew nothing about it, so I took a hack and told the driver to take me to a hotel. I did not know one from another. He took me to Barnum's Hotel, a very comfortable place, where, about two o'clock, I got dinner. After dinner I inquired for the Book Room, and found it was not very far away, and from the directions I received I had no difficulty in finding it. There I met Brother E. Y. Reece, the gentlemanly and accomplished editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, and Brother T. H. Stockton, a member of our own Conference, and several other brethren. After a pleasant time with the brethren, Dr. Reece very kindly showed me the way to Brother Starr's, where, in a short time, I was joined by Dr. Brown, who came in on the Baltimore & Ohio Road. Brother and Sister Starr were very cordial, and made our stay with them quite pleasant.

The greater part of the next day we spent in looking about the city, and in social intercourse with some of the brethren with whom we met. At about five o'clock in the afternoon, we boarded the steamer *North Carolina* at Union

Dock, for Norfolk, and in a short time were under way. This was a very fine vessel, and one of the line boats in the then great Southern mail route connecting Baltimore and Norfolk. The evening was a delightful one; not a cloud was seen in the sky, and the moon, nearly at the full, shone brightly on the widespread sheet of water. For many miles numerous vessels of different sizes and various forms were seen, spreading their white sails to the breeze, pursuing their way in different directions. As we descended the bay, their number diminished until sometimes but a single sail could be seen far off in the distance. After a few hours a fresh breeze sprung up from the south, which rendered it unpleasant to remain on deck, and we retired to our berths to seek repose. About six o'clock next morning we made a short stop at Fortress Monroe, a military post of large dimensions and considerable strength. At the close of the late War of the Rebellion, Jefferson Davis was held there as a prisoner for between one and two years. On leaving there and entering Hampton Roads, we were again surrounded with numerous sails, which presented a beautiful appearance, as the sun arose and scattered his beams upon the bosom of the quiet waters.

About nine o'clock on the morning of November 3d we landed at Norfolk, having made the run from Baltimore, a distance of two hundred miles, in about fifteen hours. Rev. J. G. Whitfield, president of the Virginia Conference, met us at the wharf, and kindly conveyed us to our lodgings. During our stay we were kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Capps, who seemed disposed to do everything in their power to promote our comfort. Still, our stay in the city to me was not very pleasant; but this was not the fault of our host. The air was damp and chilly, and seemed to penetrate me through and through. I could not keep warm. I would sit by the fire; but with

all the doors open—which appeared to be the custom there—it seemed to give no heat. I would put my overcoat on, and walk to and fro in my room; but I could not get warm. I would take a hurried walk on the street; but still that chilly air seemed to penetrate me. To those who were accustomed to it, it was perhaps all right; but to me it seemed to be the most unpleasant locality I had ever been in.

It was in the days of slavery, and that institution necessarily crippled enterprise. The contrast between Pittsburg and Norfolk was very striking. In the former city everything manifested industry, push, and energy. Everybody was at work, and every one seemed to be in haste to do his work. But in the latter, there was no evidence of enterprise. Nobody seemed to have anything he was anxious to do, or which should be done speedily. It seemed to be a place of leisure. The Negroes drove their horses and little drays, loaded with a few baskets of sweet potatoes and perhaps a dozen heads of cabbage, or a few boxes of merchandise, leisurely along the street, as if they had an abundance of time, and had no cause to be in haste. The manual labor being mostly performed by the colored people, the whites had ample time for social culture and intercourse, and in these respects, perhaps, they excelled. They paid much attention to the formalities of social life.

Almost every locality has some provincialisms peculiar to itself, which are never noticed by those who use them. One of these that attracted my attention in Norfolk was the word “carry.” If a person wished a boy to take his horse to the stable, he would tell him to “carry” him to the stable. If a gentleman wished you to accompany his wife or friend to church, he would ask you to “carry” her to church, and so of other things. They “carried” everything. This amused me at first; but, then, it was nothing

more than is found in other places. In some localities the phrase "you know" is on almost every tongue. A person undertakes to tell you about something of which you have never heard, and he prefaces it and interlards it with "you know," when you know nothing about it, and he is telling it to you as a new or strange thing. In other sections I have heard the responsive phrases, "you do n't say!" and "that 's so," on almost every tongue. We seldom call in question the propriety of habits in which we indulge, while we are ready to criticise those of others with which we are not familiar. We are largely creatures of circumstance and habit. We naturally conform to our surroundings, and acquire the habits of those with whom we associate.

But Norfolk was the place for fine oysters and sweet potatoes, and many other good things, for we fared sumptuously every day. There was no lack of kindly attention and courteous bearing towards us.

In due time we visited the Conference, and were introduced to the body, and then to most of the brethren individually. We formed many pleasant acquaintances, and our intercourse with the brethren of the Conference was very agreeable. At a proper time I was permitted to present the claims of missions, and the response was hearty and liberal. Nearly one hundred dollars were contributed for the work of the Board, and much interest in the subject was manifested. During the session of the Conference the new church edifice in which the Conference met was dedicated, and over twelve hundred dollars were raised to liquidate the remaining indebtedness upon it.

At that time the Virginia Conference was a strong body, and I supposed possessed of considerable wealth. At a subsequent period an attempt was made to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which resulted not in

union, but in a partial disintegration of the Conference, and the withdrawal of several of the leading ministers from the Conference and the Church. Union is an excellent thing, and a very pleasant subject to talk about; yet, after all, the organic union of different ecclesiastical bodies which have always maintained separate organizations is not easily effected, and it might be as well if they would content themselves with maintaining the "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and love as brethren.

During our stay in Norfolk we visited the navy-yard at Portsmouth, on the opposite side of the Elizabeth River from Norfolk. This was then one of the great workshops of the Nation. The number of hands employed was about thirteen hundred. We saw two ocean steamers in course of construction for the use of the Government, and wondered how even the surges of the deep could shiver the mighty timbers of which they were formed. But facts reminded us that the strongest vessels are sometimes made the sport of the raging winds and dashing waves, and are broken in pieces almost as easily as a toy. We were kindly shown through the *Pennsylvania*, then the largest ship in the United States navy, and which had been stationed there as a "receiving ship" for several years. The number of marines on board was over two hundred. Everything about the vessel was most scrupulously clean. Lieutenant Hass, who was in command, treated us in the most courteous and gentlemanly manner, and seemed to take pleasure in showing us everything which he thought would interest us.

At eight o'clock on the morning of November 9th we bade adieu to our Norfolk friends, and took the cars on the Portsmouth & Roanoke Railroad at Portsmouth for Enfield, North Carolina, which we reached about two o'clock P. M., a distance of about one hundred miles. Here we were met by Rev. W. H. Wills and Dr. M. C. Whitaker,

and were driven to the home of the latter, near the church where the North Carolina Conference was holding its session. During our stay we enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Whitaker and his kind family, and we have never forgotten the obligations under which they placed us by their kindly attentions. We attended the daily sessions of the Conference from the time of our arrival till its final adjournment, and had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of perhaps all its members, and I must say that, although I have had the pleasure of visiting many of our Conferences and many sections of our country since, I have never met anywhere with more whole-souled, generous, and noble men than I met at the North Carolina Conference. I have never forgotten them, and it would give me great pleasure to be permitted to visit them once more. But when I come to think of it, there are not many of them left. Dr. Whitaker, my kind host; Dr. Wills, Brother John F. Speight, the elder HARRISES, and many others, are gone. My old friend, John L. Michaux, I am glad to say, still survives, and I believe also his brother Richard. During the late war I often thought of these brethren, and wondered how they fared. But God took care of them, and I had the pleasure of meeting several of them at the Union Convention in Baltimore in 1877, and at subsequent sessions of the General Conference.

At a suitable time I had an opportunity afforded me of presenting the claims of missions to the Conference, and as an immediate result over sixty dollars were collected. Several of the sisters took a special interest in the cause. Had we not been disappointed in sending a missionary to China, as had been contemplated, and as had been arranged for, I have no doubt that the Church at that time would have done liberal things in behalf of missions, and that

to-day it would be far in advance of what it is in missionary work.

During our stay at the North Carolina Conference, Governor Branch, who had been Secretary of the Navy under General Jackson's Administration, and who resided not far from Enfield, invited Dr. Brown and myself to spend a night with him, and he sent his carriage and conveyed us to his residence. He was a man of medium height, straight as an arrow, neatly and plainly dressed. He was then seventy-two years of age, and his hair was as white as wool. He received us very graciously, and treated us with great cordiality. At first our conversation was rather formal and constrained; but after supper the governor invited us into his smoking-room, and he and Dr. Brown took a cigar each—for I never used the weed in any form—and the conversation became free and unrestrained, and many reminiscences were recalled, and many anecdotes related; for each of the old gentlemen seemed to have a large stock on hand. The evening passed away very pleasantly indeed. During the course of conversation the subject of politics came up incidentally, and Mr. Branch spoke freely and without any apparent reserve. The Kansas trouble was then agitating the country, and the political situation was one of great unrest. In referring to the outlook, Mr. Branch casually remarked that if ever the South lost control of our Government, it would dissolve the Union. To this Dr. Brown expressed his dissent. Mr. Branch replied: "I know the South, Dr. Brown, better than you do, and if it ever loses control of this Government, it will dissolve the Union, and establish a government of its own." He also thought it not improbable that the Congress that would assemble during the coming winter would be the last Congress of the whole country that would

ever meet. These remarks were made pleasantly, and without the least sign of feeling. This was six years before the outbreak of the Rebellion, and I suppose the leading men of the South at that time understood each other, and, in certain contingencies, had their course marked out. I often thought of this conversation afterwards when the South attempted to establish a Confederacy of her own.

When bedtime arrived, the governor arose and took a candle—that was the kind of light used—and remarked that the last time he was in the “Hermitage”—General Jackson’s home—the general showed him to his room himself, and then conducted us to our room. He wished to treat us with the greatest respect, and we fully understood and appreciated the compliment he paid us.

Our work there being finished, we took the cars at Enfield for home on Wednesday, the 15th, about one o’clock P. M., and passing through Weldon, North Carolina, and Petersburg, Richmond, and Fredericksburg, Virginia, we reached the Potomac at Aquia Creek, fifty miles below Washington City, about one o’clock next morning; but in consequence of some obstruction we were detained there for three hours. At four o’clock we got on board the steamer *Mt. Vernon*, and reached Washington City about seven o’clock. Here we remained till five o’clock P. M., and then took a train to Baltimore, and the next evening I reached home.

The road between Richmond and the Potomac was laid with flat rails, and seemed to be in a fearfully bad condition, judging from the motion of the cars, which was sometimes so violent as to almost throw a person, if not on his guard, out of his seat.

At Weldon we saw a gang of slaves, of perhaps forty or fifty in number, who had been sold, or who were being removed from one plantation to another. They were in

double file, a long chain passed between them, to which a short chain fastened to a handcuff, which each one wore, was attached. They had their pots and pans, and all their utensils for cooking, with them. The sight was new to us, and, of course, was very much out of harmony with our views and feelings.

In the following March I visited the New York and Vermont Conference, as it was then called, which met in the old Grand Street Church, in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, New York. There was not the same enthusiasm manifested there in the cause of missions as at the two preceding Conferences I had visited. Still, the Conference took favorable action on the subject, and a missionary society auxiliary to the Board was organized in the Conference, and held its first meeting during the session of that body, and between thirty and forty dollars were subscribed, the most of which was then paid. I had relatives in New York City, by whom I was very kindly entertained during the Conference, which made my visit quite agreeable. I had never been in New York before, and I employed my leisure time in looking a little about the city, and visiting places of interest. New York was a great city then; but it was very far from being what it is now.

I visited various other places during the year, and did what I could for the cause of missions. I was not unfaithful, but did my best; but I was never fully satisfied with the results of that year's labor. Sometimes we are unnecessarily discouraged, because we do not immediately see the fruit of our labors. But we may rest assured that God will, in his own way, and in his own time, reward faithful labor, although its fruits may not immediately appear.

My health that year was very poor, and towards the close of the year I feared that I would be compelled, on account of my throat trouble particularly, to be left with-

out an appointment for the coming year. This thought was very unpleasant and depressing to my mind. A short time, however, before Conference I met Brother De Hass on the street, and he inquired how I was. I told him of my throat trouble, and of my fear of being laid aside. He informed me that he had a friend who had been troubled in the same way, and who had consulted physicians in this country, and also in London, without receiving any benefit; but who went to Paris, where a physician cured him, and then gave him the prescription that he used. He told me where I could get it, and advised me to try it. I accordingly procured the prescription, had the medicine compounded, used it as directed, and found almost immediate relief. I concluded then to take work. Still, I was by no means vigorous, and was not able to take a charge involving great labor.

CHAPTER XIV.

Conference in Bridgeport—President's Report—Young Men and the Ministry—W. H. Phipps—Transfers to Unstationed List—Appointed to Washington Mission—Washington College—Pleasant Society—Small Salary—Good Garden—Second Year—Good Done—Sent to Birmingham—Successful Year—Hearty Singing—In Touch with the Times—Conference in Connellsville—Elected President—Love of Home—General Conference in Lynchburg—Memorial—Springfield Convention of 1858—Changes in Discipline—Easter Sunday—Removal to Sharpsburg—Its Condition Then—Great June Frost—Salary—Conference in Sharpsburg—Allegheny Seminary—War of the Rebellion.

THE Conference met that year (1855) in Bridgeport, Fayette County, Pa. There was a good attendance of the brethren, and the Conference was a very pleasant one. The president reported that during the preceding year Brother F. A. Davis had removed by certificate of transfer to the Alabama Conference, and Brothers Thomas Cullen and David Pershin by certificates of transfer to the Illinois Conference. Four preachers had also been released from their charges during the year. He also deplored the fact that while the facilities to enable young men of talent to prepare for the ministry had increased, the disposition on their part to enter the sacred calling had apparently diminished. In inquiring for the cause of this, he suggested that it might arise from the failure of the Church to afford proper encouragement to youthful preachers. He asks: "Has the day of juvenile ministrations passed away? Will none but adult preachers be received in the present day?" It was not then supposed that the young men knew more than the fathers, or that lack of experience was a commendation in

the ministry. It was then thought that in the ministry, as in other professions, age and experience were elements of worth, and that the services of men possessing these advantages were desirable. But a great change has taken place since then, and if Brother Reeves were now living he would not have occasion to make the suggestion he did. Young men have pressed to the front, and in the ministry and in business pursuits, if not in law and medicine, their services are in great demand. One reason for this is, that with increased advantages they are better prepared to enter upon active service than formerly. Then the spirit of the age that calls men earlier into active service, will earlier retire them from positions of responsibility; so that in the end things will equalize themselves, and at last the young men will have no advantage over the old.

At that session of the Conference Brother W. H. Phipps was received on trial. He was an Englishman by birth, but came to this country with his parents when quite young. He was a man of excellent mind, general information, kind disposition, and thoroughly honest and sincere. I had received him into the Methodist Protestant Church, had married him, had been the means of getting him licensed to preach, and secured his recommendation to the Conference for admission, and, of course, I felt a deep interest in him. He continued many years in the active work of the ministry, is still a member of the Conference, performing irregular service, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his brethren. He is an excellent preacher, and a ready "off-hand" speaker. I married his two daughters, and also buried his wife, who died a few years ago. I still number Brother Phipps and his children among my special friends. Brother Phipps in his old age, unlike many of his brethren, is in easy financial circumstances, and free from worldly care.

The Rev. Joseph Burns, to whom I have already referred, at that session of the Conference, was, at his own request, transferred to the unstationed list. D. B. Dorsey, Jr., James Hopwood, W. A. Porter, William Alcock, and Daniel Gibbon were also transferred to the unstationed list. N. Watson, J. B. McCormick, and J. Deford took certificates of transfer. But, notwithstanding this, with the persons received into the Conference at that session, there was a sufficient number of preachers to supply the work.

At that Conference I was appointed to Washington Mission. Washington was then a very pleasant town, the seat of Washington College—now Washington and Jefferson College. The people generally were intelligent, refined, and social. The place was healthful and inviting. The charge did not necessarily involve great labor. The membership was small, and not able to do much for the support of the pastor. The Conference, in view of this fact, appropriated one hundred dollars to the mission for that year. This, with what the Church contributed, gave us a salary of two hundred and fifteen dollars. It was not a large salary; but somehow or other we made out to live upon it, and were pretty comfortable. After moving once or twice, I got a little house and about four acres of ground on the National Road, about half a mile east of the town. Here we had an excellent garden, and raised all the vegetables we needed. We kept a cow, and had plenty of milk and butter. My wife raised a great many chickens, and we had plenty of eggs. I raised more potatoes than we could use, and sufficient corn and barley to keep our cow, and the last year we were there I had forty bushels of wheat. Of course, I had to pay for having it put in. We had but little money, only a couple of hundred dollars; but still we seemed to have an abundance of everything; and if

a friend came to see us, we could always set a good meal before him. I enjoyed the outdoor exercise; it agreed with me, and my health very much improved.

We spent two years in the mission, and, all things considered, they were pleasant years. We had some good and true members in the Church, who were deeply interested in its welfare, and who did all they could to support it. The community was pleasant, and we had many friends in other Churches, who treated us with respect and kindness. I also had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of several of the professors in the college, and frequently had the privilege of meeting with them. I never felt that I had a commission from heaven to belabor my brethren of other Churches who differed from me in regard to doctrines or ecclesiastical polity, and who had as good a right to their opinion as I had to mine. In consequence of this, I did not unnecessarily excite opposition and incur the ill-will of others. But when it was necessary and proper, I never shrunk from stating and defending my own views. This is a right which every man possesses, and which every reasonable man concedes to others. But when a man is attacked, he also feels that he has a right to defend himself. And it is attacks and defenses that make war. If Christian people would fight the devil more, and each other less, it would be better for the world.

My labors in Washington were not unproductive of good. Quite a number of persons were converted and added to the Church, and although they did not give much financial strength to it, yet their souls were precious, and they gave good evidence that they had found the Savior. One of the evidences of his Divine mission that Christ gave to the disciples of John was that the poor had the gospel preached unto them. No Church that performs

its duty will neglect the poor. They are always with us, and with us as the objects of our solicitude and care.

The last year I was in Washington I preached once every two weeks in Amity, at least for a part of the year, and the friends there contributed something to my support, so that my salary that year amounted to two hundred and eighty-six dollars.

At the Conference which met in Pittsburg in September, 1857, I was sent to Birmingham Station—now Eighteenth Street Charge, South Side, Pittsburg. We had a good working membership in this Church, among whom were some of the excellent of the earth, and our congregation was as large as our house would hold. There were some unpleasant things left as a heritage from my predecessor; but they were outside rather than in the Church, and their influence for evil gradually wore away. The year was a pleasant one. We had good meetings, and precious souls were brought to Christ. The members were not afraid to pray, or sing, or speak, or shout if they felt like it. We had one brother, an excellent singer, who generally led the Church in song, and who appeared never to grow weary. He could sing from night to night, and from week to week, and then appear as fresh at the close as when he began. He also had wonderful skill in selecting something adapted to the occasion, and was always ready with something appropriate. He seemed to be peculiarly gifted in that way. Under his leadership the singing, if not the most scientific, was sometimes very inspiring. I am very fond of good music, and no one enjoys it more than I do; but still the singing in some of the revival-meetings in those early days, when the hearts of a whole congregation seemed touched with a Divine inspiration, and their voices with deep pathos swelled up like the sound of many waters,

was truly impressive, and sometimes almost overwhelming. I would like to hear one of those wonderful outbursts of song again; but this may not be. Every generation has its own methods of work, and what is adapted to one time is not adapted to another. It is perhaps a fault of age to inquire why the present are not as the former days. The world changes, and new conditions call for new agencies and methods. It is not wise to despise or reject present methods, simply because they differ from those of the past. A man must keep in touch with his surroundings to retain his influence. A man who keeps in sympathy with his times will never grow old.

At the Conference which met in Connellsville, Pa., September, 1858, I was elected president of the Conference, very much against my will. I did not desire the position, because I was satisfied where I was, and wished to remain; and, furthermore, I greatly disliked to travel all over the district, and be absent from home the greater part of the time. However attractive such a position might be to others, it had no attractions for me. I have always been a great lover of home, and have never, in all my life, been absent from my family and home on a mere pleasure trip. I have often been absent on business, when duty called me; but never merely for pleasure. My children have often urged me to take a trip to Europe; but I have never had any business in Europe—no duty that called me there—and I have never thought that I would be justified in running all the risks which such a voyage involved, even if I had the money to spare, merely for pleasure. I do not condemn others for taking such trips if they feel like it; but for my part I never felt a desire to do so. It never seemed to me to be the proper thing for a man to seek pleasure abroad, while his wife was left at home burdened with the care of the family, when she perhaps needed rest

as much as he did. But this is a matter of taste. Some men like to be away from home, and some wives do not object to it, but seem to be rather pleased with it, and I am willing that they settle the matter to suit themselves.

According to the plan adopted by the General Conference of 1854, in regard to our publishing interests, the Northern and Western Conferences met in Convention from time to time, to provide for the proper management and control of their paper and other local literary interests. At the Convention of these Conferences, held in Cincinnati in 1857, a memorial was addressed to the General Conference to be held in Lynchburg, Va., in May, 1858, asking that body to recommend to the several Annual Conferences to take such action as would secure the removal from the Discipline of certain specified objectionable features which threatened the very existence of our Church within the bounds of the Northern and Western Conferences; and in case such action was not taken, it was proposed to call a Convention in Springfield, Ohio, on November 10, 1858, to make the proposed changes.

The General Conference in Lynchburg did not take the action requested by the memorialists, and the proposed Convention in Springfield was called, to meet at the time named. This Convention, according to the terms of its call, was authorized to make the proposed changes in the Discipline, and no others. All the Conferences in the non-slaveholding States, with the exception of two nominal Conferences, Oregon and Maine, nineteen in number, elected delegates to the Springfield Convention.

That Convention, with great unanimity, took the action which had been proposed, and struck the word "white" from Article XII of the Constitution, and also the third item and the annexed proviso in the fourth section of Article VII. An edition of the Discipline, so amended,

with the "Rules" of John and Charles Wesley, was ordered to be published.

This action was based on an absolute necessity. It was that or ecclesiastical death. Some claimed that the action was warranted by the Constitution, Article VII, Section 4, which authorized each Annual Conference "to make such rules and regulations as the peculiarities of the district required." But this did not cover the case. Its only justification was its necessity. It was also resolved to suspend official intercourse with slaveholding Conferences till the evil of slavery complained of was put away. I was a member of the Convention, and concurred in its action.

Whatever may be said of the action of this Convention, it was not intended to be a withdrawal from the Methodist Protestant Church, but a suspension of official intercourse with slaveholding Conferences, and the adoption of such changes for the time being as were essential to our life as a Church. Our action was designed to be temporary, "till the evil of slavery complained of was put away." And looking at it now, in view of its final results, I can not but regard it as providential.

I entered upon the duties of the year as soon as convenient after the adjournment of Conference, and visited the circuits in the southern part of the Conference so far as I could, during the fall and before cold weather set in, reserving the charges in the central part of the district, composed mostly of stations, for the winter. By this arrangement I was not much exposed in traveling in the severest of the weather. This was a necessary precaution, as I was not sufficiently vigorous to endure very great exposure. The winter was rather severe; but the following spring was delightful, and the fruit-trees put out very early. On Easter Sunday I was at Brother George Loar's, in Greene County, Pa. The apple-trees were in leaf, and

the fruit was formed. But on the preceding Saturday night there had fallen not less than three inches of snow, and on Sunday morning it looked like midwinter. The sun, however, soon came out, and before night the snow had nearly all disappeared, and in a day or two the air was again soft and balmy.

In the spring of 1859 I removed to Sharpsburg, Pa. It was then a small village, quiet and pleasant, but without advantages of railroads, gas, natural and manufactured, electric-lights, waterworks, and paved streets, which it now enjoys. We had, however, the canal, and in summer-time the packet *Jenny Lind*, commanded by Captain Saint, made two trips to Pittsburg every day through the week. It was, to be sure, a slow way to travel; but the boat had a nice cabin, as well as an apartment for packages and freight, and persons could sit and read, and the women going to market could knit and sew if they desired to do so. In this way the time was occupied in making the trip, and little or no time was wasted. The world did not move so fast in those days as it does now, and the people were not in such a hurry as at present, and I am not sure but that they were quite as happy then as they are now. Still, having enjoyed the improvements which have taken place since then, we would not like to go back to the conditions and usages of those times. But this is as much owing to our changed tastes as to our changed circumstances. Both have gradually changed together.

After removing to Sharpsburg, I visited the circuits in the northern part of the district. I was cordially received wherever I went. The brethren treated me well, and the people appeared to listen attentively to what I had to say. Indeed, some were pleased to tell me that they appreciated my labors; but still I did not feel that I was doing much good. I could not feel that that was the kind

of work for me. But I continued in it to the end of the year, and did the best I could.

On the night of the 4th of June, 1859, I was at the house of Brother John Byers, near New Washington, in Clearfield County, Pa. The season was very forward, and the wheat was in full head, and other crops were equally advanced. For a few days the weather had been cool, and on the preceding day very cool. That night there was a killing frost. The next morning the fields were white, as if partially covered with snow. The wheat and fruit were killed, and corn and potatoes and all kinds of vegetables were destroyed. When the sun came out, everything of the grain and vegetable kind wilted and turned brown. The destruction was almost total, and was widespread. A panic prevailed among the people, and many persons thought there would be a famine, and hastened to town to purchase flour, and secure at least a partial supply of breadstuff. As a consequence, prices at once advanced, and the stock on hand was soon exhausted. It was not long, however, till a reaction took place. It was found that the destruction was not so widespread as at first supposed. There were many places where the injury was but partial, and it was also found that there was a large supply of old grain in the country. Then some persons replanted their corn and potatoes, others trimmed off the frosted blades of corn and the frosted tops of their potatoes, and in some instances these put out afresh, and produced moderately fair crops. So, the want that was at first feared did not come. The fruit, however, of every kind, where the frost occurred, was entirely destroyed.

We have a wonderful country. With its diversity of climate, and its network of railroads connecting its various parts, there is not much likelihood of any serious want existing which can not soon be supplied. Neither frost nor

drought are likely to affect the whole country at any one time, so as to cut off our resources and produce actual want. While there may be a scarcity in one part, there is an abundance in another, and the means of transportation being so complete, the need of one section can soon be supplied by another. Severe as was the frost of 1859, the injury which it inflicted was but temporary, and the section which sustained the greatest loss soon recovered from it.

The Conference year at length drew to a close, and I was not sorry when its labors were ended. The amount assessed upon the different charges for my salary that year was \$478, and the amount received was \$429.19. Salary in those days was but a secondary consideration. The preachers were appointed where it was thought they would do the most good, and the people were expected to give them what they could for their support. The idea of placing a money value upon a minister's services had not at that time entered the minds of our people. A circuit or station desired the services of a minister, and they had to support him in order that he might serve them. They were not compensated for their work, but were given a living that they might be able to work.

The Conference met in 1859 in Sharpsburg, where I resided. In my report to the Conference I recommended that measures be taken to establish a seminary of learning in the vicinity of Pittsburg for the education of our young people, and also to assist young men in preparing for the ministry in the Methodist Protestant Church. My report was ordered to be entered on the journal, and also to be published; but the secretary failed to enter it on the journal, and whether it was published or not I do not now remember. It is very important that the journals of a Conference be kept correctly, so as to show clearly and

fully, without implication or outside explanation and testimony, what the body did. Without this they are of comparatively little value as a whole. I can not now recall the arguments by which I urged my recommendation; but the Conference regarded the matter favorably, and appointed a Board of Education, consisting of William Collier, James Robison, John Cowl, William Reeves, J. W. Rutledge, William Wragg, V. Lucas, and John Scott, and instructed them to take such steps as they might deem safe and proper to establish in the vicinity of Pittsburg a seminary of learning, having a theological or Biblical department, to assist young men preparing for the ministry in the Methodist Protestant Church. The appointment of this Board is not entered in the Minutes of that year; but the fact appears from the Minutes of the Conference of the following year.

At that Conference I was appointed to the Sharpsburg Charge, and as I had not to move, I entered upon my labors at once. I was among old friends, and found things pleasant and agreeable.

On the 17th day of January, 1860, the Board of Education held its first regular meeting, and organized by electing William Collier president, and John Scott secretary. After a full and free interchange of views, every member of the Board being present but one, it was unanimously agreed to make an immediate effort to establish a seminary of learning, subject to the restrictions imposed by the Annual Conference.

In beginning such an enterprise, the first thing of importance was the selection of a suitable location. In determining this question three things were taken into consideration: first, cheapness of property; second, nearness to the city; and, third, prospects of patronage. After carefully considering the whole matter, it was decided that Sharps-

burg met these conditions more fully than any other locality to which the attention of the Board had been directed. Accordingly, a lot of ground containing nearly two acres was procured on Main Street; architects were employed, who furnished a suitable plan for a building; the contract was let, and the work was prosecuted with vigor. The building was of brick, and contained eight rooms, six of which were quite large, well-lighted and ventilated, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were intended. There were two side porticoes, ten by thirty feet, which added much to the appearance of the building. It was so arranged that any number of rooms could be added without destroying in any measure the attractiveness of its appearance. Dr. Collier and I superintended the erection of the building, and often worked with our own hands. Dr. Collier was an active, energetic, and industrious man, and I never knew anything but hard work, so that neither of us spared ourselves; and persons having no experience in such matters would be surprised at the amount of work, of very many kinds, we found to do, from soliciting and collecting money, down to keeping up fires at night in the building, to prevent the plastering from being injured by the frost.

The building was at length completed, and the school was started under the superintendence of Professor Milton B. Goff, who after a time retired and was succeeded by Professor G. B. McElroy, now professor of Mathematics in Adrian College. The school, like most other institutions of its kind, had its difficulties, but was as successful as could have been reasonably expected. But when Adrian College came under the control of the Methodist Protestant Church, under the teachings of Dr. Asa Mahan, the idea got into the heads of those having control of the Allegheny Seminary, that the Church should unite its efforts to sus-

tain one great institution of learning, and that the seminary should be sold, and all our efforts in favor of education should be centered on Adrian College. This idea was carried out, so far as the sale of the seminary was concerned, and it was sold for the sum of \$8,000. A debt of \$1,000 was paid off, and the balance of the money was invested. The Board of Trustees, in their report to the Conference of 1866, requested the Conference to appoint the then existing Board, "a Board of Education, to hold and disburse the funds in their hands, for the purpose of educating poor, worthy young men who desire to enter the ministry, and also to form some plan, or authorize said Board to form some plan, to increase the amount of funds on hand, and let it be permanently invested for the special benefit of the Pittsburg District."

The seminary was a Conference institution. It originated with the Conference, was confessedly under its control, and was originally designed to be a local institution for the benefit especially of our members and friends in Pittsburg and surrounding country, and of young men of the Pittsburg Conference preparing for the ministry in our Church. The report of the trustees to the Conference clearly shows that this was their understanding. The Conference referred the report of the trustees to a committee, of which I was chairman. That committee, in its report to the Conference, and which was adopted by that body, among other things, said: "As the Board of Trustees is an incorporated body, and can not transfer the funds held by them to another body without forfeiting its charter, we would advise them to organize themselves as a Board of Education, and to co-operate with the General Board of Education, so far as they can, consistently." This clearly shows that it was the opinion of the committee, and of the Conference, that the original design of the seminary, so

far at least as providing for young men preparing for the ministry in the Pittsburg Conference was concerned, should be practically carried out by co-operating with the General Board of Ministerial Education. The income from the invested money of the seminary should be held as a fund to educate young men of the Pittsburg Conference for the work of the ministry, and should be expended through the General Board, and not some other institution. The money was given for the benefit of the Pittsburg Conference, and not of the whole Church, and it should be held and used for the purpose for which it was given. The Conference is competent to direct the income from the seminary fund to be used through another channel; but can not divert it from its original purpose.

The trustees of Allegheny Seminary have ceased to make any reports to the Conference, and have become a law unto themselves. In this I think they have made a great mistake. They are the custodians of trust funds, raised by the authority of the Conference and owned by the Conference, if they have any owner, and the wishes of the Conference in regard to these funds should be consulted.

At the time the seminary was sold I thought, with others, that it was the proper thing to do; but after years of observation and experience I have changed my mind on that subject, and am now disposed to think that it was a mistake, and that had the seminary been retained it would have been a great blessing to the Pittsburg Conference. Indeed, it is a question whether the funds on hand should not be sacredly held and increased, in view of ultimately carrying out the original purpose of the projectors of the seminary.

I remained three years in Sharpsburg. The last year of the three, Bakerstown, a Church about twelve miles

distant, was attached to it, and the charge was called Sharpsburg and Bakerstown. We had had a Church in Bakerstown many years before; but when the Wesleyan Methodist Church was organized the society left us, on account of slavery, and united with the Wesleyans. They found it difficult, however, to obtain ministerial supplies, and after our Church had suspended official co-operation with the Conferences in the slaveholding States, there was no good reason why they should not return to us, especially as we could supply them with preaching. I was invited to visit them and preach for them, and after supplying their pulpit occasionally, I received them back into the Methodist Protestant Church. Their connection with Sharpsburg continued for a few years, when Bakerstown became an independent charge, and has ever since been self-sustaining.

During my stay in Sharpsburg the War of the Rebellion broke out, and many persons of my acquaintance enlisted. I never felt any inclination to do so. In the first place, I had no taste for fire-arms—knew nothing about them; never loaded a gun or killed anything with a gun in my life; never fired at any living thing, but once at a squirrel, and then was glad when I found that I had missed it. In the second place, my health was not sufficient, had I been ever so much inclined to do so, to justify me in attempting to serve my country in that way. I had not physical vigor enough to endure the toil and exposure for a single month. But, above all, I felt that God had called me to another work, and that he had not released me from it, and that I was not at liberty to voluntarily abandon it. I have no disposition to criticise others of my profession who felt and acted differently. I only speak of my own views and feelings on the subject. While it was the duty

of some to respond to the call of their country for troops and go to the front, it was the duty of others to stay at home. I felt that I belonged to the latter class. Although subject to the draft for troops that was made before the close of the war, I was not drafted, and so escaped the necessity of becoming a soldier. Those were sad days, and I pray God that their like may not come again.

CHAPTER XV.

Three Years in Sharpsburg—Conference in Allegheny City—Sent Again to Birmingham—Delegate to Cincinnati Convention—Woman Suffrage—Hard Year Financially—John Redman's Liberality—Rebels Invade Pennsylvania—Fortifications of Pittsburg—Rine and the Donkey—Elected Editor of *Western Methodist Protestant*—Removal to Springfield—Joel S. Thrap, Agent—State Bank Notes—No Offensive Personalities—Asked to Break My Pledge—Pleasant Relations with Board—Enlargement of Paper—Pastors of Springfield Church—Acted as Supply One Year—Not Best to Do So—"Copperhead"—Close of War—Lincoln Assassinated.

AFTER laboring in Sharpsburg for three years, we left there in the fall of 1862. The Conference met that year in Allegheny City, and we were sent again to Birmingham, or, as it is now called, South Side, Pittsburg.

At that session of the Conference delegates were elected to the Convention to meet in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 5th of November following. The Conference was pleased to elect me one of the ministerial delegates, and it was my privilege to be present during the entire sessions of that body. In that Convention the question of woman suffrage in the Methodist Protestant Church was considered, and favorably acted upon. I was in favor of the measure, and advocated it, and voted for it in the Convention, and when the action of the Convention came before the Pittsburg Conference for ratification at its next session, I supported and voted for the measure. But I had not the remotest idea at the time that the action of the Convention bestowed upon women the right to become members of the General Conference and lawmakers in the Church. Had I thought

that the action of the Convention carried such consequences with it, I should at that time have opposed it, and I think a large majority of the members of the Convention, had they so understood it, would also have opposed it. I do not here discuss the propriety or impropriety of the admission of women to the lawmaking department of the Church. I only wish to place myself on record as to what was my own understanding and intention, and what I believe was the understanding and intention of a large majority of the members of the Convention, that their action did not contemplate the holding of office by women, and their admission to the Annual and General Conferences. If the action of the Convention admits of such an interpretation, it is an interpretation which those who passed it did not intend or have in view.

At that Convention the following paper, presented by the Rev. Dr. George Brown, was unanimously adopted:

“WHEREAS, The whole Methodist Protestant Church, by her original organization in the city of Baltimore, November, 1830, in her 23d Article of Religion, did stand firmly bound in her allegiance to ‘the President, the Congress, the General Assemblies, the Governors, and Councils of State, as the delegates of the people,’ and did avow these to ‘be rulers of the United States of America, according to the division of power made to them by the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitutions of their respective States;’ and that the said States are a sovereign and independent Nation, and ought not to be in subjection to any foreign jurisdiction; and

“WHEREAS, The States of South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the eastern part of Virginia, including the Methodist Protestant Church in those States, did renounce their allegiance to the United States, and are now in armed rebellion against the Government of our country; and

“WHEREAS, The position assumed by the Methodist Protestant Church in the rebel States aforementioned, in repudiating the 23d Article of our religion, and taking part in the rebellion,

must be considered in the light of a revolt from the Methodist Protestant Church in the free States, still maintaining her allegiance, as aforesaid, to the constituted authorities of the United States,—it follows, therefore, that in the calling of a Convention to reinstate the General Conference, and for other purposes, the Methodist Protestant Churches in the West and North were absolved from all obligation to ask the official concurrence of the Methodist Protestant Conferences in the States aforesaid, now involved in the double sin of slavery and rebellion, and are left entirely free to maintain the act of suspension adopted in Springfield, Ohio, in 1858; and

“WHEREAS, It is in evidence before this Convention that twenty out of twenty-three of the Conferences in the free States now strictly loyal to the Government of our country, according to the 23d Article of our religion, have united in the call of a General Convention, the leading purpose of which is to reinstate the General Conference; therefore, be it

“*Resolved*, On this 12th day of November, 1862, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, that the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, by action of the aforesaid Convention, be, and the same is hereby, restored to its full original authority under the Constitution of said Methodist Protestant Church.”

The intention of this paper was to show that, in the judgment of the Convention, the Conferences in the free States constituted the true, original Methodist Protestant Church.

In Birmingham we found ourselves among old friends, and it was pleasant to labor among them. We had some noble members in that Church, good and true men and women, who loved the Lord and the Church. One of these is worthy of special notice, and his memory should be cherished in the Church. John Redman was a Christian nobleman. He was quiet and unassuming, always self-possessed, of even temper, cool judgment, constant and reliable, and of undoubted piety. Sister Redman was a helpmeet for him, and they walked together hand in hand before the Lord, abundant in every good word and work.

Brother Redman was a man of considerable means. He was engaged in the lumber business. He had two large steam sawmills, and employed a considerable force in building barges. Most of our members were workingmen who were engaged in the glass-houses and rolling-mills. One of the years I was in Birmingham business generally was very much depressed. The glass-houses and rolling-mills were shut down, and most of our brethren were out of employment, and had hard work to keep their families, and, of course, had but little to give to the Church. During that season of great business depression Brother Redman called at my house every two weeks, and paid me my salary as regularly as he paid the men who worked in his mills and yards. Of course, there were some of the members who paid what they could; but he made up what was lacking, which was the larger part of my salary. I knew he was paying me out of his own means, and it made me feel badly, and I remonstrated with him. But he said it was all right; that while the brethren were out of work his business was good, that he was making money, and that he felt that he should help the brethren, as he put it, by making up for their lack. In addition to that, he said that when he was a young man he felt that he should preach the gospel; but that his health was then so poor that he was not able to do so, and that he had always felt since that he would like, if he were able, to support some one to preach the gospel in his place, so that he was doing nothing more than what he ought to do. Many men, because they have large means and give largely to the support of the Church, think that they should be looked up to, that their will should be law, and that they should have things their own way. But Brother Redman was not a man of that kind. While he gave largely to the Church, he was always modest and unpretentious, and never claimed

any consideration above his brethren. He was a man of commanding presence, dignified bearing, but easily approached, and very companionable. He was a model Christian, serious but not morose, companionable, but never light and trifling. His life was a continual commendation of the religion that he professed. He died but little beyond the prime of life, and, as might have been expected, in great peace.

In the summer of 1863, while we were in Birmingham, the Confederates under General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and it was thought that Pittsburg might be in danger, and it was deemed important that proper steps should be taken for its protection. The citizens of all classes, professions, and callings, to the number of twenty thousand, turned out, and, under the direction of Government engineers, dug eighteen miles of rifle-pits around Pittsburg and Allegheny cities, and, under the direction of United States officers, constructed in the most scientific manner a number of forts in commanding positions, so as to be ready for the occupancy of troops in case of necessity. In common with the members of my Church and thousands of other citizens, I turned out to do what I could for the common defense. I first engaged in digging in the rifle-pits, in which I spent two or three days; but that kind of work was too hard for me, and I did not perhaps do much good at it, although I did what I could. But after two or three days I was transferred to the commissariat, and got a job at cutting boiled hams. That was easy enough; but it was a very greasy business, and I was not sorry when I was put to cutting bread. I procured a good knife, and if my memory is not at fault, I cut several hundred small loaves in a day. This was nice work; but after keeping at it steadily for a week, I found my right wrist quite swollen and somewhat painful. This was caused by its constant

use for so long a time in an unusual manner. But the battle of Gettysburg, on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, turned the tide of war, the Confederate army retreated, the danger which threatened Pittsburg was past, and its citizens left the rifle-pits and forts, and returned to their peaceful pursuits. I never applied for a pension; but little as I did, I fear that many a man who did no more has drawn a pension from the Government. But these frauds, committed by unscrupulous men, can not, perhaps, after the greatest care, be entirely avoided.

Our oldest son, who was attending Washington College, and who was only about sixteen years of age, felt it to be his duty to enlist and fight for his country. This, of course, caused us constant anxiety, especially as he was so young, and had never been exposed to any hardship. But it was nothing more than what thousands of other parents all over the country had to endure. We were, however, far more fortunate than many others, for after three years of service, at the close of the war, he returned home in good health, and without having formed any bad habits that I ever knew of. In this God was indeed merciful to us.

The Pittsburg Conference met in Wellsburg, W. Va., on the 2d day of September, 1863. The Rev. William Reeves was elected president. The Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the fall of 1862, had taken action in favor of female suffrage, subject to the approval of the Annual Conferences. A very amusing circumstance occurred while this subject was under consideration in our Conference. D. I. K. Rine was on the floor, delivering an impassioned address against conferring the right of suffrage on the women. Dr. George Brown was in the chair. The day was warm and the windows were raised. On one side of the church was a vacant lot, and a loose donkey was crop-

ping the grass under one of the open windows. As Brother Rine waxed warm in his discourse, the donkey lifted up his head and let out a fearful m-e-w-a, and Dr. Brown, in his most mirth-provoking manner, said, "One at a time, brethren." The brethren laughed, and Brother Rine seemed somewhat disconcerted; but he braced himself up, and started again, and had only gotten fairly under way when the donkey broke in the second time with his m-e-w-a. Brother Rine stopped, and Dr. Brown remarked from the chair, in his own peculiar manner, "That is the same animal that reproved the madness of the prophet." That convulsed the Conference with laughter, and Brother Rine had nothing more to say. The measure under consideration was adopted. What prompted the donkey to interrupt Brother Rine, I was never able to find out.

At the Conference which met in Eldersville in the fall of 1864, I was returned for the third year to Birmingham, and anticipated a pleasant and prosperous year, little thinking that my stay among them would be of short duration.

One day near the close of November I received a telegram from a committee of the Board of Publication at Springfield, Ohio, inquiring if I would be at home on a certain day, to which I replied that I would. On the day named the Rev. Reuben Rose and T. J. Finch came to my house, and informed me that at a meeting of the Board of Publication a few days before, I had been elected editor of the *Western Methodist Protestant*, to fill out the unexpired term, of nearly two years, of Rev. D. B. Dorsey, Jr., who had been elected editor of the paper at the Convention held in Cincinnati in November, 1862, and who had recently resigned, and whose place was being temporarily supplied by Dr. George Brown. I had not been an applicant for the place, did not know that my name had been before the Board, and knew nothing of the action of the

Board in electing me. They desired an immediate answer. They informed me, however, that I had been elected with the express understanding that all offensive personalities, it mattered not from what source they might come, were to be excluded from the paper, and that if I accepted the position, it must be on that condition. Had I been seeking the place, and had I been making rules for my own government in it, nothing could have pleased me better than this. A Church paper is no place for the venting of personal spleen, and indulgence in offensive and disagreeable personalities.

I did not know what to do. The matter had been suddenly sprung upon me, and I had not had time to think much about it. I finally told the committee that I had accepted an appointment from the Conference, and that I would not agree to engage in anything else until I was first released by the proper authority from my present engagement. Dr. William Reeves was president of the Conference, and I told them, as I had not sought the place, I would not seek a release from my charge to accept it; but if they chose to see the president, and he should think it best to release me, I would accept; but if not, I would decline. I based my action entirely on his decision. Brother Reeves was at that time on the Brownsville Circuit, some fifty miles by boat above Pittsburg. The brethren seemed determined to faithfully fulfill their mission, and on the next morning they took boat for Brownsville. When they reached there they found that the president was a few miles out in the country; but they made their way to him, and laid the case before him. What passed between them I do not know; but the result was that the president sent me a release by the brethren, and I accepted the position to which I had been elected.

I knew almost nothing about editing a paper. I had

had but little experience, indeed nothing worth naming, in that line. I had, it is true, edited the *Missionary and Sunday-school Journal*, a little monthly paper, for about three years; but that was far different from editing a weekly Church paper, and deciding the numerous and often delicate questions that must be determined in conducting it. I was not, however, without some confidence in myself. I believed that a Church paper should be true to the Church that it represented; that it should be pure and chaste; that it should be level to the capacity of the common people among whom it mostly circulated; that while it gave prominence to the movements of its own Church, it should keep its readers informed, so far as possible, in regard to the religious, political, and social movements of the day; and that it should contain such articles, original and selected, as would entertain its readers, give them useful information, and cultivate their moral and religious sense, as well as their literary taste. I thought I knew, to some extent at least, what a Church paper should be, and I resolved to do my best to make as good a paper as I could. I thought if I could not get into the paper everything that was good, I could keep out what was bad.

At the time I was elected editor, the Rev. Joel S. Thrap, of the Muskingum Conference, was elected publisher and Book Agent. He and I were nearly of the same age, had entered the itinerancy at the same time, and were both new to the work in which we were about to engage. Our publishing interests had not been in a very prosperous condition, and those having charge of them were willing to run the risk of trying new men in the editorial and publishing departments. Experience is sometimes of great importance; but without trial, experience can not be acquired. Every man has to make a beginning, and time develops his fitness or unfitness for the position he assumes.

So Brother Thrap and I resolved, without experience, to try what we could do in our new positions.

As soon as I could, I made arrangements to move. I packed up my goods and placed them in a car, and on the 9th day of December, 1864, with my family I left for Springfield, Ohio, where our publishing interests were then located. Winter had set in, and the weather was very cold. It was an unpleasant time to move. At that time our present national banking system had not been established, and the money in circulation was the issues of State Banks, many of which were of doubtful standing. The Exchange Bank of Pittsburg was considered at home one of our safest institutions, and I turned all my money into the notes of that bank; but when I got to Springfield I could not pay the freight on my goods with it, and had to stand a shave of three per cent to get money that would pass there. Our present National currency is the best our country ever had, and a return to the old State banking system would be an evil greatly to be deplored.

On our arrival in Springfield we were met by Brother Rose, who took us to his house and kindly entertained us for a few days till our goods arrived, and we could get them moved into a little house that had been procured for us. At that time the Revs. George Brown, A. H. Bassett, Reuben Rose, A. H. Trumbo, D. B. Dorsey, Jr., and Reuben M. Dalby, all ministers in our Church, resided there. We had met all these brethren before; so that we felt at home among them. It was not long till Brother Thrap arrived, and as soon as he and I could get settled, arrangements were made for us to take charge of the paper and the publishing interests. On December 28, 1864, the first paper issued under my editorial supervision appeared. I had sense enough, inexperienced as I was, not to enter upon my new and untried work with a great flourish of

trumpets and an announcement of the great improvements I proposed to make in the paper. I knew what I desired; but I did not know what I could do, and all that I could safely say was, that I would do the best I could. There was a great deal of good sense in the declaration of the king of Israel, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." It would be well for men patiently to wait till they have successfully accomplished their task before they boast of their ability; and, even then, it would be wise to remember the admonition, "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

I had not been long installed in my new office when a member of the Board brought me an article for the paper, which I regarded as very personal and offensive. After carefully reading it, I informed him that it could not be inserted. He insisted that it should. I told him that I had accepted the position as editor on the express condition that all matter of an offensive personal character should be kept out of the paper, and I proposed to live up to my engagement. Still, he was not satisfied. I finally told him that, sooner than insert it, I would resign my position; and so we parted. But he was a sensible man, and I suppose when he came to consider the matter calmly, and the part he took in securing my services on the very condition named, he concluded that I was right, and he never named the matter to me again. Although we had differed so positively in our convictions, it did not produce any unpleasant feelings between us; but we continued to be the very best of friends. Men are not always disposed to apply the same rule to themselves that they apply to others. But I sometimes thought it was not the insertion of the article he wanted so much as an opportunity to try me to see what I would do.

I wish to say here that my intercourse with the Board of Publication at Springfield, which was then composed of Revs. George Brown, Reuben Rose, and Jonathan M. Flood, and Messrs. T. J. Finch and James G. Evans, was of the most pleasant and agreeable character during my entire term of service. I found them kind and courteous, gentlemanly and brotherly, always ready to sympathize with me and aid me in every way they could. Brother Brown was one of the founders of the Church, and was a grand old man. He was full of the milk of human kindness, wise in counsel, familiar with all the interests of the Church, and an old and tried friend of mine. Brother Rose was a man of excellent sense, clear, discriminating judgment, disposed to be cautious, but when convinced that he was right, firm and persevering. He was one of the old and honored members of the Ohio Conference, an able preacher, a judicious executive, a man of undoubted piety, and very successful in his ministry. He died at his home near West Jefferson, Ohio, a few years ago, at a good old age, honored and esteemed by all who knew him. Brother Flood was a man of strong mind, positive convictions, full of fire, impulsive, yet withal a man of excellent judgment and sweet spirit. There was no sham or pretense about him. He was true to his heart's core. Nothing could intimidate him, and nothing could swerve him from what he believed to be right. He had to be known to be appreciated. He was a member of the Ohio Conference, honored by his brethren, and successful in his labors, and many years ago was gathered in peace to his fathers. T. J. Finch and James G. Evans were partners in business, and were amiable Christian gentlemen, active in the work of the Church, and devoted to the service of Christ. The latter was a son of the Rev. William B. Evans, one of the early Reformers, and author of "Questions and Answers"

on Episcopacy, a little work which was much used in the controversy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church. Brother Evans has been dead for many years. Brother Finch still lives, and is yet engaged in business. I believe he is the only member of the Board of Publication, as constituted when I became editor of the Church paper, who is now living.

It was not long after our installment in office until Brother Thrap and I concluded that the *Western Methodist Protestant* was too small to admit of such an amount and variety of matter as was necessary to meet the demands of the Church. The type used was also too large, and was well-worn, so that a new outfit appeared to be necessary. The matter was brought to the attention of the Board, which fully indorsed our views, and ordered the enlargement to be made, and new type and all necessary material to be purchased. As soon as it could be conveniently done, the purpose was carried out, and the paper was enlarged by the addition of more than a column to each page in width, and its equivalent in length, and a smaller type was used. This admitted of the insertion of about one-third more matter. The paper was in folio form, and in its new, clean dress presented a very neat appearance. The first number of the paper in its enlarged form and new dress came out on February 15, 1865. We were very much pleased with the change, although it increased in many respects the labors of the editor. More matter had to be prepared for the paper, and more proof had to be read; for during my connection with the paper, the proof was generally read twice by the editor, except during the last year or two of my final term. Inexperienced and ambitious, I worked with all my might, and did the best I could. It was gratifying to know, however, that the change was ap-

preciated by our patrons, and that the paper was reasonably successful.

Dr. Thrap says "that in proportion to the capital on hand and invested in stock, leaving out all invested in real estate, we made more money for the Concern in proportion than was ever made in the same length of time before, or has been made in the same length of time since; and the work of those two years, 1865 and 1866, was the beginning of all the permanent success the Concern has had. I have carefully run over the figures, and have them in tabulated form." I know that no two men ever worked more faithfully than Dr. Thrap and myself, and I think we had no reason to be ashamed of our work, or of the success that attended it. We fully sympathized with each other, and worked in perfect harmony.

It may not be improper here to say that every enlargement and improvement made in the paper was made while I was editor of it. With the beginning of the volume for 1867 it was again enlarged, and changed to an eight-page paper, and its name changed from *Western Methodist Protestant* to *Methodist Recorder*. Again with the beginning of the volume for 1881 it was enlarged and changed into a sixteen-page paper, its present size and form. All these changes were made under my editorial supervision. It is gratifying to know that, however imperfect my work, the paper did not run down in my hands.

During the time I remained in Springfield our Church there had four pastors, S. Bartlett, M. V. B. Euans, J. W. Ellis, and John McFarland. The three first were men of but ordinary ability and little devotion to the Church, for they all afterwards left it, the first in a very discreditable manner, and the other two to join other Churches. Brother McFarland was a man of fine education, and in some directions of considerable ability, but quite eccentric, which

greatly stood in his way, and finally forced him out of our Church. But he was a good and true man, and, like many another good man, had to yield to the inevitable.

For one year I served the Church as a supply, and by this additional labor supplemented my meager salary with a small additional sum. I had promised one hundred dollars to the new church-building in Birmingham, the Church I had recently served, and this extra labor enabled me to pay it without drawing on my regular salary. I would not, however, recommend any man who has as much regular work to do as I had, to take upon him the additional labor of preaching twice every Sabbath.

The war was drawing to a close. The paper was loyal to the Government, and supported it with all the influence it could exert; but sought to do so in a manly and dignified manner. At the first session of the Pittsburg Conference after my election as editor, I met an old friend of mine, Henry T. Shepherd, of Connellsville, whom I had known for many years. I asked him to subscribe for the paper; but he declined, saying that about the first thing he would see in it would be "Copperhead," a reproachful term applied to those who were opposed to the policy of the Government in dealing with the South, and that that would make him mad. I told him to subscribe for it, and the first time he saw "Copperhead" in it, to let me know, and I would return his money. He subscribed; but I was never called upon to refund his subscription.

In the fall of 1865 the Pittsburg Conference met in Elizabeth, Pa., and was opened with an able sermon by the president, Dr. Reeves, which the Conference requested to be published. The movement to form a union with the Wesleyan Methodists was indorsed, and representatives to the Union Convention, to be held in Cincinnati, on the second Wednesday of May, 1866, were elected. At that

Conference T. H. Colhouer was received from the New Jersey Conference, in which he had preached for ten years. He is still in the Conference, and has been a faithful and successful laborer. He has served the Conference nine years as secretary, and three years as president. He was elected in 1887 a missionary to Japan, where he filled out his term of five years, and was successful as a preacher, teacher, and builder. He has represented his Conference in several General Conferences and General Conventions. He is the author of two volumes, "Non-Episcopal Methodism," and "Founders of the Methodist Protestant Church." Although Dr. Colhouer has been nearly forty years in the ministry, he is still an active and vigorous man, and successfully engaged in the work of the Master. He is deservedly held in esteem by his brethren. He has a son, T. W. Colhouer, a graduate of Adrian College, in the Conference, who is a faithful and successful worker.

On the morning of April 15, 1865, the wires flashed the sad intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln all over the country. On the very heels of victory came the unexpected and startling report of the death of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation at the hands of an assassin. The excitement in Springfield was intense, and the whole community was filled with gloom and sadness. The next issue of the paper was put in mourning, and fitting words uttered on the sorrowful occasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

Non-Episcopal Methodist Union—Call for a Convention—Numerously Signed—Meeting of Convention in Cleveland—President—Attendance—Proposed Basis of Union—Action Harmonious—Cyrus Prindle in *Wesleyan*—*Recorder's* Remarks—Convention in Cincinnati—Spirit of Fraternity—Constitution—Committee to Prepare a Discipline—Luther Lee—L. C. Matlack—*American Wesleyan*—Methodist Protestant General Conference—Conventional Powers—Changes in Discipline—General Conference in Cleveland.

WHEN I went to Springfield the subject of a union of the non-Episcopal Methodist bodies of this country was being discussed in our paper. Several private interviews on the subject had also taken place between leading brethren of the Methodist Protestant Church and of the American Wesleyan Church, and the feeling upon their part, as well as on the part of several representatives of Independent Methodist Churches, was favorable to the movement. The discussion of the question was continued in the paper, and the general opinion, so far as expressed, was in favor of the proposed union. At length, on the 29th day of March, 1865, a call for a Convention of non-Episcopal Methodists, to meet in the First Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 21st day of June, 1865, appeared in the *Western Methodist Protestant*, signed by forty-seven Wesleyan Methodists, ministers and laymen, fourteen Independent Methodists, one Free Methodist, and eighty-seven Methodist Protestants. I was one of the signers of that call, because I always deprecated unnecessary division among the people of God, and especially when occasioned

by matters of comparatively little importance. If Christian men can agree on the essentials of religion, there should be large liberty given them to differ on non-essential points, especially when they only relate to matters of government and prudential arrangements in the Church. But it is often the case that men cling with the greatest tenacity to things which are of the least importance.

The call for the Convention was written by Dr. George Brown, and clearly set forth its object. Among other things it said: "It is not asked or expected that those who attend the Convention will do so in the name or by the authority of any denomination of Christians; but simply as non-Episcopal Methodists, to confer together in a free, unofficial manner on the subject of union between these bodies, in the name of the Savior of sinners, and, if it shall be found practicable, fix upon some plan by which all these branches of the Methodist family, who in doctrine and the principles of Church government agree with each other, may unite in one body." Nothing could be more commendable than the object here proposed, and there was certainly nothing objectionable in the manner in which it was proposed to promote it.

According to the preceding call, the Convention met in the First Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Cleveland, on Wednesday morning, June 21, 1865, there being present fifty-six Methodist Protestants, sixty-three Wesleyans, four Independent Methodists, and two Free Methodists—one hundred and twenty-five in all. On the permanent organization of the Convention, the brethren honored me by electing me president, an honor I neither desired nor sought. The body was a very respectable one, its proceedings were harmonious, and its action, it is thought, was judicious.

The report of the Committee on Basis of Union "was discussed with great enthusiasm, and unanimously adopted by a rising vote." It was as follows:

"It is not the object of this Convention to consummate at this time a union of the Churches represented by its members—being unauthorized and without instructions to that work.

"Neither is it the object of this Convention to elaborate the details of a basis of union, nor to detail the mode of consummating a union, for the reasons above indicated.

"With great caution, and by the use of guarded, though hopeful, language, the call for this Convention ventures only to suggest the possibility of so presenting the claims of Christian union that it may ultimately be fully consummated by the legitimate authority.

"These considerations, taken in connection with the discussions of the Convention thus far, have influenced your committee in what they have finally concluded to present for your immediate consideration, and for action subsequent to your final adjournment.

"In anticipation of the propositions to be reported, and in justification of their character, your committee declare their unanimous conviction that the Churches represented in this Convention are nearly one in their Methodist views of Bible doctrine, and so much alike in their principles of ecclesiastical economy that they can not justify themselves before the world for remaining separate.

"And it is confidently believed, that without attempting now to solve every question of difference, all obstacles in the way of a satisfactory adjustment of questions of doctrine, of discipline, and of morals will gradually and surely disappear during the investigation, preliminary to and consequent upon the action of the official bodies hereafter to be assembled.

"We therefore recommend for the adoption of the Convention—to be hereafter forwarded to all the Methodist bodies here represented for their information—the following resolutions as our full and final report:

"1. That the union of the Methodist bodies hereby represented, is respectfully recommended to the early consideration of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church,

of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, of the Free Methodist Church, the Independent Methodist Conference here represented, and any others of like character who may desire to unite with these.

"2. That we recommend the calling of a Convention to be held in Union Chapel, Cincinnati, on the second Wednesday of May, 1866, and constituted on the following basis of representation; viz., for every five hundred members and fraction of one-half of five hundred, each Conference shall be entitled to one ministerial and one lay delegate; provided that no one body shall be denied the privilege of one delegate of each class, and that Independent Methodist Churches, not connected with any Annual Conference as above contemplated, shall be entitled to representation through ministerial and lay delegates. Said Convention to be fully authorized to fix upon a basis of union, and the mode of consummation, subject to such confirmatory action by bodies represented as may be agreed upon by said Convention.

"3. That we recommend that the plan of union shall fully and entirely secure the liberty of the local Churches on New Testament principles; that an efficient itinerant ministry shall be maintained, and that Annual and General Conferences shall be maintained, with power to make all needful regulations consistent with the principles and institutions of the New Testament, as may be necessary to carry into effect the great principles of Scriptural Christianity."

This report was signed by George Brown, Luther Lee, Lucius C. Matlack, S. H. Burton, J. S. Thrap, S. M. Short, Cyrus Prindle, T. J. Finch, Richard Green, J. M. Swift, John Cowl, A. A. Phelps, H. Mattison, and John J. Eppley, and, as observed before, was adopted unanimously.

It will be perceived, by a careful reading of this report, that no final action is recommended independently of the regularly-constituted authority of bodies informally represented. The movement was not revolutionary, but was one that sought to accomplish its object within the lines of established law and order. In all that I did throughout

the whole movement I kept this object constantly in view, and sought to prevent our Church from doing anything contrary to its own law.

The Convention appeared to produce a good impression, and some were enthusiastic over it. Dr. Cyrus Prindle, one of the prime movers in the matter, expressed himself in the *American Wesleyan*, of June 28, 1865, in reference to it, as follows:

“The Convention was one of the grandest occasions we ever witnessed. Our soul is full of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father and Redeemer, for such a manifestation of kindly influences as was shed upon the Convention, from the commencement to the end. We have witnessed several occasions of rich and hallowed unanimity on public occasions during life; but never saw the equal of this, and can hardly expect to see the like again. It will constitute an epoch in our history and life. Its hallowedness will grow in the distant future, and swell the soul with gratitude to God of all whose names shall appear upon the roll of that body. Many a transatlantic voyage has been performed, for mingling in the living scenes of our stirring world, as much inferior in melting pathos and sweeping power over the heart to this one as the swell of the ocean is beyond the mere ripple.”

Our reference to the Convention, although pleased with its action, was not so gushing as that of Brother Prindle. In the issue of our paper of July 5, 1865, among other things, we said:

“Upon the whole, the Convention was one of more than ordinary interest, and the impressions made upon the minds of those who participated in its doings, as well as on others who witnessed its proceedings, were of the most pleasant and salutary character.

"The Convention was preliminary, and, strictly speaking, unofficial; yet it accomplished all that was intended by the friends of the movement, and more than many of them hoped at this time to effect; and the prospect of a complete and ultimate union of the Churches represented is now far more encouraging, we think, than it ever was before. The Convention has submitted to the Churches for their consideration a basis of union, embracing those general principles of faith and ecclesiastical economy on which it is thought a union may be effected. It did not attempt to elaborate anything in detail; but if the Churches shall agree on the principles of union proposed, there will be but little difficulty in perfecting the details at the proper time hereafter."

So far as I could learn, the action of the Convention was approved by the various bodies which were informally represented therein. As an evidence of this fact, delegates were elected, in harmony with the recommendation of that Convention, by twenty-three Annual Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church, by nine Annual Conferences of the Wesleyan Connection, and by four Independent Methodist Churches, to the Convention which met in Union Chapel, Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 9, 1866. All these Conferences and Churches were represented in that body, except the Oregon Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. Rev. Daniel Bagley, who had been elected, failed to attend.

The Convention was organized by the election of the Rev. S. A. Baker, Wesleyan, of the New York Conference, president, and Revs. John Scott and P. T. Laishley, Methodist Protestants, and Revs. Luther Lee and Cyrus Prindle, Wesleyans, and C. Moore, Esq., Independent Methodist, vice-presidents, and Rev. John McEldowney, Wesleyan,

and Rev. G. B. McElroy, Methodist Protestant, secretaries. The sessions of the Convention throughout were pleasant and harmonious.

The spirit of fraternity and union appeared to be abroad at that time. On the first day of the session of the Convention, the following communication from the Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cincinnati was received:

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 9, 1866.

"At the Preachers' Meeting, Methodist Episcopal Church, Monday morning, May 7th, the following resolution, offered by Dr. Wiley [afterwards bishop], was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we extend a cordial greeting to the representatives of the various branches of non-Episcopal Methodism about to assemble in this city, and earnestly hope their Convention may tend to harmony and unity among the families of Methodism, and trust it may prove to be an initiatory movement toward the unity of all branches of the Methodism of our country.

S. D. CLAYTON, *President*.

"S. A. BREWSTER, *Secretary*."

To the above communication the following response was made:

"*Resolved*, That we reciprocate the cordial greeting extended to us by the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting, through their president, Rev. S. D. Clayton, and we request him to assure these brethren that in our hearts we repeat the Savior's prayer on behalf of all which shall believe on him, 'that they all may be one,' and that we recognize the interchange of these words of Christian salutation, by them initiated, as directly tending to this desired end."

It is to be regretted that the spirit of union manifested in the foregoing resolutions was not more fully cultivated, and the general union of the various branches of Methodism, which appears to have been so ardently desired, has not been effected. Whatever may be said on the subject, I think it is certain that these divisions are not the

result of correct views of truth, nor of the love of the brethren.

The Convention attracted considerable attention, and many ministers and others, not members of the Convention nor of the bodies therein represented, came from distant points to attend its sessions.

Many matters were brought to the attention of the Convention; but its principal business was the formulation of a basis of union acceptable to the bodies therein represented. A committee, which had been appointed for the purpose, reported the following persons a Committee on Basis of Union; viz., George Brown, D. D., Luther Lee, D. D., C. Moore, Esq., Cyrus Prindle, D. D., Revs. J. S. Thrap, D. B. Dorsey, Jr., H. B. Knight, S. B. Smith, R. Rose, G. W. Bainum, J. Burns, S. M. Short, G. G. Westfall, Messrs. E. R. Hall, A. M. Searles, A. Backus, J. W. Rush, E. Starbuck, H. Cassell, and M. Thompson.

This committee went to work at once, and as soon as possible reported for adoption a Constitution for the united Church. This Constitution was considered item by item, and, after being discussed and amended, was adopted. It provided that the name of the united body should be, The Methodist Church. It also provided for a General Conference, to be held on the third Wednesday in May, 1867, in Cleveland, Ohio, and on the third Wednesday in May every fourth year thereafter.

A committee of seven, consisting of Luther Lee, John Scott, George Brown, John McEldowney, J. S. Thrap, G. W. Bainum, and C. Moore, were appointed to prepare a Discipline, embracing all necessary prudential rules in harmony with the Constitution, both of which were to be submitted to the various Annual Conferences for their approval, and also to the Independent Methodist Churches. The Constitution adopted, and the Discipline provided for,

were to have no binding force until adopted by the various Churches, according to their own existing law. The action of the Convention on this point was as follows:

“*Resolved*, That the several Conferences and Churches be governed by the Disciplines which they have hitherto used, until the Discipline provided for shall be adopted.”

In an editorial in the *Western Methodist Protestant* of May 30, 1866, I said:

“Upon the whole, the Convention accomplished fully as much as it was expected to accomplish. It agreed upon a basis of union, to be submitted to the various bodies therein represented, to be acted upon according to their own usages, in a constitutional way; and if these bodies, thus acting, agree to change their Constitutions and Disciplines so as to make them harmonize with that proposed by the Convention, the union will then take place. But if the different bodies represented in the Convention refuse so to modify their respective economies, the object of the Convention will be defeated, and the union will not be effected.”

The Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., in a communication in our paper of June 6, 1866, said in reference to the Convention:

“I feel constrained to give my testimony, that the Convention was one of the best I ever attended; the Christian spirit that was manifested, and the harmony that prevailed, gave to me undeniable evidence that God favored the object of the Convention, and I feel like working with heart and will to finish up the union so nobly and unanimously resolved by that Convention.”

About the second week in July, 1866, the committee appointed to prepare a Discipline, to be submitted to the various bodies represented in the Union Convention in

Cincinnati, met in Springfield, Ohio, Luther Lee, G. W. Bainum, and S. B. Smith, Wesleyans, and George Brown, John Scott, and J. S. Thrap, Methodist Protestants, being present. I do not know why Brother Smith was present, unless as a substitute for John McEldowney, as he was not on the original committee. I had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Lee for a week at my house, and I regarded it as a privilege to do so, as I esteemed him very highly, and he there prepared the draft of the Discipline which the committee adopted, and which was published in the *Western Methodist Protestant* a few weeks afterwards.

All seemed pleased and hopeful in regard to the union. The *American Wesleyan*, however, had already indulged in criticisms of the Cincinnati Convention, and manifested, though cautiously, a spirit of opposition to the union, and Dr. Matlack, who wrote the paper on the basis of union adopted by the Cleveland Convention, had intimated his purpose of returning to the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he afterwards did. There were numerous indications from time to time of a faltering and backing down on the part of the Wesleyans; but the Methodist Protestants were true and determined, whatever others might do, to act in good faith.

On the 14th day of November, 1866, the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church met in Allegheny City, Pa., and organized permanently by the election of John Scott, president, and Joseph J. White and E. A. Wheat, secretaries. After the transaction of preliminary business, it was found that the body was clothed with full conventional powers.

The Constitution and Discipline adopted by the Cincinnati Convention in May preceding, had been referred to a committee of five, of which Dr. Brown was chairman.

In presenting his report to the Conference, Dr. Brown said:

“We find, on thorough examination, that twenty of the twenty-four Annual Conferences entitled to representation in this body, have indorsed the union of the non-Episcopal Methodist Churches. From one we have no report. Three others have yet to act upon the question at their ensuing sessions, and these will, no doubt, favor the union. We likewise find that seventeen of the twenty-four Conferences have clothed their representatives to this body with full conventional power and authority to so change the Constitution of the Methodist Protestant Church as to enable our denomination, in an orderly way, through this Conference, to place itself under the ecclesiastical economy agreed upon at the Cincinnati Convention.”

The Conference then went into convention with the same officers, and proceeded to business. The Constitution and Discipline provided by the action of the Union Convention in Cincinnati, which had been presented by Dr. Brown, was taken up and considered item by item, and adopted as a whole. By this action the name of the Church was changed from the Methodist Protestant Church to the Methodist Church. But this change was made by a body clothed with conventional powers, and having authority according to our own law to do so, and was perfectly legal. In the exercise of the powers with which we were clothed, we so changed our own Constitution and Discipline as to make them harmonize with the Constitution and Discipline provided by the Union Convention, and so our part toward the union of the various bodies therein represented was accomplished, and still we were perfectly intact as a denomination, our organization being complete.

It soon became evident that the union, if anything, would be far from what had been hoped. Many of the

Wesleyan leaders proved unfaithful, not only to the other Churches which were parties to the union, but to their own Church, and the great body of the Wesleyans backed out of the union altogether. I had been in correspondence with Dr. Lee until within a week of the meeting of our General Conference, and he still professed great devotion to the union movement, and expressed his purpose to be at our Conference, if he could make the necessary financial arrangements to do so. He did not come, however, and before our Conference was over, I heard that he had returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I was never more shocked in my life. I could not understand it. I have no hard things to say about Dr. Lee. I had esteemed him very highly; but he disappointed me sorely. I had one or two of his books; but I could not consult them with satisfaction, and I gave them away. I never met him afterwards, or had any communication with him. Dr. Cyrus Prindle, Dr. L. C. Matlack, Dr. H. Mattison, Rev. S. B. Smith, and others, leaders in the union movement, and who had uttered the severest things against the Methodist Episcopal Church, all went back to that Church. Most of them are dead, and I trust are in heaven; but certainly they acted in a very singular manner, and showed at least great weakness.

The General Conference in Cleveland in 1867, was simply the meeting of our own General Conference, under our new name and revised Constitution and Discipline, with a few unimportant additions, which, with the exception of a few brethren, never did us much good.

I have taken considerable space to give an account of this movement, of which many persons are not well informed, because I was intimately identified with it, and favored it, and it is due to myself and others that the facts in regard to it should be known.

CHAPTER XVII.

Approval of Editorial Course—Publishing Agent—Enlargement of Paper—Trip West—Chicago Then and Now—Clerical “Small Talk”—Council Bluffs—Senatorial Party—Kainsville—Mormons—Pittsburg Conference—Home Missions—Ohio Conference—Bishop Morris—Favorite Hymn—Hard Work.

THE General Conference in Allegheny in 1866, expressed approval of the editorial conduct of the Church paper for the two preceding years. The Committee on Publishing Interests said in their report:

“Your committee would not be unmindful of the faithful services of the late editor, Dr. J. Scott, as we believe the general favor with which the Church paper is regarded by our people is mainly attributable to the prudent, cautious, and dignified manner in which he has so successfully conducted the editorial department of the same, and your committee would respectfully recommend his continuance in said relation.”

This, of course, was gratifying to me. No sensible man will be indifferent to the good opinion of others, and especially of those whom he endeavors faithfully to serve. Nor is it wise to withhold such approval when it is justly deserved. Men may profess indifference to the opinions of others; but as a general thing their indifference is more pretended than real.

The faithfulness and energy of Brother J. S. Thrap as Publishing Agent during his term of service were also commended, and he was thereafter employed as Agent of Adrian College. A. H. Bassett was elected Publishing Agent, a position he had long occupied before.

The General Conference ordered the paper to be enlarged, and changed to an eight-page form. It also changed its name from the *Western Methodist Protestant* to the *Methodist Recorder*, the name it still bears. The enlargement of the paper necessitated an increase in the price, which was advanced from two dollars to two and a half a year. Shortly after the adjournment of the Conference the Board of Publication met in Springfield, and took the necessary action to carry out the wishes of the Conference in regard to the enlargement of the paper. But some three weeks elapsed before the necessary material could be procured, and the proposed changes made. The first number of the paper in its new form, beginning the twenty-eighth volume, though numbered Volume I, Number 1, appeared under date of December 26, 1866. It was a great improvement, giving more room for matter, and making the paper much more convenient to handle and read. Although the price had been advanced, the subscription-list increased seven hundred in less than six months, and the Agent was enabled in that time to meet current expenses, and pay off more than one thousand dollars of previous indebtedness. This was indeed gratifying, and prompted the editor as well as the Agent to still greater efforts to make the paper still more acceptable to its readers.

The duties of editorial life are very uniform, and afford but little of incident worthy of being placed on record; and being very exacting, when a man desires to do his duty faithfully, there is not much opportunity for outside adventure. While editor, I stuck close to my office, and gave strict attention to every detail of the paper. Some relaxation, however, was absolutely necessary. A man can not tie himself down to such exacting labor all the time, if he would retain his mental vigor and his ability to do good work.

Believing this to be the case, after between two and three years of very close attention to editorial duties, I concluded to take a little rest. Accordingly, on the 28th day of May, 1867, with my wife and two children, I took the cars *en route* for Council Bluffs, Iowa, where I had a brother-in-law, John T. Baldwin, Esq., and my wife had a sister and other relatives. There was nothing specially notable in our trip. We reached Chicago the next morning after leaving home, and remained there till three o'clock in the afternoon. Even at that late period many of the leading streets of Chicago were unpaved, and rough board sidewalks kept the pedestrians on the streets out of the mud. Our description of it then contrasts strangely with its condition now. In writing to the *Recorder*, we said of it:

“On every hand we behold evidence of vast enterprise, and also of discomfort. Chicago is a place where a man with large capital, business capacity, and energy of character may acquire great wealth; but we think it is not the place to enjoy it. It affords, no doubt, many advantages as a business locality; but few attractions as a place of residence. Indeed, we could not but wonder how people in many portions of the city could live at all, surrounded as they were with stagnant pools of water, sufficient, we should think, to produce a pestilence among them. We did not wonder to learn from their daily papers that the subject of sewerage was one of absorbing interest to the citizens. We think it is with them either sewerage or death. It is true, the season has been unusually wet, and it may be that the city presents an unusually dreary appearance. This city was named by our late General Conference among the sites proposed for the future location of our Book Concern. If our Commissioners to whom that important interest is intrusted desire *literally to swamp*

the 'Concern,' we know of no better locality than this. It is true, they might be able to keep it *afloat* for a while; but we do not know how long it would be."

The Chicago of to-day, on which the eyes of the world are placed in connection with the Columbian Exposition, is far different from the Chicago of that day. We can hardly believe it possible for such changes to take place in a single generation. But the world moves rapidly in these latter days, and great things are accomplished in a short time.

The Wise Man tells us that "to everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to keep silent, and a time to speak." Nothing is more important than the proper observance of the proprieties of time and place. A disregard of such proprieties often causes worthy persons to appear in an unenviable light, and creates an unfavorable opinion of them. We witnessed an illustration of this on the cars after we left Chicago.

The anniversaries of the missionary and other religious societies of the Baptist Church were held that year in Chicago, and had just closed their series of meetings the evening before we reached there. As we took the first train West many of the ministers in attendance upon the anniversary services were on our train. They were in fine spirits, and evidently enjoyed themselves very much. Their "small talk" was perhaps entirely innocent in itself; but we could not help thinking that the proprieties of time and place were sadly forgotten, and that if they could have heard themselves as others heard them, their conversation, if not more innocent, would have been at least a little more reserved and dignified. It is well for ministers, without being stiff and formal, to everywhere maintain such a bearing as becomes their office and character. Especially is

this important before a promiscuous company, where their unrestrained manner is liable to be misunderstood.

We spent nearly two days and nights in going from Chicago to Council Bluffs. The Chicago & Northwestern Road, which was the first road to reach the Missouri across the State of Iowa, had been finished the winter before; the road-bed had not yet become settled, and wrecks and detentions were numerous. No accident occurred to our train; but we were frequently detained by freight wrecks, which blocked the road in advance of us.

Council Bluffs and Omaha were at that time comparatively small places. I witnessed the driving of the great metal tubes, which were sunk to the depth of ninety feet, and filled with concrete, to form the foundation of the first bridge across the Missouri at that point. It is wonderful how our Western country has grown within the brief period of a quarter of a century.

During our stay in Council Bluffs a senatorial party, comprising some of the political magnates of the country, passed through on their way to the "Plains," to make some investigations in regard to "Indian affairs." They were banqueted in Omaha, and it was commonly reported that some of the honorable senators were very drunk. A very reputable gentleman told me that he saw one senator, a man who had a high political record, and who had performed noble service in defense of his country, sitting on a sawlog near the river, so overcome by liquor that he was indifferent to all around him, except an Irish "captain," who partook of the same "spirit," and whom he recognized as a friend. It is to be hoped that improvement has been made since that day; but there are still grounds to fear that many of our public men are addicted to intemperate habits, and that this is one reason why it is so difficult to

secure legislation favorable to temperance. The friends of temperance should see to it that such men are left at home.

The first permanent settlement on the present site of Council Bluffs was made by the Mormons after they left Nauvoo, in 1846. The place was then called "Kainsville." It became a place of considerable importance as an out-fitting point for California emigrants. The Mormons remained here till 1852, when they disposed of their property for whatever they could get for it, and started across the Plains for their future home in Utah. Shortly after their departure the name "Kainsville" was dropped, and the place, by special Act of the Legislature, was incorporated as "the City of Council Bluffs." It lies back from the Missouri River nearly three miles, on slightly rising ground, the bottom land between it and the river being subject sometimes to overflow. Some of its finest residences are built in the glens and recesses among the bluffs, and are not seen from the lower part of the city. A person viewing it from the railroad can form but a very imperfect idea of its size and character. Of late, however, the city is extending towards the river, especially towards the Union Depot, the initial point of the Union Pacific Railroad, where all the through roads from the East center. It has numerous churches and excellent schools, is a place of wealth and culture, and is no doubt destined to become a large city.

Our visit was a delightful one, and did us all good, and I returned to my work in good spirits and with renewed vigor.

In the following September, 1867, I attended the session of the Pittsburg Conference, which met in Uniontown, Pa., among my old friends. Dr. William Reeves was elected

president, and required to travel through the district and visit the various charges during the year. Various visiting brethren were in attendance from other Conferences. The session was a very delightful one, and numerous evidences of prosperity were apparent. The Home Mission interests of the Conference were found to be in a healthy and prosperous condition. The aggregate amount assessed upon the different charges for home mission purposes at the preceding session of the Conference was about two thousand dollars. This amount was so nearly raised that the claims of the missionaries were almost met, and the Conference made provision for the payment of the small balance due them, refusing to repudiate any part of their claim.

Two weeks later the Ohio Conference met in Springfield, Ohio, where I resided. Just thirty years before, the Conference had met in that place; but of the members then present who were now members of the Conference, Brother A. H. Bassett, Publisher and Book Agent, only was present. But within the territory embraced in the Conference then there were now some twenty Conferences, and a large and increasing membership. Dr. J. M. Flood was elected president, and directed to visit the various pastoral charges during the year. A number of visiting brethren were in attendance, among whom was Bishop Morris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who resided in Springfield, and who kindly assisted in sustaining the Conference. He was then an old man, no longer able to perform active service, and had his permanent home in that city. He was a good man, humble, unassuming, genial, and pleasant. He and Dr. George Brown were warm friends, and were often together. The old bishop often visited his neighbors and the sick who were near him, always singing and praying

with them. His favorite hymn, which he generally sung, was:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun."

My intercourse with the brethren of the Ohio Conference was always pleasant. I was fortunate enough to be able to number among my personal friends A. H. Bassett, Reuben Rose, Jonathan M. Flood, W. B. Evans, C. S. Evans, D. P. Stephens, T. B. Graham, and many others of the older men. I was always glad to be permitted to meet with them in their Conference.

During the fall and winter I stuck close to my office, and devoted myself entirely to the paper. If I did not do good work, it was not because of any lack of attention to it. Whatever else I may have done, I have never eaten the bread of idleness. Laziness and Christianity do not go well together. Paul's doctrine is worthy of acceptance, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." Work is the legitimate way of making a living. If one man goes idle, some one else has to work to keep him. I never thought the world owed me a living till I had earned it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

New Jersey Conference—Fair Haven—T. T. Heiss—"Outside the Gate"—E. D. Stultz—T. B. Appleget—Many Others—Benjamin Doughty—"Flat as a Flounder"—Art of Fishing—New York—Five Points House of Industry—Howard Mission—Home for Little Wanderers—Inside View—John Allen—Other Places—Sad Feeling—Publishing-houses—Attorney Street—New York Conference—Tarrytown—"Sleepy Hollow"—Washington Irving—Capture of Major André—Monument—Action of Conference about Wesleyans—Responsive Action—J. H. Robinson and Others—Grand Street Church.

THE New Jersey and New York Annual Conferences held their sessions early in March, and it became my duty to attend them. On the 2d day of March, 1868, I left Springfield to attend those Conferences. The morning was stormy and disagreeable, and when I arrived in Pittsburg, in consequence of some detention, our train failed to connect with the train East. I spent the night with Brother James Robison, who kindly met me at the station, and conducted me to his house. He informed me that Brother J. B. Walker, corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, was in the city, and intended accompanying me to the approaching Conferences. The next morning it was very cold, some three or four degrees colder, it was said, than any day before during the winter. I remained in the city till seven o'clock in the evening, when Brother Walker and I took the fast train for New York, where we arrived about two o'clock the next afternoon. Fast trains then were not so fast as they are now. About four o'clock we took a steamer and ran down the bay about eighteen miles, and landed at Monmouth, New Jersey, where we

took the cars for Red Bank, only six miles distant, and from there two miles in a sleigh brought us to Fair Haven, where the New Jersey Conference was in session. This place was then a small village of about four hundred inhabitants, situated on the North Shrewsbury River, about two miles from its mouth. The river was covered with heavy ice, the snow was deep, and the sleighing excellent.

The Conference had organized by the election of Brother T. T. Heiss, president, and Brother T. B. Appleget, secretary. The business of the Conference was conducted in an orderly and harmonious manner. The brethren appeared to have the happy talent of speaking the truth in love. Sometimes the plainest things were said; but in such a manner as to give no offense. We formed the acquaintance of all the brethren, most of whom we there met for the first time. Some of them still remain; but many of them have passed over to the other shore. Brother T. T. Heiss was one of the sweet singers in Israel, and his songs were like an inspiration. At that Conference I heard him sing:

"I stood outside the gate,
A poor, wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest loud and wild," etc.

It was the first time I ever heard it, and it was sung with such pathos and impressiveness that it fairly captivated me. His soul was full of song, and it appeared as if he "could not keep from singing." He is now with the angels, and is singing a sweeter song than he ever sung on earth.

I had the pleasure of meeting there Brother E. D. Stultz, the patriarch of the Conference, and of frequently hearing him say to the brethren, in his soft, kind voice, "Be good." Brother L. E. Stultz, his son, was ordained at that Conference. We also met with Brothers H. Watson

and W. B. Vanleer, both of whom have gone to reap their reward. The two brothers, J. D. and J. P. Wilson, were present; but both afterwards left our Church, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. I do not know that there are in the Conference now any of the brethren who were in it then, except Brothers E. D. Stultz, L. E. Stultz, and T. B. Appleget. At that Conference Brother J. S. Thrap, College Agent, Brother J. J. Smith, of the New York Conference, and J. K. Helmbold, of the Pennsylvania Conference, were present. I always enjoyed my visits to the New Jersey Conference. The brethren seemed to have big and warm hearts.

Brother Walker and I were kindly entertained during the Conference by Brother Benjamin Doughty and his amiable family. Brother Doughty was a fisherman, and he told us more about nets, and fishing, and the different kinds of fish and other aquatic creatures than we ever heard before. In consequence of the heavy ice on the river, fresh fish could not then be obtained; but he had different kinds of salted fish, which were new to us, and which we thought were excellent.

I had often heard the expression, "as flat as a flounder;" but never fully understood it till Brother Doughty showed us some flounders. They resemble in shape two thin plates with their faces placed together, some larger and some smaller, the mouth instead of opening as if between the plates, opens across them. The flounder, for its size, in circumference is a very thin or flat fish, and for anything to be as "flat as a flounder," is to be considerably spread out, but very thin or flat. Notwithstanding their "flatness," they form a very palatable dish.

Brother Doughty informed us that he often found queer creatures, besides good fish, in their nets, some of which were furnished with stings and were very poisonous,

and had to be handled with great care, as their sting was very dangerous. It is so also with the gospel net. It sometimes incloses queer creatures, some of which are not only worthless, but also dangerous, and it sometimes requires great caution and labor to get them out of the net and separated from the good fish. Some preachers report every nondescript that they take, as evidence of their skill and success; but it would be better if they would wait until they get the contents of their net assorted, to see how many good fish they have really taken.

On Monday morning, March 9th, in company with several of the brethren, we left our friends in Fair Haven for New York, where we spent a day or two, which we improved in seeing as much of the city as we could. New York, like every other large city, has two sides, the outside and the inside—the apparent and the real. The apparent is in many respects attractive and imposing; the real has much that is sad and revolting. The extremes of society are here found, and in many instances it may, no doubt, be truthfully said that they meet. Wealth, position, and pride are seen on the one hand, and poverty, wretchedness, and shame on the other; and many times these two extremes meet in the indulgence of gross appetite and passion, which poverty scarcely attempts to conceal; but over which wealth can draw a veil.

While in the city I visited the "Five Points House of Industry," located on Worth Street; and at the time of our visit it contained two hundred destitute children, who were fed, clothed, sheltered, educated, and cared for as parents would care for their own children. In addition to these, two hundred other destitute children came three times a day for their meals, while they sought clothing and lodging elsewhere. We visited the school-rooms, the dining-room, the nursery, the hospital, the gymnasium, and found every-

thing neat and clean, and in a condition to promote the comfort and welfare of the children. We heard some of the classes in the schoolrooms recite, and the children showed that they possessed good minds, and had been diligent in their studies. This institution was entirely sustained by the voluntary contributions of benevolent individuals and the Churches.

We also visited the "Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers," located on the Bowery, then under the superintendence of the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, assisted by Mr. Arnold. The number of inmates in this institution at that time was not large; but the whole number of children taught in its schools, and partially or entirely clothed, and assisted in various other ways, amounted to over six hundred. Destitute children were gathered in from the streets and alleys, and from homes of poverty and shame, and taught in the day-school, the Sunday-school, the Bible class, the prayer-meeting, the Conference meeting, and in various other religious meetings held for their benefit. To the great mass of these persons the "Home" was the only Church they knew anything about, and they never attended any other. We were present at the prayer-meeting in the "Home" in the evening. The attendance was large. The conduct was orderly and becoming, and the singing excellent. A lady played on the piano and led the singing, and O how that nondescript crowd did sing! The assemblage was indeed a promiscuous one, composed of all sorts and classes of poor and comparatively destitute people, from mere children to old men and women, dressed in all sorts of garments betokening poverty and want.

The "Home for Little Wanderers," like the "House of Industry," was supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Sometimes, I was told, their store was entirely ex-

hausted; but God always sent them assistance in time of need. The day before I was there, a bill of several hundred dollars fell due, and there were no funds to meet it; but on the morning of our visit a gentleman called and gave his check for one thousand dollars, which met the claim and left a considerable surplus for other purposes. God always takes care of his own work, and will never forsake them that trust in him.

At the invitation of Mr. Arnold, assistant superintendent of the "Home," in company with Brothers Walker and Conklin, after the prayer-meeting I visited some of the places of sin and wretchedness that abounded in New York.

Our first visit was to the police station, where Mr. Arnold had some conversation, the character of which I did not know, with the police officers. From there we went to one of the lock-ups, where we saw the wrecks of men and women confined in damp cells, some of them lying on the cold stone floors, and others raving as maniacs, alternately uttering curses and prayers. The offenses for which these persons were arrested and awaited trial were various; but as a general thing the cause which led to their incarceration was the same—strong drink. From there we went to the lodging-rooms connected with the lock-up, where scores of wretched, houseless wanderers, who had neither home nor friends, were permitted to sleep under lock and key, on the bare, hard floor, without a pillow on which to rest their heads, or anything to cover them. We were cautioned not to touch anything in the room, for if we did we might carry away with us more than we might wish. There were, I suppose, a score or two, or perhaps more, in the room we visited, and we were told that there was another room which was filled with women. They all received soup in the morning, and were then turned out to provide

for themselves till night. I thought a man must have a heart of stone to be able to look on these poor outcasts without the deepest pity.

Turning away in sadness from this scene of human wretchedness, we were conducted by Mr. Arnold to the saloon and dance-house of John Allen, who was then notorious, and said to be "the wickedest man in New York." Mr. Arnold was well acquainted with him, and addressed him familiarly as "John." He then introduced us to him as ministers. He swore that he was always glad to see the ministers; but he cursed the editors, who, he said, always lied about him. He seemed like a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and disposed to treat us with respect; but it appeared as if he could not speak without an oath. Mr. Arnold inquired about his wife. He said she was very ill, and invited us to go upstairs to see her. Mr. Arnold at first declined; but Mr. Allen rather insisted, and swore that if we did, not a hair on our heads would be injured. Mr. Arnold then asked us if we would go up. We told him that we had nothing to say; that we were under his direction. He then told Mr. Allen that we would go upstairs to see his wife. He then took us through a room in the rear of his saloon, where there were, I suppose, a dozen courtesans, whom he commanded, in the most peremptory manner, to make no noise till he came downstairs. Out of this room we passed into a long, dark hall, and up a flight of stairs, and through a dark room, to the front room on the second floor, where we found Mrs. Allen sitting in a rocking-chair, and apparently in the last stage of consumption. After talking to her a little while, Mr. Arnold promised to send her some jellies in the morning.

Here we found a remarkable little boy, five years of age, the son of Mr. Allen, who manifested an amount of information and intelligence far beyond his years. His father

told us that we might ask him any questions we pleased in regard to Bible history, geography, the officers of the General and State Governments, and he would answer us. A great many questions were asked him, and he answered every one of them correctly. His father then told him to repeat his morning prayer, and he did so. He then told him to repeat his evening prayer, and in doing this the little fellow sort of halted, and O, how his father did curse him! He was then told to sing us a song, which he did. His father then told him to turn a somersault, which he did in a trice. Mr. Arnold told us afterwards that he attended the Howard Mission School; but that they had not taught him those things there, that his father had taught them to him at home.

We then went downstairs, and bade Mr. Allen good-night. His place was old and rickety; but he owned valuable property in the city, and was reputed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. He was one of the queerest men I ever met. He was evidently a man of intelligence, and possessed of gentlemanly instincts; but was so corrupted and debased that he was entirely dominated by his evil habits. About six months after our visit to him he professed to be converted, and his saloon was turned into a place for holding prayer-meetings. What finally became of him I can not say.

We were next shown a large tenement-house, which we were told contained twelve hundred people. The building was large, it is true; but it is easy to imagine the state of things that must have existed in such a crowded place. But to live above ground, however much persons may be crowded, is not so bad as to be compelled to live in deep, dark cellars, where the light of day never enters. We were taken into one of these, with the ceiling below the pavement of the street, and found it crowded with inmates,

breathing an atmosphere full of noxious odors, from which we were glad enough soon to escape. The room was perhaps sixty feet deep, without any partitions, and occupied by eight or ten families, each one having a little space marked off for itself. In many of the cellars in the lower part of the city near the East River, we were told, the water sometimes at high-tide rose so high as to put out the fires in the stoves, putting the inmate to great inconvenience till the tide went out. This, we suppose, did not often occur.

From here Mr. Arnold conducted us to a place presenting many attractions to the eye. Brilliant lights, rich carpets, large mirrors, and elegant curtains met the gaze. A clerk occupied a desk near the entrance, whom Mr. Arnold addressed familiarly as an old acquaintance. As we entered, a number of young women in the rear of the room rose to meet us; but recognizing Mr. Arnold, they speedily retreated. Here we tarried but a few minutes. We had seen enough. We had such a picture presented to us that night of poverty, wretchedness, and sin as we had never seen before, and which we do not wish to see again. Mr. Arnold told us that it was his duty to visit the poor and wretched and abandoned of the city, and gather up the children and others, and bring them into the Home, in view of training and saving them. Every one where we went seemed to know him, and treat him with the utmost respect. Whether he was clothed with any sort of police authority I do not know. The first thing, however, which he did when we started out was to consult the police officers.

After leaving Mr. Arnold we returned to our lodgings, sick at heart, and deeply impressed with the truth that "the way of the transgressor is hard." We had often marked the downward course of sin; but never had we

traced it to such depths before. And what we saw was but a mere glimpse of the surging sea of vice which is swallowing up every year tens of thousands of victims in its dark waters.

While in the city we visited the Bible House, the Tract Society, the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, Harper & Brothers, and Charles Scribner & Company. I tried to see and learn all I could, and everywhere I was treated politely and kindly.

On Monday evening I preached in the Attorney Street Methodist Protestant Church, of which Brother Conklin was then pastor. The congregation was large, the attention good, and, so far as I could judge, the Church was in a good spiritual condition. Boston Corbet, who performed such a prominent part in the capture of Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, was an active and zealous member of that Church, and was present, and we had a warm shake of his hand. This was our only Church in New York City at that time, and there was no good reason why, with proper management, it should not have succeeded. But at a subsequent period the church was sold, and with the proceeds a church was bought in Brooklyn, which, by bad management, was lost to the denomination. The Attorney Street Church eventually passed into the hands of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Daniel Curry, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, told me several years afterwards, that it was one of their most prosperous Churches. A cause may be good; but unless it has wise and good men to direct and sustain it, it will fail of success. One of our great drawbacks in the Methodist Protestant Church has been that we have boasted of our principles, without going to work in a wise, prudent, and energetic manner to promote them and build up the Church. From some cause our Church has been unfortunate in the cities

of New York and Brooklyn, and it is not likely that we shall ever regain in those cities what we have lost.

On Wednesday afternoon we reached Tarrytown, the place of meeting of the New York Conference. This was then a place of from twelve to fourteen thousand inhabitants, on the Hudson River, twenty-eight miles from New York. At that time many of the merchants and others of New York City had their residences there and in the vicinity on the Hudson. Among these were John C. Fremont, Mr. Grinnell, and Mr. Aspinwall, names then familiar to every one. The residence of Washington Irving during the later years of his life was at Irvington, a few miles below Tarrytown, and at his "Sunnyside" home in that place he died. I visited the old "Dutch Church," in "Sleepy Hollow," with its stone walls, I suppose, three feet thick, and the grave of Washington Irving in the adjoining churchyard. There were plain, white head and foot stones at his grave, the former, I suppose, about three and a half feet high, twenty inches wide, and about two inches thick. There was nothing inscribed upon it but his name and the dates of his birth and death. He had built for himself a far more imposing and enduring monument than could be built of marble or granite by the hands of others. He sleeps with his kindred. There were five or six other graves of the Irvings side by side with his, and all marked in the same way. There is perhaps nothing in it; but we naturally desire to be laid to rest with those we love, and not among strangers.

I also visited the spot, marked by a low monument, which was partially blown up by some miscreant a few years ago, where John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart captured Major André, who was returning to New York, after having arranged with the traitor, Benedict Arnold, for the surrender of West Point to the British,

and who had plans of the fortifications and works in his boots. The place and its surroundings to me were very interesting.

Before our arrival at Tarrytown, the Conference had organized by the election of Dr. J. J. Smith, president, and Brothers N. W. Britton and G. W. Dikeman, secretaries.

On the morning of the second day of the session the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"WHEREAS, The Methodist Protestant Church and the Wesleyan Methodist Connection did, by official action, in Convention assembled, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in May, 1866, adopt a Constitution, and provide for the preparation of a Discipline in harmony with said Constitution, for the Methodist Church, to be composed, at least in part, of the two beforenamed bodies; and

"WHEREAS, The Methodist Protestant Church, did, in a regular and constitutional manner, make such changes in its Constitution and Discipline as to conform them to the action taken in the beforementioned Cincinnati Convention; and

"WHEREAS, We, as a Conference, are desirous, in good faith, to carry out the intention of the Church officially expressed in said Convention; therefore,

"Resolved, That J. H. Painter, N. W. Britton, and Alvard Purdy, be, and they are hereby, appointed a committee to proceed to Peekskill, and in the name of this Conference most cordially and earnestly invite our brethren of the New York Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection to adjourn to Tarrytown, and unite with us under the Discipline of the Methodist Church, in fulfillment of the purpose, and [in harmony with the] action of the Cincinnati Convention."

The above committee, according to the design of its appointment, proceeded to Peekskill, and on Thursday afternoon, the 12th inst., presented to the Wesleyan Conference the above paper, and Rev. William Irvine moved that the delegation of the New York Conference of the Methodist Church and the paper presented by it be gratefully received, and that they cordially accept the invitation

to adjourn to Tarrytown, and unite with the Methodist Conference. Dr. S. A. Baker seconded the motion. After a discussion of nearly or quite a whole day, as we were informed by a party who was present, at the close of an elaborate speech by Rev. A. Crooks against the resolution, when two brethren who were in favor of the motion were out, a motion was made to lay the whole matter on the table indefinitely, which was carried by a bare majority. Thus ended a second effort to induce the New York Wesleyan Conference to fulfill its twice-repeated pledges, unanimously adopted in favor of union. When all hope in this matter failed, Revs. S. A. Baker, Joseph Thompson, W. Irvine, and R. S. Hulshart called for their letters, which were granted, and the same afternoon these brethren came down to Tarrytown, presented their letters to the Conference, and were cordially received as members. Dr. Baker and Brothers Hulshart and Thompson are still in our Church, and have been active and successful laborers since their connection with it. The first of these is now an old man; but still active and energetic for one of his years.

Among others of the Wesleyans who were true to their convictions and purpose was John Gregory, who united with the Pittsburg Conference in 1868. He served in the ministry nine years among the Wesleyans before entering our Church. He is a man of fine mind, general information, a strong preacher, and a man of unswerving integrity. He has served five years as secretary of the Pittsburg Conference, and two terms as its president, and has also represented it in the General Conference, and for twelve years was a member of the Board of Publication. At present, because of impaired health, he is on the superannuated list. A good and true man.

The Rev. John H. Robinson, of the Primitive Methodists, and Revs. Mark Staples and William H. Mott, In-

dependent Methodists, were received at that Conference. Brother Staples was a man then well advanced in life; but he continued active and efficient for many years, and died not long ago at an advanced age. Brother Robinson was a comparatively young man, full of life and vigor, and is still actively engaged in the ministry. He is full of Irish wit and humor, and makes sunshine wherever he goes. Dr. J. J. Smith, who was then president of the Conference, is still living; but not in regular active service. He is now a little over seventy-six years of age, and is a bright, cheerful, hale, and hearty man. A few years ago he made the tour of the Holy Land, and is the author of two valuable books, "The Impending Conflict," and "Wonders of the East." He has also attracted attention by his contributions to some of the scientific publications of the day. He is a good preacher, and a very genial and companionable man.

I left the Conference on Saturday afternoon, and returned to New York, and worshiped with Dr. Baker's Church on Sunday morning. In the afternoon I attended love-feast in the Grand Street Methodist Protestant Church, Brooklyn, and preached there at night. On Monday morning I left for home, where I resumed my regular labors.

CHAPTER XIX.

Valentine Lucas—Unbecoming Levity—Conference in New Brighton—Sermon on the Deaconship—Pleasant Session—Muskingum Conference—Dr. Burns—Forming Acquaintances—Numerous Relatives—North Iowa Conference—R. M. Dalby—J. D. Herr—Old Lady—Giggling Girls—State Center—Church Agents—Small Conference—Transfer—Deceased Brethren—G. M. Scott—Death of T. H. Stockton—Notice by A. H. Bassett—New York Conference—T. T. Kendrick—Singular Action—Retribution—Mercy, but not Lawlessness.

A COUPLE of months later I was startled and greatly saddened by intelligence of the sudden and unexpected death of Valentine Lucas, pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church, Allegheny City, Pa., and a member of the Pittsburg Conference, and also an intimate friend of mine. He died on the 19th of May, 1868. He retired to bed on Monday night a little before twelve o'clock, in apparently excellent health. Shortly after three o'clock on Tuesday morning his wife was awakened by hearing a groan, and on looking to ascertain the cause, she found him lying on the carpet beside the bed. She immediately lighted the gas and summoned assistance; but the vital spark had fled, and life was extinct. Thus suddenly was he called away in the midst of his usefulness.

Brother Lucas was a man of fine physique and commanding presence. He possessed a good natural mind, and had made respectable attainments. He was of a cheerful and lively disposition, but never light and trifling. He was noted for his kind and generous spirit and rare social qualities. He was a true friend, an industrious pastor,

and a zealous and faithful preacher. He was closing his fourth year in the pastorate of the First Church, Allegheny. He was just in the prime of life, being a little over forty-five at the time of his decease. He was greatly missed and mourned by his numerous friends.

Before the meeting of the fall Conferences, I felt constrained to utter a word of caution to the brethren in regard to indulging an undue spirit of levity during the sessions of the Conferences. From my observations before and since, I do not think it was out of place. Of course, there were many to whom my remarks did not apply; but there were many others to whom they did. I reminded the brethren that the eyes of the world were upon them, and that what would be considered entirely innocent in others, would be criticised and condemned in them. "Men are responsible for the influence they exert, and it matters not how innocent their enjoyments may be, if they exert an injurious influence on others, they should be abandoned. On this principle the apostle declares, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' Still, we do not suppose that it would require any very great sacrifice for brethren to avoid even the appearance of evil in their intercourse with each other, and to maintain that cheerful sobriety and cordial but decorous bearing, which is entirely unexceptionable, and all that is really essential to true enjoyment. The apostle cautions Christians generally against 'jesting and foolish talking,' and this admonition is peculiarly applicable to ministers, whose words should be seasoned with grace. Yet, in their annual assemblies, they appear to be peculiarly tempted, at least occasionally, to indulge in light and trifling conversation, and it must be admitted that the effects produced by such indulgence are often of an injurious character. It lowers ministers in

the estimation of many, and lessens their influence for good, while others regard it as a license to them to indulge, not only in similar but far greater levity. In this way the Church is injured, and the cause of Christ is made to suffer."

The Pittsburg Conference, which I always attended, met that fall (1868) in New Brighton, Pa., and was opened with an able sermon by the president, Dr. William Reeves, on the "Deaconship," a subject which was then being a good deal discussed in our Church. The sermon showed a great deal of research, and much originality of thought. The session of the Conference was a very pleasant one throughout.

I next attended the Muskingum Conference, which met, September 30th, in Cambridge, Ohio. I was very kindly entertained by Dr. John Burns and his amiable companion. Dr. Burns was one of the old and deservedly honored members of the Muskingum Conference. He was a man of fine presence, of gentlemanly bearing, affable and courteous, always dignified, but never cold and stiff in his manner. He was a safe counselor and a true friend. He was a fine preacher, an excellent singer, a faithful pastor, and one of the best of presiding officers. He was frequently president of his own Conference, and several times president of the General Conference. He was deservedly esteemed throughout the whole Church. He died on the 12th day of September, 1883, at the age of seventy-five.

Although the names of most of the members were familiar to me, the greater number of them were personally strangers. I recognized only five or six who were members of the Conference at the time of its organization in 1842. I soon, however, formed the acquaintance of the brethren, and my intercourse with them was very pleasant.

I also had the pleasure of meeting during that Con-

ference with several of my relatives, some of whom I had not seen for years. Among these was the Rev. Thomas H. Scott, a member of the Conference, John W. Scott and wife, Elzy Scott and family, Ross Scott and family, Wilson Scott and wife, and John Scott, a namesake. I very much desired to see George, Cyrus, and McKendry Scott; but my limited stay would not permit. With some of these we spent the days of our boyhood, and the pleasure of meeting them and recalling the scenes of long ago was very great. Several of my relatives bearing the euphonious name "Scott" had removed from that neighborhood, and some had died since my last visit. Still, there were a few left. We thought of the man fighting off the mosquitoes, who was told by a native that there were not many of them there, but that a little farther on they were pretty plenty. That was not exactly the headquarters of the Scotts, still they had a name among the people. God bless them all! I do not think it speaks well of any one to be indifferent to the ties of kindred and the tender associations of his childhood and youth.

In the beginning of October I visited the North Iowa Conference, which met in State Center, Iowa, a little over three hundred miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Brother R. M. Dalby accompanied me from Springfield, and at Forest we met with Rev. J. D. Herr, of the Pittsburg Conference, who had been appointed by that body a fraternal messenger to the North Iowa Conference. Finding the other cars very much crowded, and expecting to be out two nights, we secured berths in the sleeper, where we found comfortable quarters, and anticipated a good night's rest. But in this we were somewhat disappointed. We found the Scriptural declaration true, that "one sinner destroyeth much good." One individual is enough to interrupt the repose of a whole car-full of

people. We had one old lady in the car who was not satisfied with her quarters, and she was determined to make her grievance known. She scolded just as some women can scold. She declared the car was full of dust, and that she was "eating dirt." No persuasion could induce her to change her mind. At length she determined in disgust to leave the car, expressing, as she did so, her regret for having entered it, in which we presume all the passengers heartily concurred. So, out she went in her wrath, scolding as she went. We then hoped for quiet and rest; but just as we were going to sleep, two giggling girls came in, and their titter and talk woke us up, and banished sleep from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids. At length they quieted down, and we thought then that surely we would have quietness; but in this we were disappointed, for soon a drunken man came in, and although assured that there was not an empty berth in the car, a berth he would have, and before the conductor could get him out, every one in the car was wide awake. These repeated annoyances carried us far into "the small" hours of the night, and left us more to do in the way of sleeping than we could accomplish in the short time left us for that purpose. Some persons have no respect for themselves, and no regard for the rights and comfort of other people. A person of good sense, if he is uncomfortable himself, will avoid, so far as he can, making others uncomfortable.

We left Chicago at three o'clock P. M., and arrived at State Center about seven o'clock next morning, somewhat weary after two nights on the cars. The Conference organized by the election of J. Selby, president, and William Purvis and E. J. Cook, secretaries. Reuben Rose, corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, J. B. Walker, corresponding secretary of the Board of Ministerial Education, J. S. Thrap, agent of Adrian Col-

lege, C. Gray, representative of Marshall College, J. D. Herr, fraternal messenger from the Pittsburg Conference, and myself, representing the publishing interests, were present. All these brethren were very cordially received by the Conference.

The Conference was not a large body, but composed of good men. Afterwards it became united with the Iowa Conference, and at present there is but one Conference in the State. It is much better to have one strong Conference within a given territory, than two or three small and weak ones. Since the country has been covered with a network of railroads, it is easier to move a long distance than it was a short distance before.

R. M. Dalby was received by transfer from the Ohio Conference, and was stationed in State Center. Of those who were then members of the Conference, J. Selby, F. A. Kirkpatrick, J. Dalby, J. A. Bolton, R. M. Dalby, and perhaps others, have passed away. They were good and true men, and faithfully finished their course. I have lost sight of many of the members, whose names are, no doubt, in the Book of Life. My dear old friend and relative, G. M. Scott, although a member of the Conference, was not present at that session. He is still engaged in the active work of the ministry, though a little older than myself.

During my absence at the North Iowa Conference, the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, that peerless orator, preacher, and saintly man of God, passed away, full of faith and hope. For many years he had been a member of the Pittsburg Conference. The relation was nominal, and intended by himself and by the Conference to keep up his official connection with the Methodist Protestant Church. Brother Stockton was born in Mount Holly, New Jersey, June 4, 1808, and died in Philadelphia, Pa., October 9, 1868, a

comparatively young man, though in appearance extremely old and venerable. His career was a varied, brilliant, and honorable one. He filled the best charges in his own Church, and was always welcome to the pulpits of other Churches. He was three times elected chaplain of the United States House of Representatives. He was unanimously elected president of the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; but declined the position. He published nearly half a score of books, and left very valuable manuscripts which, unfortunately, have never been published. It is greatly to be regretted that no suitable biography of him has ever been published. In my absence from home, Brother Bassett kindly furnished an excellent sketch of Brother Stockton for the editorial columns of the *Recorder*. I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with him, and had the privilege of entertaining him at my house. In his private intercourse he was simple and artless as a child, and his conversation, which was free and unrestrained, was as beautiful as his public utterances. To know and hear such a man, was a privilege not to be lightly esteemed.

In the March following (1869) I visited the New York Conference, which met in the Grand Street Methodist Protestant Church, Brooklyn. I had heard, a few days before leaving home, that the Rev. T. T. Kendrick, formerly a member of the Ohio Conference, but who had lost his membership therein, had fallen dead on the street in Xenia, Ohio. With this sad fact, as I believed it to be, in my mind, I left for the New York Conference. When I got to the church where the Conference was held, and went upstairs, the first man I met was Mr. Kendrick. As a matter, of course, I was greatly surprised, for I supposed he was in his grave. But he was not. It was another man who had died suddenly in Xenia, and not Mr. Kendrick. He expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and told me

that he had made application for admission into that Conference, and that his case had been, or would be, referred to a special committee, and he wished me to go before the committee and state what I knew about him. This very much surprised me, as I knew a good deal about him. I told him if he would go with me before the committee, and hear what I had to say, I would not object. To this he at once acceded. In due time the committee met, and I was requested to go before them, and Mr. Kendrick went with me. The committee asked me what I knew about Mr. Kendrick. I told them that I knew he had been a member of the Ohio Conference; that charges had been preferred against him; that he had been tried before a committee and found guilty; that the committee indefinitely suspended him from the ministry, and then dissolved; that he did not take an appeal from the decision of the committee; that I was in the Ohio Conference at its first session after his trial; and that when his name was called the Conference decided that, as his suspension was indefinite and he had taken no appeal, there was no authority in the Church by which the suspension could be lifted, and that it was equivalent to expulsion; and that his name was stricken from the roll. Mr. Kendrick gave his assent to my statement as correct.

Drs. J. J. Smith and R. Hanks, if I am not mistaken, with some one else whose name I can not now recall, composed the committee. The report of the committee was, of course, adverse to the reception of Mr. Kendrick. Before the report was acted upon, Mr. Kendrick asked permission to make a few remarks, which was granted him. He confessed he had done wrong, said he was very sorry for it; but he was determined not to do so again, and he wanted to devote the remainder of his days to the service of the Lord. He became tender and pathetic, and got hold of

the feelings of the brethren, and from appearance I thought he would be received, notwithstanding the adverse report of the committee. I felt that it was my duty to speak, and I asked the privilege to do so, which was granted. The house was full, and I stated before the Conference and the audience what I had stated before the committee. I was determined to clear my skirts in the matter. After considering the case for a short time, the Conference refused to receive him.

But the Church with which the Conference met had called for his services for the coming year, and he and they were anxious to carry out their purpose. The result of the matter was, that he joined the Church that night on profession of faith; a Quarterly Conference was called, and he was licensed to preach, and recommended as a suitable person to be received into the itinerancy; his application was presented to the Conference, and he was received. After his reception, he was appointed to some out-of-the-way mission by the Conference. It was then stated that there was no ordained minister on the mission, and that it was necessary that he should be ordained. In view of this necessity his credentials were revived and their validity recognized; and Mr. Kendrick was in the Conference a full-fledged minister. The Conference, by the just law of retribution, suffered the full penalty due to its well-meant but wrong and foolish act.

It is right that a Church should be merciful; but it should never override its own laws and usages, especially when facts point in the opposite direction. Mr. Kendrick was a fine-looking man, suave and attractive in his manners, genial and companionable, and just the man to impress himself upon others. One of the great errors committed by some of our Conferences is the admission, through the force of personal influence and bearing, of

improper persons into the Conference. However defective a man may be in talents and attainments, his character should be above suspicion. It matters not how pressing the need for ministers may be, no man should be received into the ministry and the Conference unless his moral and Christian character is above reproach.

I do not know whether Mr. Kendrick is living or not. If he is, I hope he is doing well. He had abilities which, if properly directed, were capable of doing good. I have introduced his name here to show the evil results of Churches and Conferences permitting their sympathies to overcome their judgment, and cause them to connive at the violation of wholesome law and discipline.

CHAPTER XX.

Conference in Fairmont—Church Embraced Leading Citizens—J. E. Snowden—Subject of Union—First Suggestion of It—Discussed in Church Papers—Fraternal Delegates to Maryland Conference—Cordially Received—Article of J. T. Murray—Review of W. C. Lipscomb—Editorial Comment—Fraternal Messengers from Maryland Conference—Addresses—Very Kind, but Cautious—Sabbath Services—Tender Time—J. J. Murray's Sermon—"Old, Old Story"—Fraternal Messengers to Maryland Conference—W. H. Wills in *Methodist Protestant*—North Illinois Conference—Discuss Finance—Smoking-car—Nuisance—Burying the Hatchet—North Iowa Conference—Small Attendance—High Waters—Laborers Few—"Old John Brown."

THE Pittsburg Conference met that fall (1869) in Fairmont, W. Va., a very good place for a Conference to meet. Our Church there was strong, and composed of a noble class of people. The Peirpoints, the Barneses, the Flemings, the Halls, and others of our members like them, were among the leading citizens of the town and vicinity, and a Church composed of such people could not but be influential. Rev. James E. Snowden was pastor of the Church. He was an old friend of mine. I married him, and always liked him; but for some reason he left our Church, and went to the Congregationalists. That session of our Conference was one of very great interest.

For some time before this the subject of a reunion of the two severed branches of the Methodist Protestant Church had been agitated. Numerous articles had been published in our Church papers on the subject. I was in favor of such a reunion, and I believe that I uttered the first word publicly, suggesting such a union. True, it

was but a word, and merely suggested the thought; but even that was something. In a brief editorial in our paper of January 3, 1866, in referring to our exchanges, I said: "And, first, we name the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore. This is natural enough, because of cherished *memories* and cherished *hopes*." The words here italicized were italicized in the paper. This clearly shows that the thought—the hope—of reunion was then in my mind. I have no recollection of seeing anywhere any reference to the subject prior to this. Afterward it was agitated in the Church papers, and many persons were anxious to discuss it, and some did so. I was not favorable to this. I did not think that the union of the two bodies was to be brought about in that way. I thought that such discussion would be more likely to develop a spirit of antagonism than a spirit of union. I thought that by fraternal intercourse and friendly visitations we would be more likely to soften the asperities of the past, and become imbued with the spirit of fraternity and love, and I advocated such a course in the paper and elsewhere.

At the session of the Pittsburg Conference of 1868 a fraternal delegation, consisting of Revs. William Reeves, William Collier, J. D. Herr, and Samuel Young, was appointed to carry the fraternal greetings of the Conference to the Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, to meet in Georgetown, D. C., in the following March. These brethren, in compliance with the wish of their Conference, attended the session of the Maryland Conference, and were very kindly and cordially received. That body, by a rising vote, adopted unanimously a resolution expressive of their sincere gratification in hearing their addresses, and assuring them, "and the beloved brethren they represented," of their "most earnest Chris-

tian sympathies, affection, respect, and confidence." This was certainly very brotherly and encouraging.

About three months after the Maryland Conference, there appeared an article in the *Methodist Protestant* (June 19th) from the pen of Dr. J. T. Murray, in which, among other things, he said:

"The presence, at the last session of the Maryland Conference, Methodist Protestant Church, of fraternal messengers from the Pittsburg Conference, Methodist (*née* Protestant) Church, was officially acknowledged by us, as affording us 'sincere gratification;' and we gave them and those they represented, assurance of 'our most earnest Christian *sympathy, affection, respect, and confidence.*' Individually, many of us expressed to these messengers, in plain terms, what we would fain believe our official language implies: an earnest desire that we who were once one corporate body, may be thus reunited. And what is to hinder the reunion? The unity of the spirit is the chief thing. First that, and then corporate union. Just as timbers, duly prepared, while lying separate are an unjointed frame-work, needing only to be brought into their fitting relations to make a symmetrical building; so the unity of the spirit between these two bodies has prepared them to be brought into the strength and beauty of corporate unity. I think the timbers will fit; let us at least try them."

In the *Protestant* of July 10th, Rev. William C. Lipscomb had an article in review of that of Dr. Murray. In a brief notice of Brother Lipscomb's article in our paper of July 21st, I said:

"We agree with Brother Lipscomb in deprecating a discussion, at the present time, on the subject of 'Union.' We think such a discussion now, instead of doing good, would be productive of evil. That such a union will take

place we think entirely probable; but the time for it has not yet come. We are fully convinced that it can never be effected by a review and discussion of past issues; but by the development and cultivation of different views and feelings in the future. As we remarked before, it is impossible to combine antagonistic elements; but let an affinity between them be produced, and a union may easily be effected. This, we think, can more satisfactorily be done, in the present case, by fraternal intercourse, than by discussion in our Church periodicals. . . . The leaven of union is at work. Let it have time, and, with the blessing of God, may we not hope it will leaven the whole lump? This unifying power must operate from within, and not from without. Hence we heartily unite with Brother Lipscomb in desiring, for the present, fraternal intercourse, where the spirit of it exists, and not discussion."

The Conference at Fairmont, 1869, was a Conference of fraternity and the best of feeling. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasant intercourse of the brethren during the session.

Rev. C. Springer, Rev. J. L. Scott, and Rev. G. W. Hissey, of the Muskingum Conference, much to the gratification of our brethren, were in attendance, the first two as fraternal messengers, and the latter as a visitor. Communications from fraternal messengers of other Conferences, of our own Church, who could not be present, were received, and appropriate action taken in reference to them. Dr. Mahan, president of Adrian College, and Rev. J. B. Walker, corresponding secretary of the Board of Ministerial Education, were also present.

On Thursday, Rev. J. K. Nichols, D. D., Rev. John J. Murray, D. D., Rev. J. T. Murray, Rev. Daniel Bowers, B. H. Richardson, Esq., and John T. Dodd, Esq., fraternal

messengers from the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, arrived, and Friday morning was fixed as the time for the formal exchange of fraternal greetings. At the time appointed, the brethren named addressed the Conference, according to their own arrangement, in the order of their seniority, Dr. Nichols making the opening address. It was distinctly stated that they came presenting no proposition for union, but simply to extend the Christian and fraternal greetings of the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church to the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Church. The addresses of the brethren manifested a spirit of kindness and brotherly affection, which evidently excited similar feelings in the members of the Conference. Notwithstanding this, sentiments were expressed by some of the brethren, which, we have no hesitancy in saying, were not approved by the Conference; yet they were so kindly uttered, and evidently without any intention to give offense, that they did not mar the good feeling which prevailed. The Maryland delegation was an able and dignified one, and no doubt truly represented the views and feelings of their Conference, whose interests could not suffer by being committed to their hands. Several brethren, by appointment of the Conference, responded to their fraternal greetings in the same spirit of brotherly affection, some of them taking the liberty, in their turn, to express views which their visiting brethren, perhaps, could not indorse. Dr. Brown, particularly, after expressing in the strongest terms the great pleasure which the presence and greetings of the Maryland brethren afforded him, remarked, nevertheless, that were that the proper time and place, he held himself prepared to fully justify our Church in all she did in assuming her present position. The subject, however, was only alluded to, and then dismissed. As the Doctor proceeded, he

reached out his hand and grasped that of Dr. Murray, remarking that were he near enough he would embrace him in his arms; and, then, with a significant gesture peculiarly his own, he added, "But, mind you, I give up no principle." Remarks were made by other brethren, all of them kind, some of them plain and candid, and some of them quite gushing. The effect produced in the Conference and in the large audience present was of a very happy character. All felt that progress had been made, and that something had been gained, and hope was excited in reference to the future. That real differences in sentiment existed on some points, no person of discernment could help but see; but that great changes had already taken place was equally evident, and the hope grew stronger that, by continued fraternal intercourse, such a modification of sentiment and feeling would take place as would enable the two branches of what was the Methodist Protestant Church to come together and unite in one body, without the sacrifice of principle, or dishonor to any one.

The Sabbath services were very impressive and profitable. Most of the visiting ministerial brethren preached, and they did not preach a strange gospel. It was "the old, old story," and hearts were melted by it, and flowed together like drops of water. Dr. J. J. Murray preached on Sabbath morning in our own Church on the great multitude before the throne, and fairly captivated the hearts of the people. It was, indeed, a union sermon. Although nearly a quarter of a century has since elapsed, I recall the events of that Conference with pleasure.

The Conference resolved to keep up the fraternal visitations which had been inaugurated, and appointed Revs. William Collier, John Cowl, G. G. Westfall, and John Scott, and John Redman, Esq., and William Rinehart, Esq., fraternal messengers to the Maryland Conference,

Methodist Protestant Church, to meet in Westminster, Md., in the following March.

The same feeling manifested in the Pittsburg Conference did not at that time universally prevail in all the Conferences. Rev. Dr. W. H. Wills, president of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, in an account of a presidential tour through his Conference, published in the *Methodist Protestant*, November 6, 1869, in referring to the visit of the fraternal messengers of the Maryland Conference to the Pittsburg Conference, said: "The speeches recently made in the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Church, by the Maryland messengers, as also the responses of the Pittsburg members, were very pretty, and no doubt produced a favorable effect *there*." After indulging in some not very complimentary reflections on some of the North Carolina brethren of the Methodist Church, he proceeded: "Dr. Brown is reported in the *Protestant* to have said that he could not give up principle. Nor can we. Desirable as 'union' may be, I can not believe that the Maryland District will ever consent to ignore the present Constitution of the Methodist Protestant Church. The South, I am sure, will not; *especially will not North Carolina*. But these fraternal interchanges are pleasant, and may lead to more conclusive results."

At this session Brother Henry Siviter was received into the Conference, and entered upon an honorable and useful career as a minister of Jesus Christ. He was a man of quiet and modest disposition, of gentle and loving spirit, unselfish and without guile,—a man of good mind, and a very respectable preacher.

After spending one day at home on my return from the Pittsburg Conference, I started, Wednesday morning,

September 11th, for the North Illinois Conference, to meet in Princeton, Illinois. I reached Chicago early next morning, and finding I would be detained there for several hours, I went to a hotel and got breakfast, and spent the remainder of my time in studying human nature as presented in a great many different phases. One person whose attention I attracted, seated himself beside me, and seemed very anxious to discuss finance. I never claimed to have a profound knowledge of the subject; but having nothing else to do, and being in a talking mood, I proceeded to discuss banks, bonds, currency, and balances in trade in a very knowing manner, feeling sure all the time that I was talking to a "blackleg" or pickpocket; but I determined that if he stole my purse,—which would not have been very much of a prize,—he would show himself a better financier than I supposed him to be. Without exhausting the subject I chose to dismiss it, and also my new-made acquaintance, and turn my attention to other matters.

At ten o'clock I took the cars for Princeton. I was directed to take a particular car, and soon found myself surrounded with a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. I sought the door, and after inhaling a little fresh air, returned to my seat, determined to convince my traveling companion for the time being, of the impropriety of the smoking habit; but as if to add insult to injury, he would not discuss the subject with me, but meekly admitted that I was right and he was wrong, and went on smoking, with the provoking remark that the wind was favorable. About that time the conductor came along, and I concluded to ask him for a seat in another car; but, poor man, he seemed to be deaf in the ear next to me, for he did not appear to hear a word I said. But it was very wise in him to be deaf just then, for there were far more people in the other cars

than there were seats to hold them. From an experience of three or four hours, I came to the conclusion that "smoking cars," like "smoky chimneys," are a nuisance.

I arrived in Princeton about two o'clock, and in due time reached the Conference room, where I received a hearty greeting from the brethren, the majority of whom were strangers to me. I was especially pleased to meet two or three brethren with whom I had had the misfortune of differing in opinion in reference to the publication of some matters; but after looking each other in the face, and taking each other by the hand, and talking pleasantly for awhile, we seemed to understand each other. At all events, our greetings were very cordial, and we parted talking about a "hatchet" that had been buried without any hope of a resurrection. That was our first visit to the North Illinois Conference, and it was a very pleasant one. It was a good Conference, with a noble class of ministers and laymen who would have been an honor to any cause. Late on Monday evening the Conference closed its session, and next morning the brethren departed for their different fields of labor for another year.

From the North Illinois Conference I went direct to the North Iowa Conference, which held its session in West Liberty, about forty miles west of Davenport, Iowa, on the line of the Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. The attendance of the members at that session, on account of high waters and bad roads, was comparatively small. The great need of the Conference at that time, which is one of the great needs of the Church everywhere to-day, was a greater number of competent, devoted, and self-sacrificing ministers. The harvest was great; but the laborers were few. And it is so still in most of our Conferences.

During my stay in West Liberty, at his invitation, I called upon a gentleman who was an intimate and special

friend of "old John Brown," of Harper's Ferry notoriety. He told me a great many anecdotes of the old hero, or fanatic, as men choose to call him. The winter before his attack on Harper's Ferry, he drilled his men about twelve miles north of West Liberty, and it was from this station that he embarked to carry out his Utopian scheme. The gentleman boarded ten of his men for some time before their departure; but, although on the most intimate terms with Mr. Brown, and enjoying, as he thought, his entire confidence, yet he never gave him the slightest hint of his purpose, and when he left he knew nothing of his destination. He certainly possessed one qualification of a military leader—he knew how to keep his own counsels.

CHAPTER XXI.

Alexander Clark and Samuel Young—Young's Letter—Offense—Article in *Methodist Protestant*—Fraternal Messengers—Unpleasant Mood—Call at Book Room—Made Matter Worse—Dr. Collier—Committee on Fraternal Relations—Grievance—Plain Talk—Dr. Murray—W. C. Lipscomb's Remarks—Retraction—Spell Broken—Explanations—A Misunderstanding—Pleasant Ending—Introduced to Conference—Addresses—Messengers of Methodist Episcopal Church, South—Funny and Flattering Addresses—John Paris—"Brethren"—Sunday Services—Something Gained—Resignation as Editor—Resignation Accepted.

THE Rev. Alexander Clark and the Rev. Samuel Young were ardent advocates of a union of the two branches of the Methodist Protestant Church. They were outspoken on the subject, and very zealous for its promotion. Indeed, they did not appear to see any difficulties in the way. Still, the union was a thing that could not be hurried. The sentiment and feeling in favor of it had to be cultivated, and given time to grow and strengthen.

In the *Methodist Recorder* of May 9, 1870, Brother Young had a letter of Church news, in which he said: "Two hundred and seventy-five members, composed partly of Methodist Protestants and partly of young converts, headed by Rev. H. A. Francis, are knocking for admission into the Methodist Church in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. This is quite cheering to me, as I have been laboring for years to this end, but was almost ready to despair of the success of the Methodist Church amidst the associations of my native home."

This letter gave offense to some of our brethren of the Methodist Protestant Church, and produced the impression

on their minds that Brother Young was not true, that he was acting a double part, and that while he professed to be anxious for a union of the two Churches, he was, nevertheless, trying to make proselytes to the Methodist Church from the Methodist Protestant Church, and build up the former at the expense of the latter.

In the issue of the *Methodist Protestant* for March 3, 1870, an editorial appeared reflecting very severely on Brother Young, and calling in question his sincerity, and winding up by inquiring if all the brethren of the Methodist Church in the West were like him. This was just the week before the meeting of the Maryland Conference. There was, perhaps, some apparent grounds for persons unacquainted with the facts in the case, to challenge Brother Young's position; but the reflection on all his brethren in the West by wholesale was entirely gratuitous, without any just cause, and very unkind.

I was one of the fraternal messengers from our Conference to the Maryland Conference, to meet the next week, and I had arranged with Brother John Cowl, another of our fraternal messengers, to meet him at Benwood, below Wheeling, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, at a certain time. Before I received the *Methodist Protestant* containing the editorial above referred to, I had procured my ticket to Baltimore. When I read the editorial I was greatly surprised, and righteously indignant. I felt that I could not carry fraternal greetings to those who accused me and my brethren, as I understood it, of deception and double-dealing. But as I had my ticket, and had not time to cancel my engagement with Brother Cowl, and did not wish to disappoint him, I concluded to go and see what explanation could be made, and what would come of the whole thing. So I took the train at the appointed time, and met Brother Cowl according to agreement. He had

read the editorial, and was as much exercised over it as I was; but we agreed to go to Westminster, where the Conference met, and see the end of it. In Baltimore we met Brother T. H. Colhouer and Brother William Rinehart, also fraternal messengers, and we were all in the same mood.

Having a little time to spare, we called at the Methodist Protestant Book Room, and found that all the preachers had gone to Conference. Brother Thomas Ewing, the Book Agent, was there, and on mentioning the matter of the editorial to him, he informed us that it had been in type for two or three weeks, and that they hesitated to publish it; but at last concluded to let it appear. This only made the matter worse. It was not published hastily and on a sudden impulse; but was a matter of deliberation and forethought, and was a designed and premeditated insult. You have heard of March hares, and how mad they get. Well, we were not wickedly mad; but we felt like resenting an imputation which we knew to be unfounded and unjust. With this feeling we went to the Conference as fraternal messengers. When we got to Westminster we met Dr. Collier, an old Marylander, and he was as much insulted as any of us. We were, however, assigned to very pleasant lodgings, and went to the church where the Conference was being held.

At a suitable time Dr. J. J. Murray, chairman of the Committee on Fraternal Relations, called his committee together, and requested us to meet with them, in view of fixing a time agreeable to all parties for addressing the Conference. The committee and our delegation met, and Dr. Murray wished to know when it would be agreeable to us to be presented to the Conference and make our addresses. We informed him that there was a little matter that had to be arranged before we would consent to be in-

roduced to the Conference and address the body. We told the committee that we had been openly insulted but a week before in their official paper, and our sincerity and honor called in question, and unless that accusation was withdrawn, we would not consent to be introduced to the Conference at all, and would not appear before it. Each of our delegation spoke, and, I suppose, with some earnestness, and there were several responses.

At length, Dr. Murray, chairman of the committee, a man I afterwards learned to love, felt constrained to inform us that he did not feel disposed, under the influence of threats, to make any explanations in the case. It did not appear much like a love-feast, although nothing indecorous had been said. Then Brother William C. Lipscomb rose, and made some severe remarks about the Western brethren, when suddenly, as if conscience-stricken, he paused, and in a peculiar manner said, "I will not say that; I take that all back." There was something in his look and manner that amused us all, and we indulged in a laugh at his expense. This was like a ray of sunshine, and seemed to inspire us all with a different spirit, and started a new line of thought.

Dr. Collier was at that time president of the Pittsburg Conference, and was familiar with the facts in the case of Brother Young. He told the committee that there was no ground for the charge against him. When the West Virginia Conference disbanded during the Rebellion, it was agreed that each charge should choose its own associations, and affiliate with the Southern or Northern division of the Church as it might think best. The Pocahontas Circuit had not connected itself with either branch of the Church; but stood alone as an independent body, without any ecclesiastical affiliations, and Brother Young did not try to get anybody to leave the Methodist Protestant Church, but

only tried to get this independent circuit that stood out in the cold, to come into the sheltering fold of the Methodist Church, which he certainly had a right in all good faith to do. This was a revelation to our Maryland brethren, who supposed that the Pocahontas Circuit was connected with one of their Conferences, and that Brother Young had been trying to get it to secede and unite with the Methodist Church. Admitting the facts stated by Brother Collier, the charge made in the *Protestant* was, of course, groundless, and based on a misapprehension of facts. The committee being convinced of these facts, like Brother Lipscomb, were willing to take back what had been said in the *Protestant*; and Dr. Murray promised, which promise he kept, that in introducing us to the Conference he would explain the misapprehension of facts, and relieve us of the imputation which had been cast upon us.

The next day was fixed upon as the time for our addresses to the Conference. Dr. Murray introduced us in a few neat remarks, in which he relieved us of the imputation and embarrassment under which we had labored. Dr. William Collier, the senior member of our delegation, and who had been president of the Maryland Conference, led off in one of his most happy addresses, and was followed by Dr. John Cowl, and after that by the other members of the delegation. The Conference was evidently favorably impressed, and the spirit of union was strengthened.

While Dr. Cowl was speaking, a fraternal delegation from the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consisting of Dr. Rozel, Dr. Poisel, and a local minister, whose name I can not recall, arrived, and requested to be heard just after us, as they wished to return to Baltimore that evening. Their request was granted, and at the close of our addresses, Dr. Rozel proceeded to address the Conference. He evidently perceived that we

had made an impression on the Conference, and he desired to dissipate it. His address was a very humorous one. He compared Methodism to a kite. At first it had no tail; but it flew very well. After a few years the brethren concluded that it needed a tail, and they put the Episcopal tail to it, and still it flew very well. After a while a party in the Church thought the tail was too long, and they wanted to cut part of it off. Still it flew nicely. But after a time another party thought one tail was not enough, and they put another tail to it, and still it was flying grandly. In this way he directed attention to the introduction of Episcopacy into the economy of Methodism, the attempt of the Reformers to curtail its powers, and the final division of the Church into two Episcopal bodies, North and South. His whole address was humorous and witty, and produced a good deal of mirth in the Conference. At the close of his address, the local minister, rather an aged man, addressed the Conference, and lauded the old men of the Conference to the sky. They were grand men. He had never known their superiors. He evidently designed to make the old men feel comfortable, and be on good terms with themselves. Dr. Poisel, an old bachelor, as we were informed, proceeded in his address to eulogize the young men of the Conference. They were noble young men, destined to make their mark in the world, and much of that sort of thing. The Baltimore delegation evidently desired the Conference to think well of itself; still we did not think they made a very favorable impression. Their addresses contained too much fun and compliment for sensible men to thoroughly relish.

On the next day the Rev. Dr. John Paris, of North Carolina, addressed the Conference. Dr. Paris told the Conference that they had heard on the day before the fraternal greetings of brethren from other Churches; but he

came from one of their own Conferences, which had always been in sympathy with them. They were brethren, and had always seen eye to eye. In order to demonstrate this, he told them that when he came into Frederick, with Stonewall Jackson, as chaplain, during the late war, he was rather dilapidated in appearance; but he was still a Methodist Protestant, and had his Methodist Protestant hymn-book and Discipline in his haversack. He inquired if there were any Methodist Protestants in Frederick, and was directed to the residence of Rev. Dr. Daniel Reece (who was, by the way, a loyal man). The Doctor treated him kindly, and invited him to take tea with him, and they had a pleasant interview. The purport of it all was, "I was a rebel; but you and I were still brethren, and in full sympathy with each other." His address was hardly a happy one. The people about Westminster, we were told, were generally loyal during the war, and some of them had suffered considerably from the depredations of the Confederates, and we fancied that Dr. Paris's address did not suit them very well. He was a good man, and loved and trusted by his brethren; but we were still too near the scenes of conflict and blood through which we had passed, for men to entirely forget their sectional differences. Upon the whole, we thought the people appeared to be more in sympathy with their Northern than their Southern brethren.

The Sunday services were pleasant and profitable. Dr. Cowl preached in the Methodist Protestant Church in the morning one of his grand and touching sermons, and evidently got hold of the hearts of the people. In the afternoon there was an excellent love-feast. At night I preached on the great design of the gospel, "to gather together in one all things in Christ." Whatever might be said of the sermon, it was a good subject, and adapted to the occasion.

Our delegation returned home from the Conference in much better spirits than when they went. We felt that we had lost nothing, but had made some permanent gain. We and our Maryland brethren evidently understood each other a little better than we had before. It was clear that we were not yet ready for union; but the way was being prepared, and we were getting nearer each other.

On the 27th day of April, 1870, for reasons which I deemed sufficient, I tendered my resignation as editor of the *Methodist Recorder* to the Board of Publication, to take effect on the 15th day of September following. My resignation did not result from any unpleasantness of any kind connected with my position, for my relations with the Board and the publisher were of the most agreeable character. Nor was my work uncongenial. My reasons were purely personal, and I never had occasion to regret my act. I think it was entirely proper, and, indeed, it seems to me the hand of Providence was in it. When I resigned it was in view of returning to the pastorate; but I had no place in view, and did not know whether my services would be called for anywhere or not. It was not long, however, till I received an invitation to serve the Sixth Street Church, Cincinnati. This invitation I accepted, subject, of course, to the authority of the stationing power of the Conference. In the meantime I labored faithfully to perform my duty on the paper, and did not relax my efforts in that direction.

On the 25th of May the Board of Publication, at its annual meeting, accepted my resignation as editor, and unanimously elected Rev. Alexander Clark to be my successor. This proved to be a happy selection. Brother Clark had rare gifts for such a position. He was a very genial and companionable man, and wielded a facile pen. As a descriptive writer he had few equals.

CHAPTER XXII.

General Conference Methodist Protestant Church—Brown, Collier, Clark, Fraternal Messengers — Cordial Greetings — Paper by J. J. Murray — Discussion — Different Views — Amended, and in Part Adopted—Editorial Notice of the Discussion and Action—Last Editorial Reference to the Subject — General Convention Recommended — Fraternal Messengers to Methodist General Conference—Thought of Union Not Abandoned.

ON the 7th of May, 1870, the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church met in Baltimore, Maryland. At that Conference the Revs. George Brown, William Collier, and Alexander Clark were present as fraternal messengers from the Pittsburg Conference. These brethren appeared before the Conference, assuring that body of their earnest desire that the old union might be restored, and that they were willing to do anything that did not require a sacrifice of principle to consummate the reunion. The president of the Conference responded to their addresses, reciprocating their fraternal sentiments, and assuring them that the subject would receive from the Conference respectful consideration. At a subsequent time, and we believe after the fraternal messengers had withdrawn, Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., chairman of the Committee on Ecclesiastical Visitors and Communications, presented the following report:

“WHEREAS, The Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Church, actuated by the desire to promote the union of the two bodies formerly constituting the Methodist Protestant Church, did send as fraternal messengers to this body Rev.

George Brown, D. D., Rev. William Collier, D. D., and Rev. Alex. Clark, A. M.; and

"WHEREAS, Said messengers have expressed the desire of the body they represent, and of several other Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church, for reunion, asserting, at the same time, that the intention of these and other Conferences, acting with them in what they define as an act of suspension, was not to secede from the Methodist Protestant Church, but simply to prevent the disruption of said Annual Conferences; and

"WHEREAS, The fraternal messengers aforesaid have expressed kind sentiments of Christian regard for this body and the Churches it represents; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, That the fraternal visit of Rev. George Brown, D. D., Rev. William Collier, D. D., and Rev. Alexander Clark, A. M., is highly appreciated, and their sentiments of Christian regard are fully reciprocated.

"Resolved, That whenever the Conferences aforesaid shall see fit to rescind their act of suspension, and place themselves again under the Constitution and Discipline of the Methodist Protestant Church, they will be cordially received as co-laborers in the cause of Christ, and constituent members of this body.

"Resolved, That if the General Conference of the Methodist Church shall see fit to appoint commissioners to consider the subject of union between that Church and the Methodist Protestant Church, the president of this body is authorized, upon due notification of said appointment, to designate commissioners from this body to meet and confer with the commissioners of the Methodist Church."

Report signed by the committee.

The second resolution in the report was amended by striking out the following words: "rescind their act of suspension, and," after which the preamble and first and second resolutions, as amended, were adopted.

The third resolution of the report was then taken up. The following account of the discussion on this resolution

is copied from the *Baltimore Gazette* of May 17th, and is supposed to be, in the main, correct:

"Dr. Bates was opposed to the union at the present time. We were different Churches; the literature of their brethren of the Western (Methodist) Church could not be circulated in the Maryland Conference. We were not ready for the union. There was no political stain upon the record of the Methodist Protestant Church.

"Dr. Murray said the resolutions contemplated merely an act of Christian courtesy and kindness. We did not take the initiative; our Commission was to be appointed after the appointment of one on the part of the Methodist Church.

"Dr. Nichols said he thought the adoption of the item would be productive of much good, not only in Maryland, but elsewhere.

"Dr. Batchelor contended that the Conference had no constitutional power to pass the resolution; the Conference at Georgetown had said so. If the passage of this resolution would have the effect of changing the 12th article of the Constitution in reference to the word 'white,' a great part of the North Carolina Conference would be obliged to leave the Conference.

"Dr. Herring said the abstract question of union between ourselves and the Methodist Church was not under discussion. The resolution just passed gives our view as to the manner in which that union may take place; it was definite, but this item might lead to the inference that in the appointment of the commission we contemplated to do more than we intended to do.

"Brother Button said the Methodist Church has invaded the rights of the Methodists of the South, and it required the mellowing influence of time to effect a union. It was

premature at this time. He thought the matter should be dropped just where it was.

"Brother J. T. Murray said he was known as a supporter of the contemplated union; but he did not think the question was before the Conference. He did not desire union, however, by dividing ourselves. We have already said we would unite with the Methodist Church under certain circumstances, and this resolution was, therefore, unnecessary. If there were wranglings concerning Church property, etc., on the border, they would be laid at rest by union. He believed the fraternal messengers had come to us with pure motives.

"Dr. Webster said, taking everything into consideration, it would, perhaps, be best not to pass the item. It seemed so selfish for the Western Conferences when they seceded to say, if the word 'white' were not stricken out, they would be ruined, when they knew perfectly well that if it were stricken out, we ourselves would be ruined. They had no interest in the matter. After they seceded upon such ground, he felt like leaving them to have it out their own way. They found their way out, and they can find their way back. He would, however, to satisfy our dissenting brethren and receive them back, strike out anything from the Discipline except principles. The Maryland Conference would not do anything but what would be acceptable to the other Conferences; the action should be unanimous.

"Dr. Southerland said the fraternal messengers had been pleased to say that there was one word in the Constitution which was offensive to them. It was a constitutional word, put there by the fathers, and suggested by sad experience. He believed, with Dr. Bates, that there were dangers ahead, and that the Maryland Conference was not ready for the question.

"The representatives from the Alabama and Texas Conferences objected to the passage of the item.

"President Whitfield (Dr. Webster in the chair) said the Virginia Conference had been contemplating a union; but as Maryland stood upon the question, so he considered the whole South stood. It was not necessary, after having forgiven these Western brethren, to take them to our bosoms. The discussion of the subject of the suspension was an agitation of a political question, which was not desired by the Virginia Conference.

"The resolution was lost. The report as amended was then adopted."

In commenting on the above reported discussion and action in the *Methodist Recorder* of May 25th, we said:

"This discussion is quite suggestive. We refrain, however, from making any remarks upon it, leaving the reader to form his own opinion of its character and bearing. We wish, nevertheless, to notice the effect of the action of the Conference. While it does not preclude fraternal intercourse between the two bodies, it prohibits any official negotiation in view of the union of the Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches, and thus virtually ends, so far as its action can do so, the union movement. It is in effect an official notification to the Methodist Church in advance, that it is useless for her to appoint commissioners to treat with the Methodist Protestant Church on the subject of union; for in case she shall do so, she will find no persons authorized to negotiate with them on this subject. So far, then, as this phase of the question is concerned, it is definitely settled, at least for the next four years to come. Perhaps it is best so. The time, it may be, is not yet.

"As to the manner indicated by the General Confer-

ence in which a union may be effected, we have only to say, as the case now stands, it can never take place in that way. We are willing to recognize our Methodist Protestant brethren as equals, but, we wish it distinctly understood, not as superiors. As equals, at the proper time we are willing to meet them, and consider calmly and dispassionately the questions of difference between us; if more than this is demanded, self-respect and love of principle alike require the rejection of any such proposal.

“While we feel constrained to make these plain statements, we do so with no unkind feeling. While we do not despair of an ultimate union of these two bodies, we are more and more convinced that it will require time and the exercise of forbearance to effect it. We desire no union at the sacrifice of principle or honor. A union procured at such a price would be too dear. The great work before us is to labor for the advancement of the cause of Christ in the sphere in which Providence has placed us. If this sphere can be enlarged, and our hands strengthened to labor in it, so much the better; but if not, let us faithfully preform the labor assigned us, and the final result will be glorious. So, then, for the present at least, let us dismiss the subject of union with our Methodist Protestant brethren, and address ourselves to our great work, not forgetting to keep ‘the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.’”

This was my last editorial notice of the union movement before retiring from the *Recorder*. In view of some of the remarks of our Methodist Protestant brethren, it was certainly mild and forbearing; but that was the only spirit in which union could be promoted. That General Conference, however, passed a resolution recommending the several Annual Conferences to unite in calling a Con-

vention, to meet in Lynchburg, Va., at the time of the meeting of the General Conference there in 1874, for the purpose of effecting certain changes in the Constitution of the Church. It also appointed fraternal messengers to the General Conference of the Methodist Church. So, after all, the feeling and thought of union was not abandoned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Removal to Cincinnati—Action of Board of Publication—Sixth Street Church—Organization—Location—Persons of Wealth—Sale of Church—New Location—A Great Mistake—Leading Members—John Whetstone—William Young—Spirit-intercourse—"Never Came Back"—John Richards—*Delirium Tremens*—Indelible Impressions—Noble Women—Many Things of Interest—Two Sisters—Funeral of "Susie" Brown—Trying Ride—Effort to Make a Sermon—Tender and Solemn Scene—A Good Enough Religion.

IN September, 1870, I retired from the editorship of the *Methodist Recorder*, and removed from Springfield, Ohio, to Cincinnati, to become pastor of the Sixth Street Methodist Church. I left the brethren with whom I had been officially associated in Springfield for nearly six years with the kindest feelings, and with sentiments of high esteem, which, judging from the adoption of the following report, was reciprocated on their part. I will be pardoned for giving it here, as it is one of the pleasant incidents connected with a long life of toil, and I see no good reason why it should be withheld. The committee say:

"The undersigned were appointed by the Board of Publication of the Methodist Church, at its last annual meeting, to give expression to the feelings of the Board in regard to the retirement of Rev. John Scott, D. D., from the editorial control of the *Methodist Recorder*, after a most satisfactory and useful connection with it during a period of six years.

"It is to us a real pleasure, as well as a duty, to say, that in all our intercourse, official and social, with Dr. Scott, he has endeared himself to us as a pure-minded, intelligent

Christian gentleman, possessed of rare gifts and qualifications for the high and responsible position of editor of a religious journal. And further, that he has at all times, faithfully and in the spirit of self-denial, prosecuted his work. In view of the extensive and increasing usefulness of Brother Scott, to the whole Church, as editor of the Church papers, we deeply regret the necessity that compels us to submit to the loss of his services in that relation; but in re-entering the pastoral work, which he regards as his heaven-appointed life-work—in whatever portion of the Master's vineyard he may be called to labor—our best wishes will follow him, and our prayers will be offered for the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon him and his amiable family.

J. M. FLOOD,

J. G. EVANS,

Committee."

The Sixth Street Church, of which I became pastor, was, I think, the first organization of our people in the West. On the 18th day of August, 1828, two hundred and seventy-nine members withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati, and organized the Sixth Street Church. They were a noble class of men and women, and their names are worthy of being held in honor.

As an illustration of the spirit by which the leading men of that Church were actuated, I give the following paper, the original of which is in my possession:

"We, the undersigned, members of the Methodist Protestant Church of Cincinnati, being deeply impressed with the obligation Divine goodness has laid us under in enabling those with whom we are joined in fellowship, to establish a government for the Church based on religious liberty and equal rights to all its members, thereby securing to us and our posterity a blessing we hold very

• dear; and while we feel truly grateful that we have not labored in vain in this matter, we feel deeply solicitous to see and experience the important work of reform in our hearts, lives, and manners, as well as in our Church polity, which, in reference to the vast concerns of a future life and eternity, can be of little importance to us as individuals, who quickly pass away from among the living. Therefore, in order that we may improve to the best advantage those great temporal blessings which God has vouchsafed to us for our spiritual edification and growth in grace and in the knowledge of God, and be better prepared to glorify him and be useful to our fellows in our day, we, in the fear of God, agree to observe the following rules, viz.: We will endeavor, through grace, to maintain a constant watch over all our words, thoughts, actions, tempers, and manners; second, we will constantly and uniformly three times a day implore the Divine blessing; third, we will read a portion, not less than a chapter, in the Scriptures every day; fourth, we will, in a tender and Christian manner, advise, counsel, and reprove each other whenever we see or hear in each other that which we think to be wrong; fifth, we will use fasting or abstinence once in each week, as we may be able to bear it, as a means of self-denial, and to increase our watchfulness; sixth, we will meet together once a week for social devotion, where each one will be at liberty to exhort the rest, tell his experience, engage in prayer or singing; in short, take that part in the meeting that he may believe in the fear of God is best for him and those who worship with him; seventh, we declare that no vain conceit that we are better than others has prompted us to this, but a deep sense of our own want of spirituality, that haply God may have compassion on us, revive us and those with whom we are joined in fellowship, whose lukewarmness and deadness with ourselves we deplore and

lament; eighth, we do this in submission to the Church: whenever they shall think any part, or the whole, is wrong, we will discontinue, as we think we have only the glory of God, our good, and the good of others in view; ninth, each male member, as his name may stand on this paper, will be considered the leader for that night, and is at liberty to speak to any of the rest, and require them to tell their experience, pray, etc.; tenth, each meeting shall be commenced by reading a chapter, singing, and prayer; eleventh, we feel under obligation, punctually and faithfully to attend on all the means of grace established in our Church, so far as in our power lies." (Signed,) James Foster, William Young, Thomas Wright, Moses Lyon, E. Beal, F. Westerman, and E. Mudge.

These were some of the original and leading members of the Church, and this paper, which, no doubt, was intended for the signatures of others also, shows the spirit which these men possessed. While they placed a high estimate on the polity of our Church, they placed a still higher estimate on true godliness.

Most of the early brethren and sisters had passed away before the time of my pastorate, and their places had been filled by others. The Church still had many noble men and women in it; but it was not strong, and the congregation was not large. Among its members were several persons of large wealth, and the Church was in no financial straits. The location of the Church had at one time been perhaps among the best; but the people had moved out, and the Church was now in the business part of the city, and the location had ceased to be favorable for Church purposes. We occupied it for three or four years after I became pastor, when the society sold it for over thirty thousand dollars, and remodeled and enlarged the church

on George Street, which they owned, and which they still occupy, at a cost of a little over ten thousand dollars.

The George Street church is a very nice church; but unfavorably located. At the time the Sixth Street church was sold, a comparatively new and commodious Protestant Episcopal church, which some five years before had been built at a cost of about thirty-two thousand dollars, in a very eligible location, was offered to our people, with all its furnishment of pipe-organ, carpets, cushions, and Sunday-school furniture, for nineteen thousand dollars; but the older members of the Church opposed its purchase, and carried their point, and the Church lost an opportunity which it will never be able to regain.

Among the leading members of the Sixth Street Church at that time were John Whetstone, John Richards, W. H. Harbaugh, William White, Henry Ellis, and D. C. Garrison. Brothers Horn, Hicks, and Ogden had died a short time before I came to the Church.

Brother Whetstone was a member of the original organization. He was a man of large means, strong mind, unblemished Christian character, and devotedly attached to the Church of his choice. He was one of the early inhabitants of Cincinnati, having come to the place when it was quite a small village, with his parents in 1792, when only four years of age. He was raised there, married there, and spent the remainder of his days in the city. He frequently related to me interesting reminiscences of the early days of Cincinnati. He told me that he and a friend of his were among the first persons to build on Fourth Street. They built together a hewed log house. It was then among the best houses in the place. They had each two rooms; but one room, Brother Whetstone said, would have been enough for him, as he had nothing to put in the other.

He engaged in the lumber business at an early day, and was very successful, although on one occasion, during a great monetary depression, he came near being pushed to the wall. But he had friends who knew him and who trusted him, and helped him through. Nicholas Longworth and several other leading citizens indorsed his paper in blank, and told him to go to the banks and do the best he could, to fill the blank with the amount he should be able to obtain. This was a wonderful token of confidence; but it was not abused. He finally pulled through, and his business became more prosperous than ever. Sometimes, in referring to his early life and labors, he would say with peculiar emphasis, "I married the prettiest girl in Cincinnati." Sister Whetstone was a very amiable woman. She died September 10, 1869, just about a year before I went to Cincinnati.

Brother Whetstone was in some respects a remarkable man. He told me that he went out of business in 1837, when just in the prime and vigor of life, and when his business was the most successful, and when he was making money faster than he had ever done before. And the reason why he quit business was lest he should get rich. He said he had noticed that the children of many men, who had accumulated large fortunes, had been ruined thereby. They did not feel the need of forming habits of industry and economy, but became idle, improvident, and often dissipated, and the wealth which their parents had gathered with great care and labor, they scattered with reckless prodigality; and he feared if he became rich it might prove the means of ruining his children, and he resolved to quit business. He said he told his children that while they were at home he had enough to keep them; but that they could not always be at home, and that it was necessary for them to acquire a knowledge of business, and be

able to provide for themselves. As the result, his sons became active and prosperous business men, and his family proved a comfort to him. But notwithstanding his retirement from business, by the appreciation in value of real estate which he had purchased when prices were low, and the prudent management of his affairs, he became quite wealthy, and was able to largely aid his children after they had become active business men. Money, when it is the means of aiding honest industry and laudable enterprise, is a blessing; but when it is the occasion of promoting idleness and profligacy, it is a curse. But, after all, it is not perhaps so much the possession of wealth, or the lack of wealth, but the proper education and training of children, that forms their character and determines their course. The children of poor men, as well as the children of the rich, go astray, showing that there is a common cause, which may be stimulated either by wealth or poverty, and which, if unchecked by proper education and training, may lead to sad results. And, then, both among rich and poor, there are children who, notwithstanding the best of training, break away from all moral restraints, and do badly. Still, Brother Whetstone's course, whether the assumption on which it was based was correct or not, showed the strength and controlling power of sincere convictions.

William Young was one of the expelled local ministers who entered into the original organization of our Church in Cincinnati. He did not reside there in my time; but frequently visited there, as one of his daughters had married a son of Brother Whetstone, and I became well acquainted with him. In his old days he became a sort of Spiritualist, and believed that some of his old friends, Snethen, and Shinn, and others, sometimes visited him. Brother Whetstone did not have much faith in the reality

of this spirit intercourse. On Brother Young's last visit to Cincinnati, while I was there, he and Brother Whetstone had a long conversation on the subject, and they agreed that whichever of them should die first, if God should permit, would come back and communicate with the other. With this understanding they parted. Brother Young returned home to Painesville, Ohio, and died rather suddenly a few days after reaching home. Brother Whetstone, in conversing with me about him afterwards, told me of the agreement they had made, and laughingly remarked, "But he never came back." Such, I take it, is generally the case. When men leave this world, whatever spiritual influence they may be permitted secretly and silently to exert on our spirits, they are not, I think, permitted to appear in visible form, except it may be on some extraordinary occasion, such as in the case of Samuel, if his appearance was real, and in that of Christ. The spirits of the departed do not return at our beck, to gratify our idle whims. What manifestations Satan and his angels may be permitted to make is quite another question. At any rate, Brother Young, a very reliable man while in this world, for some good reason, no doubt, did not keep his engagement with Brother Whetstone. Brother Whetstone survived his wife four years and eleven months, dying on the 10th day of August, 1874. He died in great peace in the eighty-second year of his age, and was interred beside his beloved wife in Spring Grove Cemetery.

John Richards was another leading member of the Sixth Street Church. He was a few years the junior of Brother Whetstone. He had been a member of our Church when a young man; but for a time had fallen away. He had been elected captain of a military company, and, unfortunately, fell into habits of intemperance, and the Church expelled him. After a few years, however, he re-

covered himself from his evil habit, and his wife told him that she would go with him to any Church that he might choose. He said he would go back to the Church that he had dishonored, and which had turned him out as it should have done. And he did so. When I went there he had been a member of the Church for nearly thirty-five years, was a member of the Official Board, and held in high esteem. He was a man of strong mind, iron will, and great energy. He never communed. He told me that he would as soon put his head in the fire as taste wine. He had had the cholera, and his physician prescribed brandy; but he refused to take it. He said he would rather die than touch it. Before he had fallen into habits of intemperance he owned considerable property, and when he broke off his intemperate habits he found himself greatly in debt. He showed me one piece of property which he told me had cost more than it was worth in interest; but he was determined to keep it. He carried on an extensive business, and before his death paid off all his indebtedness, and had a handsome property left. He told me that he had *delirium tremens* twenty-one times, and that he had frequently seen and conversed with the devil. This he believed as firmly as he believed in his own existence. On one occasion the devil wanted him to commit suicide; but he would not consent to that. He had too much family pride for that; he would not disgrace his family. The devil told him that everybody knew he had a great deal of business about the river, and that he could slip in sometime, and it would be considered an accident. But he would not consent to do it. The devil, he said, often annoyed him on the street, and he concluded if he had a Bible about him, that he would perhaps let him alone. So, one day he got a small Bible and put it in the crown of his hat before going down street; but at the corner of Broadway and Fourth he met

the devil, who cried out, "There goes a hypocrite with a Bible in his hat." He told me this more than thirty-five years after the time he believed it had occurred. It was not because he was a weak-minded man, for he was not; but a man of strong mind and clear judgment, as was evident from the fact that he personally managed and controlled a large and profitable business till within a year of his death; but he believed it because the impressions he received in his delirium were burned into his very soul, and nothing could efface them. What a horrible condition a man must be in to leave such indelible impressions upon his mind! Brother Richards maintained his integrity to the end, and having overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, died in peace, and went to reap his reward.

Among the noble women of the Sixth Street Church in my time were Sisters Ogden, Tatem, Skillinger, Kirby, White, and Zilar. There were many others; but these were among the older members, who were always foremost in every good word and work. Their kindness to us in many ways laid us under special obligations to them, and we have never ceased to remember them kindly. Most of them have passed away; but their memory is as ointment poured forth.

Many things of interest, at least to me, occurred during my stay in Cincinnati. Some of these were connected with my own pastorate, some of them with the "Women's Crusade," and others with my intercourse with brethren of other Christian communions.

I received a number of good people into the Church, and I buried a good many of the old members, as well as others, during my stay in the city. One funeral I recall of special interest:

There were two sisters, excellent young ladies, Susie and Jennie Brown, who were members of our Church.

They were truly pious young ladies, intelligent, refined, and deservedly held in high esteem. Their relatives resided some twenty miles from the city, in Clermont County, Ohio. During the third summer of my pastorate, Susie, who was somewhat indisposed, went out into the country to visit her friends and recruit her health; but instead of her health improving it grew worse, and she finally died. I had not heard of her death till about noon on Saturday, when a married sister, Mrs. Hutchison, called at my house, and informed me of the fact, and requested me to attend her funeral on the next day. She said she and her husband would take the four o'clock train on the Little Miami Road, and meet me at Milford, ten miles above the city. It was the day the fountain was unveiled on the Esplanade, and the city was full of people from the surrounding towns, villages, and country, and there was no likelihood of our being able to meet at the depot in the city. She said her sister Susie had a little volume of Scripture texts,—a text for every day in the year,—and that she committed the text for the day to memory; and that the last text she was able to read was the twentieth verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, and it was her request that I should preach her funeral sermon from that text. As a matter, of course, I consented to comply with her request; but I had to obtain a supply for my pulpit, and it took me nearly till train-time to do that. I had only time enough left, after putting a few things in my satchel, and turning to the reference to see what the text was, to make the train. The text was a beautiful one. It was this: "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." I had never thought of preaching on the passage, and had nothing arranged on the subject. But I thought that, on my way out, I would think

it over, and arrange an outline of thought at least upon it. When I got to the depot I found a great crowd of people, and everything was jostle and confusion. The train, consisting of fourteen or fifteen cars, was an accommodation, and the cars were crowded, standing-room being at a premium. The train was long after time in starting, it moved very slowly, and stopped so often, that it was nearly night when we reached Milford. There I met my friend, Mr. Hutchison, and he directed me to an omnibus, where his wife, he said, had reserved a seat for me. I went to the door and looked in; but it was full of women with band-boxes, and I could not see how another person could crowd into it. I inquired if that was the only way of getting out, and was told that was the only way. I then inquired the distance, for I thought if it was only two or three miles I would walk. But I was told it was ten miles, and was urged to get in, which I did. But there was no place to stand, and I saw no place to sit. Two ladies, however, leaned apart, and told me to sit down, and I tried to do so; but I found it one of the tightest places I had ever been in. The road was neither smooth nor level, and the driver seemed anxious to make good time, and we were jolted and tossed about in a ludicrous manner, so that it was impossible to think of anything but how to keep from hitting our heads together, or being pitched together in a heap. Methodical, or even serious thought, was a thing out of the question.

About ten o'clock we reached the residence of a brother-in-law of the deceased, a mile from where the funeral was to take place, where we stopped for the night. I was then so tired that I could not think, and went to bed, intending to get up early the next morning, and arrange something to say. Next morning I got up early and looked at the text; but could not think of anything to say upon it. I

went down to breakfast in bewilderment. After breakfast I went back to my room, and paced the floor until the family were nearly ready to start to the funeral. At last I got two ideas,—an unending day, “Thy sun shall no more go down;” and an unsorrowing state, “The days of thy mourning shall be ended.” An unending day and an unsorrowing state! This gave me a foothold, so to speak, and also an inspiration, and opened up a line of thought that was very pleasing. I called to mind the apocalyptic vision, “And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun,” and what that implied; and then the reason of it, “For the Lord God giveth them light.” And then the other declaration, “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” The veil began to lift, the future began to grow bright; and while I was musing, the fire began to burn. Thoughts began to group themselves under the two leading ideas, so that I soon had the outline of a sermon in my mind.

After we reached the place where the corpse was, Sister Jennie Brown took me into a private room to tell me about her sister’s sickness and death. Her sickness was peculiar, and her death was most triumphant. She told me of the closing scene with mingled sadness and joy. While her heart was sorrowful, she yet rejoiced. Her simple, tender words were like an inspiration. Never did death appear to me more like a conquered foe, and never did the future seem to glow with a greater radiance.

The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian Church near by. The assemblage of people was very large. I never spoke with greater freedom, nor, apparently,

to a more appreciative audience. The place of interment was six miles distant, and the funeral procession seemed to me like a triumphal march. Brother and Sister Zilar had driven out from the city to the graveyard, and Sister Zilar remarked to me, that she had never seen such a beautiful grave; it had no gloom, but appeared like a place of sweet and quiet rest. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Men may talk as they please; but a religion and a faith that can sustain the soul amid the conflicts of life, and cheer it amid the gloom of death, and brighten the future with hope, is a religion and a faith good enough for me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Woman's Temperance Crusade—First Steps—Organization—Districting the City—Circulation of Pledges—Mrs. Scott—Meetings Three Times a Day—First Praying Band—Excitement—Reporters—Mayor's Proclamation—Singular Document—Mayor in Committee Room—Cross Examination—Arrest of the Women—At the Lockup—Released on Parole—In Police Court—Mr. Emory, City Missionary—The Case of the Women—Judge Hagans—Examination of Policemen—Case Finally Dismissed—Offer of Church Yards—Authorities Arraigned—"Salty Document"—Meeting on the Esplanade—Shrewdness—Great Impulse to the Temperance Cause.

THE Woman's Temperance Crusade occurred while I was in Cincinnati, and my wife and I were intimately connected with it from its opening till its close. It was a wonderful movement, and stirred up the whole city, and produced an excitement such as I never witnessed either before or since. The best people in the city were engaged in it, and their social position added to its influence.

The first step toward its inauguration in the city was taken in the Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church on one Monday morning. At that meeting a committee was appointed to visit the Preachers' Meeting of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Baptist Church—both of which met in the afternoon—for consultation on the subject. The result was, a public meeting was called, which was largely attended, and an organization was effected. A president and a secretary, and an executive and an advisory committee, were elected. These committees were composed of men and women. The duty of the executive committee was to devise plans for carrying on

the work, and to take a general supervision of it. The duty of the advisory committee was to give advice in difficult cases, and, if necessary, secure legal counsel. I happened to be a member of the executive committee, and was familiar with the details of the entire movement.

The first thing after an organization had been effected was to prepare a series of pledges, embracing an individual pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, a grocer's pledge, a druggist's pledge, a physician's pledge, a property-holder's pledge, etc. These pledges were designed to secure, not only personal abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors, but also abstinence from all acts in professional and business life that would in any way aid and foster the traffic in strong drink.

The next step was the dividing of the city into small districts of a few squares each, and the appointment of committees of women to canvass these districts, to procure signatures to their pledges. At once the whole city was aroused. These committees were soon everywhere in their respective districts, pressing the canvass for signatures to their pledges. My wife was appointed on one of the committees with three other ladies, and assigned to a district across the "Rhine," as it was called, among the Germans and saloons. They had pressed their work all the afternoon till about four o'clock, when one of their number, Mrs. Dr. Carter, insisted on going into a saloon. Soon a crowd of persons pressed in to see what was going on, and they found it difficult to get out. When they got out the children were returning from school, and some one shouted "Crusaders." That was enough. In an incredibly short time the street was filled with a great crowd of excited people, who followed them along the street giving vent to their sentiments and feelings in a way far from complimentary to the ladies. Mrs. Bucy, a young married

lady, and her sister, a single girl, members of the committee, had presence of mind enough to get on a passing street-car, and thus get out of the crowd; but Mrs. Carter and my wife, not so quick of thought, failed to do so, and went into a store to get clear of the crowd. The proprietor promptly ordered them out; but some lady who happened to be present, and who was full of pluck and vim, "read him the riot act," and told him that he should be ashamed of himself, pretending to be a man, to order decent ladies out of his store who were engaged in a noble work, and who had taken refuge in his store from the insults of a rude mob. At length some one notified a policeman, who came and dispersed the crowd. In the meantime Mrs. Bucy and her sister had come to my house, and reported to me the scenes through which they had passed, and waited a considerable time for Mrs. Scott to return before they left. Mrs. Bucy was the principal speaker, and was sufficiently excited to tell her story with great earnestness and vividness. Her sister said little; but shut her eyes and shook her head, as if the scene was one that might be contemplated, but not described. After more than an hour had elapsed, my wife came home no little excited. Of a timid disposition, she shrank from such notoriety, and seemed to dread, most of all, lest the thing should get into the papers, and her name be dragged before the public. She did not sleep very soundly that night, and was anxious next morning to see the paper; but, fortunately for her, the occurrence was not noticed. But several other ladies had received worse treatment in their districts than she had, and accounts of several exciting scenes were given. The excitement grew from day to day, and the Crusade movement was on every tongue.

Meetings were held three times a day, and great crowds of people attended. These meetings began in the Ninth

Street Baptist Church, and afterwards were held in many Churches throughout the city. It was from the Ninth Street Church that the first praying band went out on the street, led by Mrs. Leavitt, wife of the pastor of the First Baptist Church. She was a heroine, ready-witted, and full of pluck and determination. The band visited a saloon on Fourth Street, where they sung and prayed and expostulated with the keeper, and finally induced him to shut up his saloon. I shall never forget the look of triumph with which the members of the band on their return entered the church, which was crowded with people, singing the long-meter doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc. They related their adventure and success, and the enthusiasm of the hour ran high.

The excitement increased from day to day, as praying bands went out in every direction through the city. The Crusade was the common theme of conversation everywhere, on the street-corners, in the street-cars, by persons passing along the streets, in the stores,—indeed everywhere, but little else seemed to be talked about. The papers were full of the movement. The *Gazette* had a reporter who was in sympathy with the women, a young man by the name of Krehbiel, whose father was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who followed them everywhere, and gave glowing accounts of their proceedings. The *Commercial* had also a young reporter, whose name I can not recall, who was a friend of the women, and who furnished his paper with very interesting accounts of their doings.

The excitement at length became so great that Mayor Johnston, who professed friendship for the women, but who was really a saloon man, deemed it necessary, in order to the preservation of the peace, as he said, to issue a proclamation, which was a most remarkable document. It was

difficult to tell what it meant. A person might infer from it that every woman engaged in the Crusade had a revolver in her pocket, and was a dangerous person. The papers criticised it, and almost everybody, except the saloon-keepers, criticised it. So he thought it necessary to try and explain it, so as to modify some of its most offensive utterances; for the wives and daughters of the best men in Cincinnati were engaged in the movement. So one morning he came to the meeting in the Ninth Street Baptist Church. The house was crowded, and both the executive and advisory committees were in session. Some one who saw him working his way through the crowd, requested the congregation to pray for the mayor, and then after the prayer some one struck up, "In some way or other the Lord will provide." The tide of enthusiasm ran high; the excitement was up to fever-heat.

The mayor found his way into the small room where the executive committee was in session, and, after professing sympathy for the object of the movement, which no one believed to be sincere, he proceeded to explain what he meant in his proclamation, which made the matter but little clearer; for when a man tries by his utterances to make different impressions on the minds of different classes of people, he can not express himself clearly. As he came to explain himself, the ladies of the committee especially felt it to be their privilege to make numerous inquiries, in order to fairly understand him; and they subjected him to the most rigid examination and cross-examination, and catechised him to their heart's content. I think he hardly regarded his visit as a success. His proclamation did not arrest the movement, although it encouraged and strengthened its opponents.

One day, during the progress of a meeting in the Seventh Street Presbyterian Church, a large praying band of

forty-three women went out, and while singing and praying before a saloon on Baymiller Street, between Ninth and Richmond, they were arrested by the police, and taken to the station-house of the third precinct. The mayor and chief of police were telegraphed for, and while they were coming, which occupied half an hour or more, the women proceeded to examine the premises. They found no one in the lock-up but one old woman, and they asked her what she had been put in there for, and she said, "To tell the truth, I was put in for getting drunk." She then wanted to know what they all were put in for, and they told her for trying to keep people from getting drunk.

At length the mayor arrived, and as soon as he came in they all fell on their knees and prayed for him. He then proceeded to business; but he found he had a delicate case before him. Here were the wives of many of the leading business and professional men of Cincinnati, and it was Saturday afternoon, and what was he to do with so many prisoners of their character and social standing? At length he took their names, their ages, their occupations, and their residences, and released them on parole, to appear at the police court on Monday morning at ten o'clock. The women on their release returned to the Seventh Street Church, and Mrs. Leavitt, who was one of the number, gave a glowing account of their adventure, and humorously remarked that the mayor had released them on patrol. There was no feeling of fear or shrinking from the performance of what they believed to be a duty manifested. The spirit of the martyrs was revived, and the women seemed willing to go, not only to prison, but to death, if it was necessary.

A meeting was appointed for the Ninth Street Baptist Church for nine o'clock on Monday morning. When the time arrived, the church was full to overflowing, and hun-

dreds, if not thousands, of people crowded the street for a square away. We had an enthuſiaſtic meeting, which adjourned in time for the forty-three arreſted women to put in an appearance at the police court at ten o'clock. My wife and I followed cloſe in the rear, and were fortunate enough to get into the court-room to witneſs the proceedings. The women had ſecured for their counſel three ex-judges,—Judge Hagans, Methodiſt; Judge Matthews, Presbyterian, and afterwards a juſtice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and another ex-judge, a Baптиſt, whoſe name I have forgotten. The only one of their counſel preſent was Judge Hagans.

The firſt buſineſs attended to in court that morning was the caſe of Rev. Mr. Emory, city miſſionary, who had been arreſted by the police the day before (Sunday) for preaching on the ſtreet. He appeared without counſel. When his caſe was called, the proſecuting attorney aroſe, and, addreſſing the court, ſaid that he had examined the law very carefully, and that he could find no law againſt ſtreet-preaching, and did not think Mr. Emory had violated any law, and that he thought he ſhould be diſcharged. With this view the court concurred. The old judge, whoſe name I have forgotten, and who, the reporter of the *Gazette* ſaid, “looked as wiſe as an owl,” ſaid he knew Brother Emory very well, and often went to hear him preach on the ſtreet himſelf, and he knew he did not intend to do anything wrong, and he was ſatisfied he had violated no law, and he diſmiſſed the caſe. Yet Mr. Emory had done the very ſame thing that the women had done—he had ſung and prayed on the ſtreet, and, in addition to that, had preached to the people.

After the caſe of Mr. Emory was diſpoſed of, that of the women was called. They were charged, not like Brother Emory, with ſinging and praying on the ſtreets,

but with obstructing the sidewalk. Four policemen were put on the stand, who testified that they had arrested the women on Baymiller Street for obstructing the sidewalk. Judge Hagans cross-examined them. He wanted to know how much of the sidewalk the women occupied, and they all concurred in saying about four feet in width, and fifty feet in length. He then wanted to know how wide the pavement was at that place, and they all agreed that it was from ten to twelve feet wide. He then showed from the testimony that if the pavement was ten feet wide, and the women occupied four feet of it, there were six feet of the pavement left; and if it was twelve feet wide, then there were eight feet of it not occupied by the women, sufficient space being afforded in either case for persons to pass along the sidewalk unmolested. He then wanted to know of the witnesses if there were from six to eight feet of the sidewalk not occupied by the women, how it was that they obstructed the sidewalk. They replied that other people came and occupied that space. He then wanted to know why they did not arrest the "other people." They replied that they were instructed to arrest the women. This clearly revealed the animus of the case.

The prosecuting attorney then addressed the court. He declared that there was great excitement in the city, that its peace was in danger, and that if the prisoners were not convicted and punished, no one could tell what scenes of violence might take place. In order to quiet the populace, something must be done—an example must be made of the women. If not, the worst element in the city might gain the ascendancy, and a reign of mob violence might ensue. It was a wonderful speech. The pith of it was, that the women must be punished to appease the mob element and preserve the peace of the city.

At the close of this speech, without consulting the

women, and for reasons which he deemed sufficient, Judge Hagans moved a continuance of the case till the following Thursday. This displeased the women, as they wished to have the case at once decided. But perhaps he understood the case better than they did, and pursued the wiser course.

On the following Thursday the women appeared before the court, and the judge said that he thought they did not intend to do wrong or violate the law, and in view of this fact he would dismiss the case, with the distinct understanding, however, that they would not repeat the offense in the future. This ended the legal proceedings, and barred the women, except in open disregard of the warning of the court, from singing and praying on the streets.

After the case was dismissed, the Rev. John Fee, pastor of the Wesley Chapel Methodist Episcopal Church, offered the use of a large yard in front of his church to the women; he said they were welcome to come inside the fence into the yard, and sing and pray as much as they pleased, and if other people gathered on the sidewalk outside, they would not be responsible for it. One of the Presbyterian pastors made a similar offer, his church having a yard in front of it. They were also allowed to meet on the Esplanade, and hold services there.

After the arrest of the women, singing and praying on the streets before the saloons was abandoned; but meetings were held from day to day and from night to night in various churches throughout the city, and also at the fountain on the Esplanade. These meetings were attended by great crowds of people, and were deeply interesting. One night we met in the Friends' meeting-house, and sung gospel hymns, and had a most enthusiastic meeting. Most of the ministers, and the best people out of nearly all the Churches, were engaged in the movement. This fact, in addition to the assurance of the temperance workers that

they were engaged in a righteous cause, calculated to honor God and bless their fellow-men, inspired them with confidence and even boldness in their work. They hesitated not to charge the authorities openly with disregarding their solemn obligations, and encouraging vice and crime. As a sample of their boldness, I here give part of a paper read before a vast audience, and unanimously adopted by a rising vote. This paper had been prepared by a committee consisting of Dr. Walden (now bishop), John Fee, and myself. As chairman of the committee, I wrote and read the report. I must confess that the fear of man was not before my eyes, and my associates on the committee were as fearless and determined as myself, and behind us were thousands of men and women as fearless and determined as we were. The editor of the *Gazette* very properly denominated the paper "a rather salty document," and such it was intended to be. After a preliminary statement, the committee proceeded to say:

"We hold that intemperance is a crime against the laws of God and man; that no man has a right, by indulging in intoxicating drinks, voluntarily to becloud his own intellect, to impair his moral sensibilities, to enfeeble his energies, to impoverish his family, to bring suffering and shame on those whom he has vowed to love and cherish, and to disqualify himself for the proper discharge of his duties, which he owes, as a citizen, to the Government under which he lives.

"In the fifth section of the present law of Ohio, entitled, 'An Act to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors,' it is declared that 'it shall be unlawful for any person to get intoxicated, and every person found in a state of intoxication shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of five dollars, and the costs of the prosecution.' The law, thus recognizing

drunkenness as a crime, declares that 'it shall be unlawful for any person, by agent or otherwise, to sell in any quantity intoxicating liquors to be drank in, upon, or about the buildings or premises where sold, or to sell such intoxicating liquors to be drank in any adjoining room, building, or premises, or other place of public resort connected with said building.'

"From this it appears that our law not only recognizes drunkenness as a crime, but also brands as criminal that which directly tends to promote drunkenness. This being the case, the law provides for the punishment of these crimes in order to restrain, and if possible to prevent them. Section 4 of the Act above referred to declares 'that all places where intoxicating liquors are sold, in violation of this Act, shall be taken, held, and declared to be common nuisances, and all rooms, taverns, groceries, coffee-houses, cellars, or other places of public resort where intoxicating liquors are sold in violation of this Act, shall be shut up and abated as public nuisances, upon conviction of the keepers thereof, who shall be punished as hereinafter provided.'

"Now, it is evident, from the plain letter of the statute, that the sale of intoxicating liquors, to be drank on the premises where sold, or in any adjoining building, is a palpable violation of law, and that every place where intoxicating liquors are thus sold is, in the eye of the law, a public nuisance; and it is the duty of every officer of the law, each of whom has taken a solemn oath to sustain and enforce it, and particularly of the executive and police officers, who are especially charged with this duty, to see that the law in these cases is respected, and its violations properly punished.

"Every saloon-keeper, grocer, druggist, tavern-keeper, and all others who sell intoxicating liquors, it matters not

in what quantities, to be drank on the premises, are engaged in an unlawful business, and while carrying it on can not claim for it any protection of law.

“But has the law in these cases been enforced? Has any proper effort been made to carry out the provisions of the law? Has it been made a terror to evil-doers? Instead of this, it has been permitted to become a dead-letter. Men who have sworn before God and heaven to obey and enforce it have witnessed and connived at its violation. The existence of bars and glasses in drinking-houses where intoxicating liquors are exposed to view, together with frequent cases of inebriation which occur there, have been held by the courts in other States as *prima facie* evidence of the violation of law, and on this evidence arrests have been made, and convictions secured, as in other cases where reasonable evidence of guilt has been presented. But here the law designed to protect the interests and promote the happiness of society has been trampled under foot, and is openly violated every day and almost every hour. The traffic in intoxicating liquors, branded by the law of our State as a crime, is permitted to go unpunished, and its fruits of misery, poverty, disease, and death are beheld everywhere around us. Fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons are besotted and ruined by it; and mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters are impoverished, crushed, and heart-broken, while the cruel vampires, who fatten on their very hearts’ blood, are reveling in their ill-gotten gain.

“When the sworn officers of the law will not enforce the law—when the guardians of society prove faithless to their trust, and the very end for which the law was instituted is defeated—what remedy is left to an outraged and law-abiding people but to seek in a peaceable way, it may be by new and perhaps untried methods, to arouse

society to a sense of its danger, to reclaim the erring, and to create such a public sentiment as will lead to the correction of the evils complained of? And to Christian women particularly, who are destitute of political power and influence, and who daily witness, if they do not personally feel, the desolations of the fell destroyer, what remedy is left them but an appeal to God, and the presentation of high moral and religious motives, in a gentle and persuasive manner, to men? In view of all the circumstances of the case, what candid, disinterested man will not admit that they have sufficient reasons to justify them in the course they have pursued?

“Although these women have gone out peaceably, yet they have been forbidden to proceed according to their own chosen method in their ‘work of faith and labor of love.’ They have violated no law, they have incited to no riot, they have not gone out ‘with intent to do any unlawful act with force and violence,’ they have threatened no bloodshed, they have interfered with no man’s legal rights, they have done injury to no one; but they have gone forth modestly, timidly, peacefully, lovingly, in the spirit of their Master, returning good for evil, and praying for them which despitefully use them and persecute them. Yet, notwithstanding this, they have been interdicted in their work, they have been held up, at least by implication, as dangerous persons, while their conduct has been represented as calculated to produce disorder and riot. They have been threatened unjustly as violators of law, while men who are engaged in an unlawful traffic, ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-men, are protected in their unlawful business by those whose duty it is to arrest and punish them for their crimes.

“The principle on which the late proclamation of the mayor of this city against the temperance women rests

is a most dangerous and pernicious one, and, if it were admitted, would remove with one fell stroke the foundation on which the right of free speech and the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own consciences rest. Should the rabble of this city conclude at any time that, unless peaceable, law-abiding citizens shall desist from the exercise of their constitutional right to express their sentiments openly in opposition to certain vices, or to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, they will create a riot, and interrupt the peace and good order of the city, the policy adopted by the mayor would lead him, if consistent with his recent action, to interdict the peaceable citizens in the exercise of their rights, lest, forsooth, their conduct might be made the occasion of riot, while the lawless and disorderly would be permitted to go free. The breaking up of a prayer-meeting in this city a few evenings ago by a rabble mob, none of whom, so far as we know, have been arrested, affords a sad and striking illustration of this point. If this policy is adopted, all good citizens are placed at once at the mercy of the malcontents of the city, who may at any moment introduce a reign of terrorism, destructive to the peace and happiness of the community, and which may result in bloodshed and pillage.

“Are we ready, as a community, to accept such a principle as this? Are we ready to admit that peaceable, law-abiding citizens must desist from their efforts to oppose crime, and purify and elevate society, whenever violent and lawless men may threaten a breach of the peace? Are we ready to admit that we have no rights but such as the rabble may choose to concede to us? Never! while the Stars and Stripes, under which our fathers fought and bled, wave over us as the emblem of our civil, political, and religious rights, will we admit any such thing. If the issue

must be made, if the conflict must come, who can doubt for a single moment that the lovers of law and order, without regard to party, sect, or nationality, will unite in a solid phalanx, bound together by principle and not by passion, to oppose the encroachments of the very worst elements of society? Nor will we admit that the violators of law have any right to dictate to us what methods we shall adopt in opposing vice and crime, so long as we do not interfere with the rights of our fellow-citizens. Our plans may not be suited to their tastes; but while we do not injure others in the pursuit of their lawful business, nor interfere with any of their lawful rights, we claim the privilege to choose our own methods and adopt our own plans of operation, and in the peaceable prosecution of our plans we claim the protection of law.

“We arraign before the friends of law and order in this community the mayor, the police commissioners, and the councils of this city. We charge them with pursuing a course calculated, whether so designed or not, to incite to lawlessness, and to encourage crime. Had the chief magistrate of this city, with the concurrence of the police commissioners, sanctioned, instead of opposed, by resolutions of the Council and Board of Aldermen, issued his proclamation declaring that the temperance women of this city, so long as they did not interfere with the lawful business of their fellow-citizens, should be protected from all insult and violence, and declaring that any attempt of lawless men to incite to disturbance or riot would be promptly suppressed, and the offenders justly punished, the scenes of disorder which now occur almost daily, to the disgrace of our city, would not take place. But instead of this, the mayor declared that he was instructed by the police commissioners to enforce the law; not against all parties obstructing the street, but *‘only against the ladies,’*

thus intimidating the virtuous class in their work of reform, and encouraging the vicious class in their course of crime.

“We demand, in the name of injured innocence and the majesty of insulted law, that the vicious and lawless be restrained and punished, and that peaceable, law-abiding citizens who are laboring for the suppression of crime, practices branded by the law of our State as criminal, be protected in the exercise of their rights. Let the law be enforced, impartially, fearlessly, and fully, and then the work of the temperance women, so far as any unusual movements on the streets are concerned, will be ended. But till then, come what may, we pledge ourselves to continue our efforts in the cause of God and humanity, and to oppose, in every proper and lawful way, so far as we are able, the blighting curse of intemperance, and the numerous agencies employed to promote it, and in this good work we appeal to the sympathy and support of all lovers of law, order, and sobriety.”

During the whole movement the women displayed great courage, tact, and prudence. One day a meeting was to be held on the Esplanade, and a great crowd of people had assembled. Some one, who had in some way learned the fact, pointed out to the leader, Mrs. Leavitt, a band of roughs, who had come with the avowed purpose of raising a disturbance, and breaking up the meeting. But Mrs. Leavitt was equal to the emergency, and went directly to the leader of the band, a great, stalwart fellow, and told him that she understood that there were a lot of persons on the ground that intended to make a disturbance, and that she wanted to place herself and the women under his protection, and appealed to him as a man of honor and courage to see that they were not molested. His honor and courage being appealed to, he declared with

emphasis that he would do it, and that he would see that no one disturbed them; and he and his band stood as guard while the meeting was conducted without the slightest interruption. There are but few men who have no sense of honor left, and who, if approached in a proper manner, may not be influenced in the right direction.

Although the Woman's Crusade did not shut up the saloons and overthrow the liquor-traffic, yet it marked an important period in our reform history, and gave a powerful impulse to the temperance movement that is felt to the present hour. It created and developed a temperance sentiment which had not before existed. No one can estimate the amount of good that it accomplished.

CHAPTER XXV.

General Methodist Union—Subject Discussed—Request of Dr. Hoyt—Six Articles on Union—Delicacy of Subject—Desirability of Union—Difficulties in the Way—Color Line—Sectional Prejudice—Secret Societies—Question Narrowed—Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant Churches—Defects of Each—Middle Ground—Objections of Early Reformers—An Executive Head—Connectionalism and Congregationalism—Can Not be Combined—Present Tendency.

WHILE we were negotiating a union with the Wesleyans, and also while we were discussing the reunion of the divided parts of the Methodist Protestant Church, the subject of a general Methodist union received considerable attention, and was extensively discussed in many of the Church papers. Dr. Hoyt, who was then editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published in Cincinnati, requested me to write a series of articles on the subject for his paper, and as he seemed very desirous that I should do so, I complied with his request, and furnished him with six articles on the subject. I entered upon the discussion by recognizing the difficulty of any one connected with any of the various branches of Methodism to discuss the question without some denominational bias, and without claiming, perhaps, too much for his own particular Church. I also assumed the desirability of such a union, and noticed the points of agreement between the various Methodist bodies. From this I proceeded to consider the difficulties in the way of a general Methodist union, noticing the color-line, the existence of bitter sectional prejudice, and the secret society question, which was regarded as involving a matter of conscience. All these points were dwelt upon to some considerable extent.

The question of union, in view of these difficulties, seemed to narrow itself down to a union of the Methodist, the Methodist Protestant, and the Methodist Episcopal Churches. I gave a *résumé* of the controversy in the Methodist Episcopal Church from the beginning, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, and then proceeded to discuss the possibility of a union between the three bodies last named. I inquired:

“In view of existing facts, can a union be effected between the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist, and the Methodist Protestant Churches? Is there any ground to hope for such a result as this? Can such a modification be effected in the governments of these bodies as to bring them together? We do not pretend to be able to answer this question with any certainty. We will venture the opinion, however, that there is a middle ground on which they might meet, with advantage to them all. There is no human system, however perfect it may be, which is free from defects; and the governments of these Churches do not form an exception.

“All the Methodist Churches in this country, with the exception of a small body of Congregational Methodists in the South, have adopted, as a fundamental principle in their economy, the association of individual Churches in one general body, governed by general rules, and maintaining an efficient itinerancy by a regular interchange of ministerial labor. Their various systems are designed to harmonize with this fundamental principle. In such an association the individual Churches give up some of their rights, to secure the advantages arising from their association with the general body, just as men willingly surrender some of their natural rights to secure the advantages of general society. The advantages derived from the union of the individual Churches in one body, are

deemed far more important than those that would accrue to them from the strict maintenance of their independence, and the full exercise of their rights as individual Churches. All the above-named Methodist bodies meet on this common ground, and give their assent to the principle of general association in Church government, rather than the independence of the Churches. This is a fact which it will be well for us to keep in mind.

“It has been objected to the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it recognizes a third order in the ministry, and confers undue power on its bishops. In answer to the first part of this objection, it may be sufficient to say, that whatever confusion of ideas existed, or whatever tendencies were manifested on this subject in the early period of the Church, the idea of a third ministerial order is now disavowed and repudiated, and the episcopacy is held to be an *office* in the Church, and not an *order* in the ministry. The use of the solemn consecration service is held to be not inconsistent with this view, nor improper in inducting men into such an important and responsible office. Even Paul, who had been called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, was set apart, by prayer and the imposition of hands, to a special work. (Acts xiii, 3.) The Discipline of the Church clearly shows that the episcopacy is not considered as a third and superior order in the ministry. A stream can not rise higher than its source, neither can the less create the greater. According to the established theory of episcopacy (of the so-called ‘apostolic succession’ sort), it takes a bishop to make a bishop. But the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church says, page 96, section 215: ‘If by death, or otherwise, there be no bishop remaining in our Church, the General Conference shall elect a bishop, and the elders, or any three of them, who shall be appointed by the General Confer-

ence for that purpose, shall consecrate him according to the Ritual.' This shows very clearly that the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church is not regarded as a higher order in the ministry than elder; but that it is the creature of the General Conference, and of course subject to its control.

"That bishops, or general superintendents, are necessary in a body composed of a great many individual Churches, having very many general interests to promote and supervise, can hardly be called in question. Men who have their own special duties to perform, can not attend to these general interests without neglecting those which are particularly committed to their care. Where there are general Church interests to promote and manage, there must be general Church officers to attend to them, or else they will be neglected. The existence of episcopacy, as an office, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, *with its duties and powers clearly defined and properly limited*, should not, we think, form any barrier to the union of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist, and Methodist Protestant Churches. The first part of the objection, then, seems to possess little or no force.

"The second part of the objection, that the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church confers undue power upon its bishops, appears to be well taken. We shall notice only a few points, which will be sufficient for our present purpose.

"In the first place, the bishops appoint all the preachers, including presiding elders, to their respective charges, and in the intervals of the Conferences, change, receive, and suspend preachers, as necessity may require, and as the Discipline directs. (See "Powers of the Bishops.") It matters not how the bishops make the appointments, whether by calling in many or few of their brethren, to aid

them by their counsels, the power to make the appointments, and the responsibility of making them, rests with the bishops. Without their approval, either directly or indirectly, no preacher receives an appointment.

“In the second place, all the pulpits in the denomination are under the control of the bishops. The Discipline says (page 205, section 499): ‘In future we will admit no charter, deed, or conveyance for any house of worship to be used by us, unless it be provided in such charter, deed, or conveyance, that the trustees of said house shall at all times permit such ministers and preachers belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church as shall from time to time be duly authorized by the General Conference of the ministers of our Church,’ etc. Here we see that the trustees of the various meeting-houses are legally bound to receive whatever ministers or preachers may be sent to them by the bishops, on whom the General Conference has conferred the appointing power. It matters not whether the ministers or preachers are acceptable or not, the trustees, and the societies which they represent, are legally bound to receive them.

“In the third place, neither the preachers nor the societies have any right, recognized by the Discipline, of directly making known to the bishops their wants and wishes, in order to enlighten their decisions in reference to the appointment of preachers, nor have they any right of appeal from their decisions, if aggrieved, after they have been made. It is but just to say, however, that without such a right being recognized by the Discipline, the privilege of ministers and Churches making known their wishes to the bishops is conceded and commonly practiced through the presiding elders.

“We perceive, from the preceding facts, that the bishops possess great power, and have in their hands a tremendous

patronage. Nearly ten thousand ministers and preachers are subject to their behests, and more than thirteen thousand pulpits are under their control, while nearly a million and a half of Christian men and women, without their wishes being in any way directly consulted, are dependent on them for the ministrations of the gospel, and have no right to reject the ministers who are sent to them. That the bishops exercise this tremendous power wisely and discreetly, and that the preachers and societies as a general thing, have little or no cause of complaint, is readily admitted; but this does not in any way affect the fact of the vast power possessed by the bishops. Its possession is one thing; the manner in which it is exercised is quite another. The members of the republican Methodist Churches, as they sometimes call themselves, object to such a concentration of power in the hands of the bishops, holding that it is unsafe, and that it deprives the preachers and members of the Church of rights which they should be permitted to exercise. Here, then, we perceive the greatest difficulties to a union of the Churches above-named, on the one hand. Now let us look at some of the difficulties on the other.

“In the first place, the Methodist and the Methodist Protestant Churches have no bishops—no general superintendents. This is a source of weakness. They have each a General Conference—a general legislature—but they have no general executive to carry into effect their general legislation. They are an association of Churches and Conferences, without an associated head to carry out their will. They are like what the United States would be without a President—bound together in name, but, without an executive head, hardly bound together in fact. The Methodist Episcopal Church can not consent to dismiss its chief executives, and leave the general work without general supervision.

“In the second place, in the Methodist and in the Methodist Protestant Churches, the title to Church property vests in each individual society, and the property is under its exclusive control. The consequence is, any society may reject any minister the Conference may send them, and open their Church doors to any one whom they may select. The Conference, as it is generally understood, has no power to enforce its appointments. If a Church is dissatisfied, it may refuse to receive a preacher from the Conference; a preacher may decline to take an appointment; and then the Church and preacher so declining can make their own arrangements. The consequence is, the Conferences are without proper authority to enforce their decisions, and weakness of administration is the result.*

“In the third place, in the Methodist and in the Methodist Protestant Churches the ministry and laity are equally represented in the Annual and General Conferences. In the Annual Conferences the preachers in person, and the Churches through their own chosen representatives, make their wishes known directly to the stationing authority, in reference to their fields of labor and ministerial supplies for the coming year. When the appointments are announced, if any preacher or representative of a Church is aggrieved, he may appeal to the Conference, whose decision is final.

“Now, place these two systems, as here very briefly presented, and what is the conclusion at which an unprejudiced mind, after serious consideration, will arrive? We think it will be this: That, while one of the systems of government is by far too strong, the other is by far too

*Since the above was written, it has been decided by the courts that a local church can not reject the preacher appointed by the Annual Conference.

weak. Is there not a middle ground, then, on which they may meet and unite?

“May not a union of these Churches be effected on something like the following basis: Let the episcopacy, or general superintendency, as an office in the Church, be retained; let the appointing power remain in the hands of the bishops, but let the Annual Conferences, as well as the General Conference, be composed of an equal number of ministers and of laymen as the representatives of the Churches, and let the ministers in person, and the Churches through their delegates, present directly to the bishops their wishes, in reference to ministerial labor and supply, with the privilege, if aggrieved, of an appeal from the appointment of the bishop to the Conference, whose decision shall be final. Let the Church property be deeded according to the deed of settlement, thus giving the Conferences, composed alike of preachers and people, the power to enforce the rules and regulations of the Church. The suggestion in reference to Church property may seem to some very objectionable; but if a general association of Churches be preferable to independency, and such a provision in reference to Church property be necessary to give sufficient power to the association to enforce its own rules, it does not appear, after all, to be unreasonable, as the advantages derived from a connection with the general body will far more than compensate for the surrender of this individual right of the Churches.”

The objection of the early Reformers was not to the office of bishop, or general superintendent, but to the powers and prerogatives of the episcopacy. With these properly defined and limited, the office itself was not objectionable. I have often thought that a general executive, with his powers specifically pointed out, and properly re-

stricted, and who should be elected by the Church, and responsible to the Church, would be preferable to the intermeddling of general agents, who, outside of their own particular duties, are without authority and without official responsibility. Without a united head, responsible to the Church, it is difficult to maintain the unity of the body and the connectional principle on which our Church is founded. To combine the advantages of the connectional principle and congregationalism in one body, appears to me to be impossible. As the one increases, the other declines. If we adhere to the connectional principle in our government, we should adopt such measures as will give it efficiency, and enable the Conferences to enforce their decisions, when indorsed both by the preachers and the individual Churches through their chosen representatives. A government that does not govern, is only a government in name, and can neither command obedience nor respect. Between the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its present episcopal prerogatives, and the Methodist Protestant Church, with its weakness of administrative power, the preference must emphatically be given to the latter; but the middle ground which I proposed, would, I think, be preferable to the position occupied by either. That such a position will ever be assumed by either of the Churches I now think very unlikely. The tendency among us, it seems to me, is more to congregationalism than to the strengthening of the connectional principle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lack of Ministerial Association—No Ministers of our Church—Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting—Invitation to Attend—Springfield Pastor—Other Ministers—Dr. Merrill—"Colonel Moody, the Fighting Parson"—Dr. Walden—Compliment by Dr. Merrill—Sincere Friendship—Elected President of Preachers' Meeting—Closing Address—Resolution by John F. Wright—Action of Meeting on My Leaving Cincinnati—Published in *Western Christian Advocate*—Other Ministers—Dr. Aydelott—Delightful Interviews—Heaven.

WHEN I went to Cincinnati I found myself without ministerial association. There were none of our own ministers in the city. I felt very seriously the deprivation. I knew one or two of the Methodist Episcopal preachers in the city, with whom I became acquainted in Springfield. I met them in their Book Room, and was invited to attend their Preachers' Meeting, which I did. I was very cordially received, and invited to meet with them regularly. I accepted the invitation, and for five years was a member of their weekly meeting, and was treated with uniform kindness and courtesy. I became well acquainted with many of the brethren, among them Dr. Merrill, now bishop; Dr. Wiley, afterwards bishop, and since deceased; Dr. Moody, who was a colonel in the late War of the Rebellion, and sometimes called "the fighting parson." He was a noble-looking man, and as noble as he looked. He was somewhat eccentric, and a man of much more than ordinary ability. He and I became intimately acquainted, and I liked him very much. Dr. Walden (now bishop) and I were associated on the executive committee throughout the Woman's Crusade, and I got to know him very well, and to esteem him very highly. I became more or less

acquainted with more than a score of other preachers during those five years, for the meeting was largely attended, more than thirty sometimes being present. During those years of intimate intercourse no one ever insinuated the thought of my changing my Church relation and uniting with them but once. When I was in Springfield, the High Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the wealthiest and most aristocratic Methodist Episcopal Church at that time in the place, desired to secure a certain minister for their pastor, and assumed that to do so it was only necessary for one of their leading members to go to Conference and make their wish known to the bishop. But the bishop refused to grant their request, and sent them a man they did not want. They were very much disappointed and felt badly over it, and, as a consequence, did not treat their pastor, as he thought, with proper kindness. After a while he and I became intimately acquainted, and he would sometimes tell me of his troubles. When I went to Cincinnati he was there, and we renewed our acquaintance. I can not recall his name, though I have often tried to do it. One morning I went into the Book Room, and he and several other preachers that I knew very well, among whom was Dr. Merrill, were gathered in a little group talking, and I joined them. Dr. Merrill had just returned from the session of his Conference, I think the Central Ohio, and he said to me, "Do you know that two of your preachers joined our Conference?" I told him I did not know they had joined; but I knew they had intended to join. Then the Springfield brother, whose name I can not recall, turned to me, and playfully remarked, "O, you had better come, too." But Dr. Merrill—paying me one of the highest compliments—replied, "O no, we don't expect *him* to come." He knew I was not in the market. There are some men, who, from certain considerations of advantage to them-

selves, can change their principles and Church relations, and there are other men who have honest convictions, and who can not give them up for good places. Dr. Merrill regarded me as one of the latter sort. He was right, and I considered his remark as highly complimentary.

That was the only hint ever given me in regard to uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was promptly repelled by one of their leading men. I was fully convinced of the sincerity of their friendship, and that it was not with a view of winning me over to their Church. Afterward they elected me president of their meeting for a term of six months. I often felt out of place, and told the brethren so; but they assured me it was all right. Every Church has difficult questions to discuss which are not for the public ear. Questions of this kind came up in the Preachers' Meeting, and I became familiar with all their internal affairs. But the brethren gave me their confidence, and I never betrayed it. Those matters were as sacred to me as they were to them.

At the expiration of my term, before retiring from the chair, I made the following little address:

"DEAR BRETHREN,—In retiring from an office in which your partiality placed me six months ago, I can not refrain from expressing to you my deep sense of the honor you have done me by this expression of your Christian confidence and esteem. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I love my own Church, which was instrumental in bringing me to Christ, and which took me when a little, ignorant boy, and nourished and cherished me, and honored me by putting me into the ministry, and which has since honored me by committing to my trust some of her most important interests. But while as an honest and honorable man I feel bound to be true to her interests, I

feel at the same time that she is too small to fill my heart. Grace has so enlarged my heart that it embraces all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. And especially do I love the various branches of the great Methodist family. I recognize their common origin, their common family likeness, and I rejoice in their common prosperity. In all that is essentially Methodistic we are one; and although a member of one of the smaller tribes of our Israel, I claim a portion in the common heritage. The tribe of Judah was the most powerful of the tribes of ancient Israel, and produced a David who spread his conquests far and wide. But the tribe of Benjamin, which was the least of the tribes, produced a Paul, who was set for the defense of the gospel. We do not hope to equal you in the extent of our labors, but we hope to equal you in our sphere, in our faithfulness and devotion to the cause of the Master.

“With assurances, dear brethren, of my high appreciation of your great kindness to me, and of the pleasure which I have derived from my intercourse with you, and praying the blessing of God to rest upon you, I retire from my present position with sentiments of sincere Christian regard for you all.”

I had hardly concluded this address when John F. Wright, who was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati more than forty years before, when several local preachers for their reform views were expelled, and more than two hundred and seventy members for the same reason withdrew, and who was then charged with having treated the Reformers very harshly, was on his feet with a very complimentary resolution, couched in the kindest terms, in reference to me. It seemed to afford him great pleasure to offer the resolution, and he took special pains

to show his friendship for me. More than forty years of experience from the time of the expulsion and secession of the brethren in Cincinnati had no doubt modified his views and changed his feelings towards the Reformers. It seemed as if he wanted to give evidence of the fact.

On my removal from Cincinnati, the brethren, of their own motion, and without my knowledge at the time, adopted the following paper:

"John Scott, D. D., of Grace Methodist Church, of this city, having closed his labors here, and is about to remove to Pittsburg, Pa., the undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare an expression of the kind regards and high appreciation cherished for him by the members of the 'Preachers' Meeting' of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cincinnati and vicinity.

"It gives us much pleasure to give utterance to the sentiments of high esteem and brotherly regard which we cherish toward Dr. Scott as an able preacher, a faithful pastor, a genial companion, and a catholic-spirited Christian gentleman.

"His relations with us during his residence in this city, have more and more endeared him to us. As a member of our meeting, he has fraternized heartily, and as president during one term presided with dignity and much satisfaction to the body.

"We part with him with reluctance, and feel assured that he will be welcomed with equal pleasure where his duty now calls him. From his sentiments, repeatedly expressed, we are fully persuaded that if his opinions and spirit were cherished throughout the various Methodisms, all would soon be one in spirit and in organization.

"We pray that God's blessing may attend his labor in the future as in the past."

This paper was signed by C. W. Ketcham, S. B. Smith,

A. N. Spahr, and R. K. Deem, and was adopted unanimously, and published in the *Western Christian Advocate*. I insert it here as alike creditable to those dear brethren and to our common Christianity. They knew I was a Methodist Protestant, and that I intended to continue so; but this did not prevent them from treating me as a brother while I was among them, and manifesting their respect for me when I was about to leave them. Every man has a right to think for himself, and honestly form his own opinion; but a difference in opinion, or non-essential points, should not alienate Christian men in affection.

It was also my happiness to form the acquaintance of several Presbyterian and other ministers in the city, whom I found to be kind and brotherly. Especially was I favored with the friendship of the venerable Dr. B. P. Aydelott, of the Presbyterian Church. He had been raised an Episcopalian, studied medicine, and entered on its practice in New York City; but by reading the Bible, as he told me, and not by anything he heard from the pulpit, he was led to Christ, and converted in his own office, and filled with great joy. He at once abandoned his practice, went to a theological seminary, studied for the ministry, and in due time became a rector in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and continued so for many years; but because of what he believed to be the Romanizing tendencies of that Church, he withdrew from it, and united with the New School Presbyterian Church. He was a man of ardent piety, rare literary culture, a very able preacher, and the author of several valuable works. He possessed a true catholic spirit, and fraternized with the brethren of the various Christian Churches. He was regarded as a patriarch among his brethren. He frequently attended our Church, and often preached for me. I had his sympathy, his counsel, and, as he assured me, his frequent prayers. I felt it to be a

great privilege to enjoy the friendship of such a great and good man. When he learned that I was about to leave the city, he wrote me a kind and tender letter, too flattering in its terms to be introduced here, expressing his regret and his best wishes for my prosperity. I recall with pleasure the many interviews we had together. I always felt like a little child, sitting at the feet of a venerable father, rich in experience, and wise in counsel. Our interviews were always closed with prayer. He was a leader in every good work, and a tower of strength in the Church. He passed away a few years ago at an advanced age, in full assurance of a blessed immortality. What a glorious place heaven will be, where the good of all ages and all lands will be gathered together to celebrate the wonders of redeeming grace forever!

About a year after my removal to Cincinnati, my dear old friend, George Brown, D. D., one of the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church, entered into rest, at his home in Springfield, Ohio, October 6, 1871, in the fifty-sixth year of his ministry and the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was a great and good man. He had served as presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as president of his Conference for many years in the Methodist Protestant Church. He served for a time as president of Madison College, and for two years as editor of the *Methodist Recorder*. He was author of "Recollections of Itinerant Life," a large octavo volume, and of "The Lady Preacher," a 12mo, being a biography of Mrs. Hannah Reeves. Dr. Brown was a man of noble bearing, of clear, strong intellect, genial and companionable, full of "the milk of human kindness," and a great friend of the young preachers. He was a clear, strong writer, and a preacher of great power. We have seen vast assemblies spellbound by his thrilling utterances, or swayed, like the forest in

the breeze, beneath the power of truth as it fell in burning fervor from his lips. In the days of his prime, he towered in the pulpit like a giant in his strength, and wielded the sword of the Spirit with a dexterity and power seldom surpassed. He was wise in counsel, firm in purpose, and prudent in the discharge of duty. He was one of the early Reformers, and the Methodist Protestant Church is indebted to but few men so much as to Dr. Brown. His funeral was attended, among others, by more than a score of ministers; but I was the only member of his Conference who was present. His remains repose in the "Fern Cliff Cemetery," Springfield, Ohio, beside those of his amiable companion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Methodist General Conference, 1871—Letter from T. W. Pegram—Address of J. T. Murray—Kind Responses—Commissioners to Methodist Protestant General Conference—Authority—Never Met—Did Not Attend Methodist Protestant General Conference—Good Reasons—A. Clark and James Robison—Appointment of Nine Commissioners—Dr. Burns's Call for Expression of Opinion—Answer—Letter of Dr. Drinkhouse—Answer—General Conference in Princeton, 1875—William Hunter—Bishop Janes—Charles W. Button—Recommendation of Committee on Union—Commissioners Appointed—Ministerial Education—Important Action—Removal to Pittsburg.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Pittsburg in May, 1871, a communication from Rev. T. W. Pegram, of North Carolina, one of the delegates of the Methodist Protestant General Conference, breathing a kind and brotherly spirit, was received and read; and Rev. J. T. Murray, of Maryland, addressed the Conference in person, and presented the greetings of himself and brethren. Kindly responses were made, and John Scott, John Burns, F. H. Pierpont, A. H. Bassett, and H. E. H. Hartsock were appointed commissioners, or messengers, to the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, to meet in Lynchburg, Va., May 1, 1874, and were authorized to "receive any proposition looking toward union that might be made by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and report the same to the General Conference of the Methodist Church."

These commissioners never had a meeting, and never did anything, because a resolution offered by Dr. J. J. Murray in the General Conference of the Methodist Prot-

estant Church in 1870, to authorize the president of that body, in case of the appointment of such a commission on our part, to appoint commissioners to meet and confer with us on the subject of union, had been voted down. We could not, therefore, do anything before the meeting of their General Conference in 1874. These commissioners, for what they considered good and sufficient reasons, did not attend the General Conference in Lynchburg; but Revs. Alexander Clark and James Robison, our editor and book agent, attended and represented the feeling of our Church.

At that Conference, on the recommendation of a committee, of which John Paris was chairman, the following resolution was adopted with great unanimity:

“Resolved, That a committee of nine persons be appointed by this General Conference, to confer with any like commission from any Methodist body in America, who may signify a desire to confer with them upon the subject of union with the Methodist Protestant Church, and especially with a committee of nine, to be appointed by the Methodist Church, which has made overtures to us for a reunion: believing it to be the desire of a majority of the members of the Methodist Church to effect a union of the Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches, upon terms which shall be alike agreeable and honorable to each.”

This was an important step towards union in advance of any that had been before taken. The overtures for union which had been made by the Methodist Church were personal and not official, and just the same as had been made by the Methodist Protestant to the Methodist Church. The desire for union was evidently mutual, and there was nothing discreditable in it.

In the latter part of November, 1874, Dr. Burns called on me, through the *Recorder*, for an expression of opinion

in regard to the duty of our commissioners. This was after the meeting of the General Conference at Lynchburg. To that appeal I responded in the following article, published in the *Recorder* of December 19, 1874:

“As Brother Burns has publicly called on me for an expression in regard to the duty of the commissioners appointed by the last General Conference of the Methodist Church on the subject of union with the Methodist Protestant Church, I beg permission to make a brief response.

“After examining the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, I am satisfied that our commissioners have no power to act in any way in the premises as matters now stand.

“In the first place, we were appointed to *receive* propositions in reference to union, and not to *make* them.

“In the second place, the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church entirely ignored our present commissioners, consisting of *five* members, and authorized its commissioners to confer with a commission of *nine*, to be appointed hereafter, of course, ‘by the General Conference of the Methodist Church.’

“Whether our present commissioners were objectionable to our Methodist Protestant brethren or not, I do not know. One thing, however, is very clear, that their commissioners have no authority to confer with us on the subject of union. So far as I am concerned, then, I think that we must dismiss the whole subject, so far as negotiations are concerned, until the meeting of our General Conference in May next. That body can then take such action on the subject as it shall think proper.

“From the last number of the *Methodist Protestant* I learn that the editor of that paper does not seem to deem it prudent at present to continue the discussion of the subject of union in his columns, because some of his sub-

scribers object to the 'discussion of premature and irrelevant issues.' It may be well for us, also, perhaps to act with becoming prudence, and 'do nothing before the time.'

"Could our commissioners have a meeting for consultation with each other, it would afford me great pleasure; but they are so scattered that this is scarcely practicable under the circumstances. If it is the wish of the brethren composing our commission, however, to meet at some central point,—say Cambridge, Fairmont, Pittsburg, or Cincinnati,—I will be happy to meet with them, and carefully consider the subject of the union of the Methodist and the Methodist Protestant Churches. Such preliminary discussion might lead to more judicious action at a subsequent time. In reference to such a meeting, some time before our General Conference, I will be pleased to hear privately from other members of the commission."

This article I thought was judicious, and not out of place. But under date of Baltimore, December 24, 1874, I received from Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, the following letter:

"DEAR BROTHER SCOTT,—Your communication on the union (commission) business in the *Recorder* (19th) I think judicious. Evidently nothing can be done before the meeting of your General Conference, and very probably nothing then. If the position of the Methodist Church is that the original organization is to make proposals to those who 'suspended' relations, to put it 'mildly,' this would be a strange reversal of the natural and logical order of things.

"Again permit me to notice your reference to the action of our General Conference in appointing nine instead of five, or twenty, or any other arbitrary number, with the exclamation-point annexed. You attempt to saddle the wrong horse. It seems, then, you had a committee to

receive proposals—of *five*; yet not one of you appeared even fraternally at Lynchburg—worse still, not one of you condescended even to communicate in writing. Brothers Clark and Robison did the best they could over the bungling business; but could not offer even an apology, so utterly did you pass us by. It seems to me it comes with an ill grace from *you*, as one of the five, to insinuate by an exclamation-point, that there was some ulterior purpose in appointing nine. The fact is, you left us perfectly bare of information, not knowing whether you were five or what. The nine was a mere accident.

“I have shut down on the discussion in the interest of union, not against it—this ought to be plain enough. However, a few letters like yours and Brother Widney’s will effectually kill the whole project, I fear.

“Yours fraternally, E. J. DRINKHOUSE.”

Under date of Cincinnati, Ohio, December 28, 1874, I answered the above communication as follows:

“REV. E. J. DRINKHOUSE:

“*My Dear Brother*,—Yours of the 24th instant was received in due course of mail, and is now before me. Its general tone is objectionable, and if its contents were a matter of personal interest only, it would probably pass without further notice. But as the general subject referred to is one of more than personal interest, I have concluded to answer your letter, or lecture, and disabuse your mind in reference to certain matters contained therein.

“As to my failure to attend your last General Conference, or to communicate with that body in writing, I had sufficient reasons at the time to justify the failure, even in your estimation, were I to state them; but after the manner in which you have referred to the matter, I do not deem it proper to do it now.

“As to the exclamation-point on which you place so much stress, I have only to say that it was not in my manuscript, and how it got into the printed copy I do not know. I am not much in the habit of insinuating anything by exclamation-points. I mostly express my sentiments in a way sufficiently plain to be understood without the use of such appendages. So much, then, as to matters merely personal. Now a few words in reference to matters of far more importance.

“You say, ‘If the position of the Methodist Church is that the original organization is to make proposals to those who “suspended” relations, to put it “mildly,” this would be a strange reversal of the natural and logical order of things.’ If I understand this, it simply means that your Church, *claiming* to be the ‘original organization,’ proposes to stand on its dignity, and make no proposals to the Methodist Church, which ‘would be a strange reversal of the natural and logical order of things;’ but that ‘those who “suspended” relations, to put it “mildly,”’ must humbly approach your ‘original organization,’ and ask for a reunion with it. I think I do not misunderstand you. This is a vital point, and I wish to consider it candidly, and will ask for it the same consideration from you.

“I observe, then, that the question as to which of the two Churches, the Methodist Protestant or the Methodist Church is the ‘original organization’ is one that is undecided, and still in dispute. This may be a new thought to you, and it may, therefore, be the more valuable. Let me state the case. It has been held by the court of Noble County in this State (Ohio), in a case involving the title to Church property, in a suit brought by a Methodist Protestant society, to recover a house of worship from a Methodist society, that all the changes which were made by our Conventions in the Constitution and Discipline of the

Methodist Protestant Church, even to the change in our name, were made according to the provisions of the Constitution of the Church, we having represented in the Conventions the necessary number of Annual Conferences to enable us legally to make the changes. If this decision was correct, and the evidence satisfied the court that it was, and no appeal was taken from the decision, then the inevitable conclusion is that the Methodist Protestant Church, as it now stands, is not properly the 'original organization,' but a faction which refused to concur in the legal acts of the original body. You will please observe that I am not now indulging in theory and speculation, but refer you to a matter of fact, a judicial decision, rendered in a respectable court of justice, and which remains to this day unquestioned. To this you may reply that a court in West Virginia has rendered an opposite decision in a similar case. If such be the fact, I at once admit it. How, then, does the case stand? Simply that the question as to which of the two bodies, the Methodist Protestant Church or the Methodist Church, is the 'original organization,' is in dispute, and that conflicting decisions on the subject have been rendered by the courts, and that the question can not be legally and finally settled till the case is carried by appeal to the court of last resort. Are we to wait till such a decision is obtained to enable us to observe proper etiquette in making and receiving proposals, before we enter upon negotiations for union between the two Churches? If so, the day of union is very far distant. We have as good a right, basing our claim on judicial decisions, as you have. Suppose, then, we both claim to be the 'original organization,' and stand on our dignity, and decline to make any advance toward each other, when do you think a union will be effected? We are willing to treat with you as our equals, but never as our superiors.

"It seems to me, then, that the question as to which of the two bodies is the 'original organization,' and all the feeling of dignity which such a claim inspires, must be entirely dismissed in the consideration of the subject of union, and the fact as it now stands must alone be taken into account, that we are now two distinct and independent bodies, of equal rights and respectability, and that any proposals for union submitted by either one to the other, is not in any way an acknowledgment of inferiority, but an expression of a desire for a more intimate union in the future, in view of the good to be thereby accomplished. Any other course would be 'a strange reversal of the natural and logical order of things.'

"Permit me to suggest another thought. It is this. A union of the two Churches can never take place on the basis of past relations, past positions, or past acts. To attempt to effect a union on such a basis would be to fight our old battles over, and reach, perhaps, the same conclusions we did before. So far as I am personally concerned, I have no intention to stultify myself, or go back on my record. I acted honestly in all I did, and if I were placed again in the same circumstances, with the same light I then had, I would, doubtless, act in a similar manner. I presume that the feelings of my brethren on the subject are the same as my own. I have no idea that the Methodist Church, for the sake of union, will ever offer any apology for her past course, or renounce the principles she has advocated. Such a thing need not be asked. What I am unwilling to render to others in this connection, I am unwilling to ask of them in order to union. It seems to me that in all negotiations for union, the past must be left out of sight, and we must act, not in view of past but of present circumstances, and of the good to be accomplished in the future by the united body. The cause that divided

us in the past no longer exists to distract us in the future, and the differences which exist on other points are so small that, by mutual concessions, they may in a Christian spirit be easily arranged.

“So far as details are concerned, I have nothing now to say. The time for that has not yet come. The principles on which these negotiations are to take place, if they ever occur, is the first thing to be settled. I have indicated briefly my views on that subject, and I commend them to your consideration. What I have written is my own individual opinion on the subject, for which I alone am responsible. I am free to admit that I am heartily in favor of the union of the two Churches; but at the same time I am not willing to humiliate myself, or to ask either of the negotiating parties to humiliate themselves, to accomplish it. Hence I have suggested what appears to me to be the only practicable course to be pursued in order to effect the union. My article in the *Recorder*, to which you refer, was written deliberately, without the exclamation-point, in the interest of union. Although you may not understand its bearing, I do, and I think it will do good. This reply to your communication is written for the same purpose, and I trust it will not do any harm, but turn attention in the right direction. As I read the signs of the times, Churches which differ no more than those do to which you and I belong can not much longer innocently remain apart.

“You are at liberty to make any proper use of this letter you may see fit.

Yours truly,

“JOHN SCOTT.”

I regarded this letter at the time it was written as suggesting the proper course to be adopted in negotiating a union between the two Churches, and it was the course adopted at last, and the two Churches met, through

their chosen representatives, as equals, possessing equal rights.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church met on May 19, 1875, in Princeton, Illinois. Dr. John Burns, an excellent presiding officer, was elected president. It was an important session, and many subjects of deep interest came before it, and were freely discussed and acted upon. The vexed question of the ordination of women to the Christian ministry, which had been negatived in the preceding General Conference in Pittsburg in 1871, by a vote of forty-six to nineteen, was introduced by D. B. Turney, and referred to a committee, which brought in two reports, which were placed on file, and no further action taken on the subject.

The spirit of fraternity seemed to prevail at that Conference. The Rev. Dr. William Hunter, a fraternal messenger appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was present, and presented the fraternal greetings of that body. He was responded to in a kind and brotherly spirit, and fraternal messengers were appointed to attend the next session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. E. S. Janes, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was also present, and addressed the Conference. He said he did not come to represent anybody but himself; that he wanted to show his respect and love for the brethren of the Conference and those whom they represented; and that he hoped the day was not far distant when all the Methodists of this country would be united in one body. The bishop was responded to by the president, by Alexander Clark, and by the writer; and the occasion was one of much interest, because of the feeling of brotherly love which prevailed, showing that the Spirit of Christ united in heart those who were separated by systems of

ecclesiastical polity. Bishop Janes, if not as a bishop, yet as a Christian man, captured the hearts of the brethren of the Conference, and while they did not admire his office, they could not but love the man.

Charles W. Button, a fraternal messenger from the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, was introduced, and addressed the Conference in words of kind and Christian greeting. He assured the Conference of a rapidly-growing sentiment in the Church he represented, in favor of organic union between the two bodies. He said that they were fondly cherishing the hope that ere long the divided stream might again become one. Brother Button was recognized as a representative man, a man of candor and sincerity, and his address was received with great pleasure, and very favorably impressed the Conference. Responses were made by W. R. Parsons, T. H. Colhouer, and the writer, in a similar spirit of Christian fraternity.

The Committee on Methodistic Union, among other things, contained the following, which was adopted:

"Inasmuch as the cause for suspension of official relations by the Conferences of the North, now represented in this Conference, is now entirely removed by the providence of God, and the suspension having from the first been declared to be only contingent upon the continuance of the cause complained of; and

"WHEREAS, Furthermore, the General Conference in the South, assembled at Lynchburg, May, 1874, did, in accordance with mutual and reciprocal advances for reunion, elect nine commissioners to meet nine co-ordinate commissioners, expected to be appointed by this General Conference now in session, to deliberate together and devise plans for reunion alike honorable and desirable to each; therefore, this Committee unanimously recommend the election of nine persons as commissioners for said purpose."

In harmony with the preceding recommendation, the Conference elected nine commissioners, as follows: J. Burns, J. J. Smith, T. J. Finch, F. H. Pierpont, J. J. Gillespie, E. A. Wheat, P. F. Remsburg, A. Clark, and G. B. McElroy,—five ministers and four laymen. Thus the cause of reunion was placed in such a position as to give reasonable hope of its success. There is one amusing thing, however, which can not fail to be noticed in connection with the action of each of the parties to the proposed union, and that is the caution taken to prevent the impression that *it* was the party that first proposed the union.

At the Princeton General Conference important action was taken in reference to the Board of Ministerial Education, which placed it on a better footing, and guarded against certain evils connected with its operations, which were perhaps unavoidable in the beginning of such an enterprise. It was found that unsuitable persons had been admitted as beneficiaries of the Board, who had disappointed the expectations of the Church, and some of whom, after receiving aid from the Church, with utter indifference to their obligations, had left it. I happened to be chairman of the committee to which the report of the Board was referred. I had given the subject special thought, and was prepared to suggest such remedies as I believed would correct the mistakes which had been discovered. The other members of the committee agreed with me, and we made several recommendations, which were adopted, and which have produced important practical results.

In the first place, we recommended that in the future “no person be received as a beneficiary of the Board unless he be recommended by an Annual Conference as a young man of undoubted piety, and of good natural ability, and who shall be able to pass an examination admitting him to the second year in the college,” by which was meant

the preparatory department. There is no sense in the Church supporting boys, or young men, at college, who may pursue the very same studies in the common or high schools at home. As the report said, "Any young man who can not, in a reasonable length of time, with the assistance which may anywhere be obtained, qualify himself to enter the second preparatory year, has not the perseverance and energy necessary to secure success in the ministry." In this day dreamy drones are not wanted in the ministry. We want young men, not only of undoubted piety, but of snap and vim, who can study and work in every appropriate way to build up the kingdom of Christ.

The committee recommended, in the second place, "that the aid afforded young men shall be in the form of a loan, without interest, to be refunded to the Board by the party receiving it, at the rate of ten per cent of the amount of salary received per annum after he has entered the ministry. And that in case he shall leave the Church, or engage in secular pursuits, he shall refund the whole amount, with interest from the time he leaves the Church or retires from the ministry; and that every beneficiary, before entering the college, should be required to give his written obligation to the Board to comply with the above conditions."

Young men should not be made to feel that they are paupers, dependent on the charity of the Church; but, should the Church educate competent young men for the ministry, it will receive back in the value of the service they render it, more than an equivalent for the money expended on them. Still, the committee were of the opinion "that the adoption of the above plan would develop the manhood of the young men, make them more self-reliant, and prompt them to greater efforts to sustain themselves." In this way young men are assisted in the

way of an accommodation, to be paid back at a future time, and the Church is not only benefited by their labors, but the money they pay back can be used in educating others indefinitely for the service of the Church.

The committee also directed attention to the importance of providing for the necessary theological instruction of the young men pursuing their literary course in college in view of entering the ministry. This has since been done, and I have had the satisfaction of seeing the measures which I proposed and earnestly advocated, adopted with success by the Church.

In the fall of 1875 I left Cincinnati, and was stationed in the First Church, Allegheny City, Pa. I had served the charge before; but during my absence many changes had taken place. Still, I found some of my old friends left, among whom was the Rev. John Herbert, who manifested the same interest in me that he had always done. The year was one of faithful labor and some success.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

General Conference Methodist Episcopal Church—Fraternal Delegates—Disappointment—Letter and Address—Reception of Address—Address of Dr. Clark—Remarks of Bishop Janes—Reference of *Daily Christian Advocate*—Pleasant State of Feeling—Change of Feeling—No Official Inter-course.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Baltimore, Md., in May, 1876. Dr. John Cowl and myself, two of the fraternal messengers appointed at the Princeton General Conference to attend the next session of that body, when the time came, prepared to attend, and, with the other members of the delegation, discharge the pleasant duty imposed upon us. But at the last moment we were providentially disappointed. We, however, hurriedly prepared a brief address to the Conference, and forwarded it with an accompanying note explaining the cause of our absence. These communications were placed in the hand of the Conference by Brother Alexander Clark, who had been appointed to take the place of W. H. Jordan, one of our fraternal messengers. I insert these papers here, as showing the state of feeling which existed at that time between the two Churches.

Bishop Janes, who presided on the occasion, said: "The Conference will recollect that Dr. Hunter, of the Pittsburg Conference, and Dr. Martin, of the West Virginia Conference, were appointed fraternal delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Church, held in Princeton last year. Dr. Hunter's report was read to you this morning. The fraternal delegates appointed by that General Conference to reciprocate the visit of your fraternal

delegates are prevented from being present. The president of the Conference has appointed a substitute. That substitute is present. He, however, must leave, as he sails for Europe in a day or two. He desires your attention for a very few minutes. I trust this Conference, in view of the exigency of this case, will give him the opportunity to be presented, and to make that brief communication.

The Conference indicating their wish to hear the fraternal delegate referred to, Bishop Janes said: "It is due, previous to his being presented, that the reasons for the absence of the other delegates should be read." The secretary here read the following:

"To the Members of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled in the city of Baltimore, May, 1876:

"DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—We deeply regret our inability to be present with you in person, as we greatly desired. We had procured our tickets, and were on our way to the train, when intelligence of the death of a near relative constrained us to change our purpose. We have, however, endeavored, in a brief and hurried communication, which we trust the other members of our delegation will approve, to discharge the duty imposed upon us, and also to express to you some of our individual views and feelings.

"Praying that the blessing of the Great Head of the Church may rest upon you, we remain, dear Fathers and Brethren,

Yours in Christ,

"JOHN SCOTT,

"JOHN COWL.

"PITTSBURG, PA., May 9, 1876."

After the reading of the above, Bishop Janes said: "There is the document to which that letter refers—a communication prepared and sent here by these fraternal

delegates, when they found that they could not be present. Brother Clark, however, says he will consent that the reading of this be postponed until some time when it will meet your convenience to hear it, unless you prefer to hear it now."

Several voices: "Let us hear it now."

The secretary then read as follows:

"To the Members of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in General Conference assembled, in the city of Baltimore, May, 1876:

"DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—We are happy, as Fraternal Messengers of the 'Methodist Church'—without prefix or suffix—one of the smaller bodies of Methodism, to extend to you the fraternal greeting and kind Christian regards of the body which we have the honor to represent. This is an official duty which it affords us very great pleasure to perform.

"In addressing you, we feel that we are addressing our brethren; for we regard Methodism in its various branches as essentially one. We had a common origin, and for a considerable time a common history; and we are sure we have, or ought to have, a common interest. We all venerate the name of Wesley, adopt the theology of Watson, and recognize as a standard of exposition and comment the learned writings of Adam Clarke.

"The teachings of Methodism everywhere are the same. Differences have arisen in reference to forms of government and questions of a domestic nature; but no difference exists in reference to the essential doctrines of Methodism. In this respect the branches are as thoroughly Methodist as the original stock. And this, after all, is the great essential thing. This is the soul of Methodism; and in this respect it is one and undivided. Its ordinances, its forms

of worship, and the general outlines of its economy are also the same. In all that is essential to Methodism there is an absolute and permanent agreement among the various Methodist bodies. The points of difference are comparatively unimportant and non-essential, and relate to matters not originally connected with the great Methodist Reformation.

“For eighteen years after the introduction of Methodism into this country it existed without a formal and general organization, and without a general executive head, except so far as Mr. Wesley, through others, partially superintended it. At the Christmas Conference, held in this city (Baltimore) in 1784, a general organization was effected, and general superintendents or executives were chosen. These measures, as well as those of a different character, adopted by bodies which afterward seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church, formed no part of original Methodism. They were measures adopted by the different parties concerned, according to their best judgment, for the extension and permanent establishment of Methodism. They no more constitute Methodism than the coat a man wears constitutes the man. Variety of form is not inconsistent with unity of character.

“Every branch of Methodism is a living, fruitful branch, and each acts and reacts upon the other. The mutual influence thus exerted has perhaps, after all, been of a healthful and beneficial character, and has promoted the common good. One of the results has been to bring the various Methodist bodies into greater harmony, and, in things not essential, into greater practical unity. They are now moving on converging lines, and we know that such lines, if sufficiently extended, ultimately meet.

“Some forty-five years ago our fathers planted a little vine in this city (Baltimore). It was a cutting from an older

vine, and they so trimmed and set it that, in their opinion, the fruit was wonderfully improved. But they planted it in the same ground where the old vine was growing. Its roots permeated the whole soil, and its branches cast their shadows far and wide. In consequence of this the little vine was deprived of the nourishment, sunshine, and air it would have enjoyed had it been permitted to grow alone. Still, it grew and produced good fruit, and its friends claim that, by some means or other, it has so affected the old vine that its fruit has improved to such an extent that it requires a person of some penetration to tell the difference between the two. In consequence of this, some have thought that the young vine might now be safely ingrafted again into the old vine. But there are others who think the old vine should be ingrafted into the new. This problem is too difficult for us to solve.

"We are happy to say, however, that the irritation which almost necessarily attended the 'Reform' controversy, the expulsion of some ministers and members, the withdrawal of others, and the organization of a new Church, has passed away. A new day has dawned, and the spirit of fraternity and brotherly love has taken the place of a spirit of division and strife. The great fundamental principle of lay representation, for which the founders of our Church mainly contended, has been conceded, if not fully applied, and the mother now looks tenderly upon the children, and the children dutifully return her love.

"One year ago, the Rev. Dr. Hunter, one of your Fraternal Messengers to our General Conference, visited us, and extended to us your fraternal greeting, and assured us of your kind regards. His visit afforded us very great pleasure. We were glad to greet him as a brother beloved and honored by us, and also heartily to receive him as your

messenger. Your venerable senior bishop also honored us by his presence, not in an official capacity, as he told us, but to represent himself and assure us of his love, and we think he will bear record that his reception was most cordial; for we felt it a great privilege to greet and honor such a man of God. He told us that, however the statement might subject him to criticism, he was in favor of an organic union of the Methodist Churches in this country. As individuals, we most heartily indorse his position on that subject. We say here, as we have said elsewhere, we are in favor of one Methodism for the continent. We can not, Mr. President, for the life of us, see any good reason for the existence now of so many different Methodist Churches in this country. The tendency of this age is not to a blind submission to usurped authority, but to restiveness under the proper restraints of law. This undue tendency to liberalism does not need to be fostered, but rather to be restrained.

"The Church which we have the honor to represent is now negotiating, with favorable prospects, a union with the Methodist Protestant Church, a part of her former self. This step is in the right direction, and we hope will be succeeded by others, which will result in a general Methodist union. We believe the angels in heaven would rejoice at such a consummation.

"It may be proper for us, Mr. President, to say, as your venerable senior bishop said, in the expression of these sentiments on the subject of union, we represent ourselves, and for them we are individually responsible. We were appointed to bear to you the fraternal greetings of our brethren; but perhaps we may be pardoned for the additional expression of our individual views and feelings on a subject of so much interest. Recognizing, then, the essential unity of Methodism, and the minifying of non-

essential differences, we come to you in the name and by the authority of the 'Methodist Church,' to assure you of our high esteem, of our Christian love, and of our sincere desire for your prosperity and more abundant success. We ask the Divine benediction upon you in all your works of faith and labors of love. We devoutly pray that the spirit of fraternity and unity may increase until we shall not only be one in Christ, but also one in organization and in name.

"JOHN SCOTT,

"JOHN COWL."

Dr. Alexander Clark, who was present, said in the *Recorder* of the following week, that "the address elicited the greatest attention, and was several times applauded heartily by the Conference, especially at the point where the principle of lay representation, instituted by the fathers of 1828, was said to have been indorsed at last by the Methodist Episcopal Church. This, in Baltimore, so handsomely said, and so thoroughly enjoyed, was a scene worthy of remembrance."

After the reading of the preceding address, Dr. Clark, in his own peculiar and impressive manner, proceeded to address the Conference in person, his remarks frequently eliciting applause. At the close of his address, Bishop Janes said: "I can assure our brother that in due time the Conference will express, by resolution and otherwise, their appreciation of the manner in which he has performed his services before it to-day, and also of our fraternal interest in the branch of Methodism which he represents."

The *Daily Christian Advocate*, which published both addresses in full, said: "The reception of the Fraternal Delegates from the Methodist Church was an exceedingly pleasant affair. The addresses of Drs. John Scott, John Cowl, and Alexander Clark, Fraternal Delegates, were ad-

mirable in kind, and were listened to with great satisfaction."

There were pleasant feelings existing between the two Churches at that time, and these good feelings continued for several years afterwards; but of late years there has been no official intercourse between the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Protestant Churches. Whether the change has contributed anything to the glory of God, or the prosperity of either of the Churches, I will not pretend to say.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pittsburg Conference, 1876—Invited to Remain in Allegheny—Declined—Sent to Sharpsburg—Grace Church—Former Pastor—Old Friends—Church not Prosperous—Francis Murphy—Man of Great Magnetism—"Old Home"—Held Meeting in My Church—Protracted-meeting—Gracious Revival—Excellent Singing—Mathematics and Music—Henry Dingler—Miracle of Grace—Trying to Pray—Faithful—Peaceful Death—Funeral.

THE Pittsburg Conference met in the fall of 1876 in Bellevue, a suburb of Pittsburg. The First Church, Allegheny, had invited me to remain with them another year, but I preferred not to do so, and the Conference sent me to Grace Church, Sharpsburg. I had been their pastor at two different times before; but had been absent more than a dozen years, yet on my return I found that comparatively few changes had taken place. Most of the old members were still there, while new ones had been received. I found Dr. William Collier, and his son, Judge F. H. Collier, Thomas H. Gibson, John Cook, H. F. Dunham, Francis Alsup, James I. Robinson, and other old friends there to greet me. I always liked Sharpsburg, and my residence there and my intercourse with the people at different times for more than a dozen years was always pleasant, and I know of no place where I would rather reside to-day, did circumstances justify it, than among my old Sharpsburg friends.

The Church was not in a very prosperous condition spiritually. The prayer-meetings were poorly attended, and there was no class-meeting. There were not many who would lead in prayer, and if some of these were absent, it

made our prayer-meetings rather short. But I entered upon my work resolved to do the best I could.

That fall and winter Francis Murphy, the great apostle of temperance, was in Pittsburg, and the excitement which he produced among the people was wonderful. His headquarters were in our First Church on Fifth Avenue, where the Kaufman building now stands, and during the Murphy movement it was known as "The Old Home." It was a large church, with galleries on both sides and one end, and would hold a great many people. But it was crowded for weeks and months with all sorts and classes of persons, and thousands of them, I suppose, signed the pledge, and many of them kept it.

Mr. Murphy was a man of great magnetism, of quick perception, full of Irish wit and humor, an eloquent speaker, and he seemed to know exactly how to manage and control a great mass of all sorts of people. He appeared to be perfectly at home, and self-possessed in the midst of the greatest excitement. He urged the people not only to sign the pledge, but also to become religious and lead better lives. And, so far as he could, he put every one who signed the pledge at once to work. He would urge them, after signing the pledge, to speak and give some of their experience as to the evils of intemperance. He tried to imbue the people with the idea that they must go to work, and do something to advance the good cause. Meetings were held at other places besides "The Old Home," and the excitement spread in every direction.

I was fortunate enough to be able to persuade Mr. Murphy to hold one meeting in my church in Sharpsburg. He was accompanied by several other speakers, and a vast crowd of people was in attendance. The large folding doors between the church and the chapel were thrown open, and both church and chapel were packed to their utmost

capacity. Standing-room was at a premium. The enthusiasm was indeed wonderful, and a great many persons signed the pledge. Among these were quite a number of young married men, and some verging on middle life.

It was the season for protracted-meetings, and we at once commenced a series of religious services. The meetings were interesting from the start, and they increased in interest as they progressed. Many sought the Savior, and found him to the joy of their hearts. Unlike most revivals, the principal work appeared to be among the men. Many of them sought Christ, and professed faith in his name. As soon as they were converted, I put them to work, called on them to pray, and urged them to speak, and I do not remember one of them that refused to bear the cross. The Church was quickened and revived, and a most gracious state of spiritual prosperity was enjoyed. There was nothing boisterous, but the melting and subduing power of the Holy Spirit, and the overflowings of Divine love seemed to be manifested in every heart. There was no longer a lack of persons to pray or exercise in the Church. "The people had a mind to work." The young men organized a prayer-meeting, which was held in the chapel every Sabbath morning an hour before public service, and which was largely attended. From this meeting they came into the church with hearts aglow, ready for the public worship.

My three years' pastorate in Sharpsburg at that time, although embarrassed with some serious difficulties, was the most pleasant of my life, and I never recall the memory of those happy days without the most tender emotions. I am passionately fond of music, and our choir in Sharpsburg, at that time under the leadership of Judge Collier, could not easily be surpassed anywhere, and the songs and anthems of praise which they sung were sometimes

so inspiring and uplifting that it seemed to me the place was the very vestibule of heaven. The Rev. Dr. George B. McElroy, professor of Mathematics in Adrian College, once said to me that he expected to continue the study of mathematics to all eternity. I told him that, while he sat apart, enrapt in profound thought, I would visit the great musical conservatory of heaven, and try to learn some of the songs of the redeemed. There is no part of religious worship more delightful and more pleasing to God than the heartfelt singing of his praise.

There was one man, Brother Henry Dingler, who was converted during our series of meetings, who is worthy of special mention, as illustrating the power of Divine grace to elevate and save the most abandoned. He was of German descent, and had enjoyed but few educational advantages. He had served as a soldier through the War of the Rebellion, but he contracted habits of intemperance, and had become a great inebriate. His father had left him a handsome property; but he had wasted it all, and was reduced to poverty. He signed the pledge the night of Mr. Murphy's meeting in our church, and then came to our meetings and presented himself at the altar for prayer. He was honest, he was sincere, he wanted to break away from his sins, and lead a new life. And God thoroughly converted him—made a new man out of him. I almost at once called on him to pray, and he did not refuse; but he seemed to have few ideas, and fewer words. But God understood him, and we bore with him. I continued to call on him, and he never refused; but did the best he could. And it was astonishing how rapidly he improved. He seemed to get control of his thoughts and the use of words, and it was not long until he could make a very sensible prayer. Persons always learn to talk when they are chil-

dren. So when persons are converted they must begin to pray and speak for God. If they do not learn to do so then, it is not likely that they ever will. A child does not at first speak with a clear and distinct utterance. It takes time to enable him to do so. So with the Christian. He can not reasonably expect to be able at first to pray and speak without some embarrassment and difficulty; but if he perseveres like the little child, these difficulties will soon be overcome, and he will be enabled to do so with comparative ease and comfort. This was very clearly illustrated in the case of Brother Dingler.

Through the mercy and grace of God, Brother Dingler was preserved, and led a sober and upright Christian life, showing to all around him the power of Christ to save. After some seven or eight years he sickened and died; but he died as the Christian dies, in peace and in hope of a better country. His remains were brought to the church, and Judge Collier, in whose regiment he served in the army, spoke of him as a good soldier, and I spoke of him as a Christian, and his companions in arms conveyed his remains to the cemetery, and gave him an honorable burial.

During my pastorate in Sharpsburg, it was my privilege to receive into the Church Brother H. J. Heinz and wife. Sister Heinz is with the pure ones before the throne; but Brother Heinz, with his sincere devotion, his wonderful energy, and his almost unequalled business talent, is still spared to bless the Church of his choice.

At the Bellevue Conference A. W. Robertson was received, and has continued in the Conference to the present time. In addition to his other opportunities, he enjoyed the advantages of a course in the Western Theological Seminary, of the Presbyterian Church, while pastor of one of our Churches in Allegheny City. He is a man of keen,

penetrating legal mind, of great industry, a pleasing and attractive speaker, an able debater, cool and self-possessed, and an authority on questions of Church law. Were he to turn his attention to the legal profession, he would, no doubt, attain to eminence. It is unnecessary to say that he is an excellent preacher.

CHAPTER XXX.

Meeting of Union Commissioners—Action—Basis of Union—Action of Conferences—Meeting of Conventions—Basis of Union Discussed and Adopted—Meeting and Blending of Two Bodies—Pickens, a Lawyer—Scott, a Preacher—Starr Church—Pleasant—Flow of Good Feeling—Happy Consummation.

THE committee appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, at its session in Lynchburg, Va., in May, 1874, and the committee appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist Church, at its session in Princeton, Illinois, in May, 1875, met in joint session in the First Church, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, on Tuesday, October 22, 1875, and remained in session till the following Monday evening. Seven of the nine commissioners appointed by the Methodist Protestant General Conference—to wit.: L. W. Bates, S. B. Southerland, B. F. Duggan, R. H. Wills, W. M. Betts, ministers, and O. Hammond, and William Vandervort, laymen; and John Burns, J. J. Smith, E. A. Wheat, Alexander Clark, and G. B. McElroy, ministers; and P. F. Remsburgh, J. J. Gillespie, T. J. Finch, and F. H. Pierpont, laymen, appointed by the Methodist General Conference,—were present. L. W. Bates was elected president, and G. B. McElroy secretary.

A committee was appointed, which examined the Disciplines of the two Churches, and reported to the commissioners such modifications of each as they deemed necessary in order to the formation of one Discipline for the united body. The modifications were considered, and such action taken as was deemed necessary to form a basis of

union on which it was believed the two bodies could unite. This basis of union was published in the *Methodist Protestant* and *Methodist Recorder*, that the two Churches might know what their commissioners had done, and on what grounds it was proposed they should come together. The commissioners also recommended that a Convention of each Church should be called, to meet in the city of Baltimore on the second Friday in May, 1877.

All the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church, twenty-one in number, at their several sessions during the year 1876, concurred in the basis of union adopted by the commissioners, and elected delegates to the proposed Convention of their own Church in the city of Baltimore. Sixteen of the twenty Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church voted in favor of a Convention, and four against it; yet all of them elected a full representation of delegates to the proposed Convention. It was not proposed that the representatives of the two Churches should meet in joint session; but that the representatives of each Church should meet separately, and, according to the provisions of their own law, take action on the proposed basis of union.

The two Conventions met in Baltimore as proposed, on the 11th day of May, 1877. I had been elected a member of our Convention by the Pittsburg Conference, and it afforded me great pleasure to attend. I was heartily in favor of the union; but I was not one of the "gushing" kind, who permitted emotion to overcome reason and judgment. When a thing is done right it generally stays done, and good results follow; but when a thing is not done right, it matters not how much "gush" there may be about it, results are not favorable. It took the mellowing influence of time to enable the two Churches to overcome the excitement under which they had labored for years, and with

calm and cool judgment to consider in a proper spirit the whole subject, and to act on it measurably free from sectional influence and bias. The wonder is, not that the union did not take place sooner, but that it took place as soon as it did. The basis of union proposed by the commissioners was candidly and earnestly discussed in each of the Conventions, and finally adopted by each with very little dissent.

The union having been virtually effected, it only remained for the two bodies to come together, and henceforward act as one. This was very pleasantly brought about. It was arranged that the brethren of the Methodist Convention, which had held its sessions in the Methodist Protestant Church, on the corner of Green and Lombard Streets, should proceed to the corner of Lombard and Fremont Streets, where the brethren of the Methodist Protestant Convention, which had held its sessions in the church on the corner of Fayette and Aisqueth Streets, should be waiting, and that the presidents of the two Conventions respectively should join arms, followed by the secretaries in like manner, these to be followed by the members of the two Conventions, two by two, each twain being of one from each body, all to march to the Starr Church, on Poppleton Street.

This order was nicely, and without any confusion, carried out. When I came up to the gentleman who was waiting for me, and took him by the arm, he said: "My name is Pickens—S. V. Pickens—I am a lawyer, from North Carolina." I said: "My name is John Scott. I am a preacher, from Pittsburg." So, we were introduced, and talked pleasantly with each other, and found that there was no conflict between the law and the gospel.

The two Conventions having assembled together in Starr Church, the body was called to order by L. W.

Bates, president of the Methodist Protestant Convention, after which J. J. Smith, president of the Methodist Convention, delivered a brief and well-timed address, breathing a fraternal and hopeful spirit, which was well received. He was followed in a brief address, in a similar spirit, by L. W. Bates. At the close of his address, he pronounced the Convention then in session the General Convention of the Methodist Protestant Church. The doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings," etc., was then sung with great emotion, after which an hour was given to five-minute speeches from the brethren, and exchange of greetings and congratulations. The scene that followed was one difficult to describe. It was a scene of joy and gladness, and brethren spoke and acted in harmony with their natural impulses. Some were calm and self-possessed; but their countenances, radiant with smiles, indicated the deep satisfaction of soul which they felt. Others were not only full of feeling, but also full of words, and they could not restrain themselves, but bubbled over in the fullness of their joy. Many speeches, tender, touching, and gushing, were made by brethren, calling forth responses in similar strain. It was, indeed, a scene long to be remembered, and one over which the angels no doubt rejoiced.

After more than twenty years of estrangement and separation, the divided parts of the Methodist Protestant Church had been brought together, and were united in one body. This was a consummation which had been greatly desired and sought by many, and by no one more earnestly than myself for years. It removed cause of friction along the border between the divided bodies, and gave increased strength and ability for more extended and efficient work.

In 1878 the Pittsburg Conference met in Sharpsburg, where I was then pastor. I was not in good health, and the arrangements for the entertainment of the Conference

largely devolved upon me, so that when Conference met I was quite worn down. Then the brethren elected me president, which imposed an additional burden upon me. The result was, that after Conference adjourned I broke down, and had a severe sick spell. There is a point of endurance beyond which we can not safely pass. It is not best for men to undertake to accomplish too much.

At that Conference J. H. Hull, who had been a member of the Conference for nearly thirty years, and who had served two years as president, was placed on the superannuated list, and during the following year withdrew from the Church. But he never was satisfied, and after twelve years, although broken down in health, he returned and was received again into the Conference, and died among his old and early friends. It is hazardous for a man to break off his early associations, and sever his connection with the Church of his early choice, that was instrumental in bringing him to Christ, and unite with some other Church, unless he has the very best of reasons for doing so.

At this session J. C. Berrien was received from the New York Conference, and has proved a faithful and successful worker. He is a man of genial spirit, a good preacher, and devoted to the Church. Since the death of J. B. Walker, he has filled the office of corresponding secretary of the Board of Ministerial Education with great acceptability.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Alexander Clark—Lecture Tour—Left in Charge of *Methodist Recorder*—Lecture in Richmond—Address at Yadkin—Illness—Relapse—Improvement—Reaches Atlanta—Kindness of Governor Colquitt—Sickness—"In the Gate of Heaven"—Death—Remains Brought Home—Funeral—Addresses—Pall-bearers—Place of Interment—Memorial Services in First Church, Pittsburg—Numerous Addresses—Dr. Clark, Author—Man of Genius—Continued to Edit *Recorder*—Elected Editor—Editorial Greeting—Experience—Duties—Tribute of Ingersoll to Clark—Editorial Comments—Ingersoll's Letter in Reply—Laborious Position.

DURING the last year of my pastorate in Sharpsburg, Dr. Alexander Clark, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, arranged for a short lecture tour in the South, and requested me to take charge of the *Recorder* till his return. I had often helped him, and supplied his place in his absence for a short time. Having been editor of the paper, the work was familiar to me, and I suppose he thought I could do it better than one who had no experience in it.

On the 26th day of May, 1879, Dr. Clark left home, in poor health, to deliver the annual literary address at the Commencement of Yadkin College, North Carolina, and fill a few other lecture engagements in the South. After lecturing in Richmond, Virginia, on his way, he reached Greensboro, North Carolina, on the 1st of June, and was the guest of the Rev. J. L. Michaux. Here he was taken ill; but after a few days he rallied, and, by permission of his physician, although very feeble, he went to Yadkin, a distance of forty miles, and delivered his address before a crowded audience on the afternoon of June 5th. The labor, however, was more than his strength could bear,

and the next day he took a relapse. But after a few days, with careful nursing, he again rallied, and on the 10th of June he returned to Lexington, from which place, on the evening of the 11th, he took passage for Atlanta, Georgia, although extremely feeble. He reached that place the following day, and took lodgings at a hotel. But His Excellency, Governor A. H. Colquitt, hearing of his arrival and illness, went to the hotel in person, and had him removed to the executive mansion, where he received every attention which love could bestow. But the skill of physicians and the kind ministries of dear friends could not arrest the progress of his disease. Yet, amid all his suffering and pain, he was calm and resigned. On the 13th, in a letter to Rev. J. L. Michaux, he sent the following message to his friends in North Carolina: "Say to them how I love them. Tell them I am patient—trying to get towards home, and my love for the Savior abounds more and more." When visited by Brother Michaux on the 23d of June, he said to him: "I have been very ill, but am better, though still very weak. The doctor says I must not talk. I have been at death's door, but *right in the gate of heaven*." "At another time," says Brother Michaux, "he spoke how good the Lord had been to him, and how much he had blessed him. He spoke of the valley of the shadow of death—said it was only the 'valley of the *shadow* of death,' adding, 'I know it, for I have been there.'"

On the 24th of June his son Edward arrived from Philadelphia, and remained with him till the end. He was the only member of his family who was able to be with him at any time during his illness. Far from home and the dear ones he loved, he was called to suffer and die. On Sunday evening, July 6th, he breathed his last, just as the church-bells were giving the first signals for evening worship, and so calmly that those who sat by his

bedside, and his devoted son, who clasped his hand, were not certain of the moment when he took his final leave. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

After appropriate services, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, July 7th, his remains, having been placed in a metallic coffin, or burial case, left Atlanta, in care of his son, in a special car, by way of Louisville, for Pittsburg, where they arrived at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 9th, William Clark, the only brother of the deceased, arriving on a train from the East at the same hour. The remains had been expected at that time, and all the necessary arrangements for the funeral had been made by a committee of the Board of Publication and of the Pittsburg Preachers' Meeting.

Through the kindness of the officers of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad, a special car was placed at the disposal of the committee for the accommodation of friends desiring to attend the funeral at Wellsville, the home of Brother Clark's family, fifty miles west of Pittsburg. The train left the Union Depot at 8.40 A. M., and arrived at Wellsville about eleven o'clock A. M. Quite a large number of ministers and friends from Pittsburg accompanied the remains. On the arrival of the train at Wellsville, the casket was taken to the family residence, a beautiful home on the banks of the Ohio, where, at 2.30 P. M., the funeral services took place. The afternoon was unpleasant, a light, drizzling rain falling continuously, as if in harmony with the feeling of sadness and gloom which appeared to have settled on the large multitude of friends assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom all loved and honored. The services were necessarily brief. Rev. M. B. Taylor, of Beaver Falls, read the Scriptures; Rev. D. True-man, of Wellsville, announced the hymn; Dr. John Scott,

of Sharpsburg, and Dr. A. M. Reid, president of the Female College, Steubenville, Ohio, made brief addresses. After prayer, Dr. John Cowl, of Port Homer, pronounced the benediction. The remains were then taken to their last resting-place, and deposited in a beautiful spot in the Spring Hill Cemetery, on high ground overlooking the village of Wellsville and the Ohio River, the following persons acting as pall-bearers: J. J. Gillespie, president of the Board of Publication, and Dr. T. W. Shaw, also a member of the Board; John J. Murray, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church, Pittsburg, and Henry T. Reeves, of the Methodist Protestant Church, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; Alfred Wheeler, D. D., editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, Pittsburg, and W. B. Watkins, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sewickley, Pennsylvania; Rev. James Robison, Publishing Agent, and Rev. M. A. Parkinson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Industry, Pennsylvania.

Although Dr. Clark died among strangers, yet he was buried in the midst of his friends. His aged father and mother, both of whom were over eighty, his wife and eleven children, his only brother and two sisters, together with a large concourse of neighbors, and friends from near and far, were present at his funeral. With gentle hands the remains of this endeared husband, this loving father, this honored minister and faithful servant of the Church, were laid away to their rest until the Angel of the Resurrection shall bid them rise.

On Friday afternoon, July 11, 1879, a service in memory of Brother Clark was held in the First Methodist Protestant Church, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

The large edifice was well filled by a deeply-interested audience. A few members of Dr. Clark's family, embracing three sons, a daughter, his brother, one sister, and a

few other near relatives, were provided with seats in the middle aisle, while the ministers of the Methodist Protestant Church and a large number of divines of other denominations had seats on the opposite side of the same aisle.

Under the direction of a florist, assisted with exquisite taste by loving friends of the deceased, the church was decorated with beautiful simplicity. At the base of the desk, within the altar, where the deceased had often officiated in his capacity as minister, growing plants were placed in an attractive manner. From the moss in the center, vines were run so as to reach either corner of the desk, and in the center was a mammoth calla-lily, the pure whiteness of which contrasted beautifully with the deep green of the plants and vines. The posts supporting the lamps at either side of the desk were draped with crape and smilax, and at the base on one side was a large anchor, while at the other side was a cross artistically worked in white flowers. On either side of the desk was a vase filled with beautiful flowers, and on these vases rested a piece on which appeared the simple but expressive word, "Rest." On the wall in the rear of the pulpit was a large portrait of the deceased, draped with crape and smilax. These decorations were beautiful in their simplicity, and accorded with the tastes so often expressed by the deceased.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. J. Murray, pastor of the Church, and were opened shortly after two o'clock, with a voluntary by the choir, led by Mr. Frank Rinehart,

"And he shall wipe away all tears."

Rev. David Jones, of New Brighton, read selections from the Scriptures, after which Rev. George B. McElroy, D. D., of Adrian College, led in prayer. The choir then sang

the 888th hymn, which was announced by Rev. John Gregory, of New Cumberland, West Virginia, commencing,

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

after which addresses were made by Rev. Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore; Rev. Dr. C. L. Thompson, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg; Rev. Dr. Alfred Wheeler, editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*; Rev. Dr. James Allison, editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburg; Rev. Dr. W. B. Watkins, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sewickley, Pa., and by the writer. Many pleasant and touching things were said of our deceased brother, and the occasion was one of deep interest.

Dr. Clark was the author of some half-dozen or more volumes, which were received by the public with favor, and some of which were republished in England. His first publication was entitled, "The Old Log Schoolhouse." This was followed by "Schoolday Dialogues," then "The Gospel in the Trees," then "Workday Christianity," then "Starting Out." His last work was, "Summer Rambles in Europe," embracing sketches of travel in England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. Besides these, he was the author of some smaller publications. In addition to writing profusely for his own paper, he was a frequent contributor to other journals, and performed a great deal of literary labor in other ways. Some of his best articles in the *Recorder*, while he was editor, appeared under a *nom de plume*.

Dr. Clark was a man of genius, noble-hearted, kind-spirited, and full of the charity of the gospel. A son of toil, with indomitable will, in physical weakness and straitened circumstances, he nobly battled against difficulties under which others would have succumbed. From

a poor country boy, without the advantages of wealthy parentage or collegiate culture, he raised himself by his own unaided efforts to an enviable place in the world of letters, and compelled recognition from the learned and the great. He was a Christian of sincere faith and broad catholic views. All the impulses of his nature were sympathetic and responsive. In his death he was mourned by all classes, by all denominations, and by all parties. His life presents an example which should stimulate young men, even in the midst of the greatest difficulties, to hopeful and persevering effort in the performance of their life-work.

The following letter, neatly printed in circular form, and addressed to the editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, was received shortly after Dr. Clark's death, from Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll:

"Editor *Methodist Recorder*:

"Upon the grave of the Rev. Alexander Clark I wish to place one flower.

"Utterly destitute of cold dogmatic pride, that often passes for the love of God; without the arrogance of the 'elect;' simple, free, and kind,—this earnest man made me his friend by being mine. I forgot that he was a Christian, and he seemed to forget that I was not, while each remembered that the other was a man.

"Frank, candid, and sincere, he practiced what he preached, and looked with the holy eyes of charity upon the failings and mistakes of men. He believed in the power of kindness, and spanned with divine sympathy the hideous gulf that separates the fallen from the pure.

"Giving freely to others the rights that he claimed for himself, it never occurred to him that his God hated a brave and honest unbeliever. He remembered that even

an infidel has rights that love respects, that hatred has no saving power, and that in order to be a Christian it is not necessary to become less than a man. He knew that no one can be maligned into kindness; that epithets can not convince; that curses are not arguments, and that the finger of scorn never points towards heaven. With the generosity of an honest man, he accorded to all the fullest liberty of thought, knowing, as he did, that in the realm of mind a chain is but a curse.

"For this man I entertained the profoundest respect. In spite of the taunts and jeers of his brethren, he publicly proclaimed that he would treat infidels with fairness and respect; that he would endeavor to convince them by argument, and win them with love. He insisted that the God he worshiped loved the well-being even of an atheist. In this grand position he stood almost alone. Tender, just, and loving where others were harsh, vindictive, and cruel, he challenged the respect and admiration of every honest man. A few more such clergymen might drive calumny from the lips of faith, and render the pulpit worthy of respect.

"The heartiness and kindness with which this generous man treated me can never be excelled. He admitted that I had not lost, and could not lose, a single right by the expression of my honest thought. Neither did he believe that a servant could win the respect of a generous master by persecuting and maligning those whom the master would willingly forgive.

"While this good man was living, his brethren blamed him for having treated me with fairness. But I trust, now that he has left the shore touched by the mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any wave the image of a homeward sail, this crime will be forgiven him by those who still remain to preach the love of God.

"His sympathies were not confined within the prison of a creed, but ran out and over the walls like vines, hiding the cruel rocks and rusted bars with leaf and flower. He could not echo with his heart the fiendish sentence of eternal fire. In spite of book and creed, he read 'between the lines' the words of tenderness and love, with promises for all the world. Above, beyond the dogmas of his Church—humane even to the verge of heresy—causing some to doubt his love of God because he failed to hate his unbelieving fellow-men—he labored for the welfare of mankind, and to his work gave up his life with all his heart.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1879."

This letter I published in the *Recorder*, with the following appended remarks:

"We insert the above letter in the *Recorder* for two reasons: first, to show that every expression of sympathy and respect for Dr. Clark meets with a hearty response from his friends; and, secondly, respectfully to express our dissent from some of its conclusions. We would water with our tears, and ever keep fresh the flower that Colonel Ingersoll lays upon the grave of our brother.

"True worth always deserves respect, and we are glad when it is recognized and acknowledged. We know that Dr. Clark, as Colonel Ingersoll expresses it, was simple, free, and kind, frank, candid, and sincere, practicing what he preached, and looking with the holy eyes of charity upon the failings and mistakes of men; giving freely to others the rights he claimed for himself, remembering that even infidels have rights which love respects. Dr. Clark was all this, because the religion which he professed, and with the spirit of which he was imbued, requires it. All these graces, which Colonel Ingersoll so much admires, are Christian graces, and are expressly enjoined in the Word

of God, and professedly Christian men are amiable, or otherwise, in proportion as they attain, in conformity to the requirements of their religion, these graces of the Christian character. It was really the true Christian in Dr. Clark that Colonel Ingersoll admired. 'In this grand position,' says Mr. Ingersoll, 'he stood almost alone. Tender, just, and loving where others were harsh, vindictive, and cruel, he challenged the respect and admiration of every honest man.' That all who bear the Christian name are not really Christians we are free to admit and deeply lament; but this is not the fault of Christianity, but of unchristian men. But to say that Dr. Clark was almost the only man who possessed the noble traits of Christian character above enumerated, would be giving him undue praise.

"Colonel Ingersoll declares that Dr. Clark, 'giving freely to others the rights he claimed for himself, it never occurred to him that his God hated a brave and honest unbeliever.' And why should such a thought occur to him, when the Bible teaches that God is love, that his care is over all his works, that he maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust, and that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life?

"But if God loves his creatures, he must discountenance and discourage whatever is injurious to their happiness and welfare. Sin is the great curse of the universe, and God, in the administration of his divine government, would discourage and restrain it, and this can only be done by manifesting his approval of virtue, which always promotes happiness, and his disapproval of vice, which always promotes misery, by rewarding the one and punishing the other. And whatever may be said of the 'fiendish sentence

of eternal fire,' based on some figurative expressions in the Bible, the whole tenor of its teachings is, that the Judge of all the earth will do right, and that he will reward every man according to his works, and that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. God will not punish any man more than he deserves, and then only to promote the happiness and welfare of the universe. To promote the happiness of the universe we must have order; to secure order, we must have government; to maintain government, we must have law; to enforce law, we must have penalties; and to maintain respect for law, these penalties must be executed. Whether would it be more 'fiendish' to abrogate all law, and remand the universe to moral anarchy, or to encourage virtue by rewarding the good, and to discourage vice by justly punishing transgression? Can God be good, and yet ignore all distinctions in moral character, and, in the final awards of his administration, treat with equal complacency the evil and the good?

"There is a matter of fact to which we wish to refer, and in regard to which Colonel Ingersoll appears to be in error. He says that Dr. Clark, 'in spite of the taunts and jeers of his brethren, publicly proclaimed that he would treat infidels with fairness and respect; and that he would endeavor to convince them by arguments, and win them with love.' And again, that 'while this good man was living his brethren blamed him for treating me (Ingersoll) with fairness.' That there are some professing Christians who do not possess a Christian spirit, we admit; but to our personal knowledge Dr. Clark received many letters from ministers and laymen of his own and other Churches commending his course in reference to Colonel Ingersoll, while a few others objected, not to his treating Colonel Ingersoll with fairness, but to his conceding perhaps more

than truth and justice required. We most heartily indorse the position that 'no one can be maligned into kindness; that epithets can not convince; that curses are not arguments; and that the finger of scorn never points towards heaven.'

"The right of private judgment in matters of religion was one of the fundamental principles in the great Reformation, and it is one of the cardinal principles of the Methodist Protestant Church—indeed, of all Protestant Churches. While we claim it for ourselves, we freely concede it to others, and if exercised in the spirit of Christ, it will be in kindness and love. We trust the day will never come when Colonel Ingersoll, or any one else, will be treated unfairly in the columns of the *Methodist Recorder*."

I mailed Colonel Ingersoll a marked copy of the *Recorder* containing his letter and my editorial notice of it, and the following is his reply:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4, 1879.

"REV. JOHN SCOTT:

"*My Dear Sir*,—I received, read, and liked your article. Of course, I do not expect you to agree with me; but, really, I see no reason why we should not be friends. 'Master,' said a disciple of Confucius, 'is there any word that contains the whole duty of man?' and Confucius replied, 'Yes; reciprocity.'

"I liked Mr. Clark simply because he treated me with kindness, and I am not used to such treatment from the clergy. I was astonished.

"Nearly every day I receive papers containing the most cruel and heartless things said by the clergy about the death of my dear brother. I never felt so resentful towards Christianity as I do now. Your kind article did me good, and I thank you for it. I surely hope the time may soon

come when every man will give to every other every right that he claims for himself. Thanking you again, I remain,
"Your friend, R. G. INGERSOLL."

I give this correspondence, in hope that it may do good. In my article I yielded nothing to unbelief; but I treated Mr. Ingersoll with respect and kindness, which found a response in his heart. Reciprocity is a great thing; but love to God and man, which Christ inculcates, is far greater. We should remember that if we would convert men to Christ, we must do it in the Spirit of Christ.

Being in charge of the *Recorder* at the time of Brother Clark's death, I continued to edit it in an uncertain and hesitating manner, without any further authorization than that given me by Brother Clark, till the 20th of August, 1879, when I was elected editor by the Board of Publication, to fill out the unexpired time of Brother Clark. For four months I had charge of the paper, under circumstances of peculiar embarrassment, and had also charge of the Church in Sharpsburg. The duties devolving upon me were delicate and difficult; but I did the best I could in my double capacity as editor and pastor. To give the reader a correct view of my feelings in entering officially upon my work as editor, I here insert my editorial greeting to the readers of the paper:

"I assume control of the columns of the *Methodist Recorder*, and of the three Sunday-school papers of the Church, with great diffidence. Having occupied the position before, I am familiar with its duties and responsibilities, which, instead of diminishing, are continually increasing. Nine years ago, after a term of nearly six years, I tendered my resignation, and retired from the position to which I have now again been called. I was succeeded by our lamented brother, Rev. Alexander Clark, who

wielded a keen and versatile pen, and who, as a journalist, had but few equals. This fact renders the position now more difficult to fill. I shall not attempt to imitate another, whose peculiar talent I do not possess; but, bringing the talents which God has given me to the performance of the duties assigned me, I shall do the best I can, and endeavor to be faithful to my trust. The interests of the Church, with which I have been identified almost from its organization, and whose servant I am, I shall feel it my paramount duty to promote. In this work I shall need both the forbearance and assistance of my brethren, and I respectfully and earnestly solicit their hearty co-operation. With many of Dr. Clark's special contributors I am not acquainted; but I trust they will kindly continue their favors, which will be highly appreciated, and that an acquaintance may be formed which shall prove mutually agreeable.

"I greet the many thousand readers of the *Recorder* this day sadly, yet hopefully; sadly, when I remember the cause which has rendered this greeting necessary; but hopefully, when I remember that in the Divine hand any instrument may be rendered efficient in the accomplishment of good. I shall labor to make the *Recorder* worthy of your patronage and support, an assistant in every good word and work, and a means of Christian edification and culture. I trust that our acquaintance will prove agreeable and profitable, and that with tender memories and brightening hopes, we shall labor in our lot till the angels of mercy shall whisper us to our rest."

Having had six years' experience as editor of the Church paper, I knew something of the difficulties connected with it, and of the character of the work to be performed. In consequence of this, I was not so sanguine as one possessing less experience would probably have been. It is easy

in this vocation, as well as in every other, to talk of success; but it is not so easy to succeed. The editing of a Church paper, where so many different tastes are to be suited, and so many different demands to be considered, is peculiarly difficult. After the exercise of the calmest judgment and the most impartial and disinterested decision, in view of all the circumstances in the case, the editor is often censured; and if his decision had been the reverse, the censure would have been no less severe. While the judgment of others should be duly considered and respected in this connection, it can not be safely recognized as the rule of action any more than in the discharge of other duties. An editor's own judgment, after duly considering all the facts before him, must decide the case in every instance. If he yields his own judgment, he will be like a vessel without helm or compass; tossed about by every contrary wind. As it sometimes requires a firm hand to grasp the helm so as to conduct the vessel safely through the dashing waves, so an editor must sometimes act with great firmness in pursuing a proper course in the midst of conflicting opinions. But when the editor of a Church paper is officially associated with others, who are equally responsible with himself for the success of the enterprise, it is his duty to treat their judgment with special respect.

The office on which I entered was by no means a sinecure. It involved a great deal of labor—indeed, enough for two men. For five years I edited the *Methodist Recorder*, the *Morning Guide*, the *Sunday-school*, and the *Child's Recorder*, prepared all the "copy," wrote up the cuts for the Sunday-school papers, and read all the proof, without an assistant. The last four years of my term I was relieved of the Sunday-school papers, and for a while in the close of my term I had some assistance on the *Recorder*. I never had the art of inducing others to do my

work, and my work was always a labor—I put my thought into it, and did not write out every foolish thing that came into my mind. That all my work was of first-class character was more than could reasonably be expected in the circumstances. In the fall of the year I was required to visit as many of the Conferences as I could, and in order to keep up my work, I had to prepare what matter I could for the paper before I left home, and then prepare editorials on the cars, or at the depots while waiting for trains, or wherever I was, so that my absence from the office did not relieve me from work. Had it not been that it was a kind of work that I liked, it would have been an unendurable drudgery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Miss Lizzie M. Guthrie—Meeting with Mrs. O'Neal—Union Board—Education of Girls in Japan—Preachers' Meeting—Statements of Miss Guthrie—Women Encouraged—Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Organized—Officers—Constitution—By-laws—Miss Guthrie—Birth—Education—Conversion—Missionary to India—Failure of Health—Japan—Service There—Attention Called to our Church—Return Home—Providentially Brought in Contact with our Women—Appointed Missionary to Japan—Farewell Meeting—Her Departure—Death in San Francisco—Remains Brought to Pittsburg—Funeral—Miss Harriet G. Brittan.

IN the beginning of February, 1879, Miss Lizzie M. Guthrie, a returned missionary from Japan, visited Pittsburg, and, seemingly by accident, met with Sister O'Neal, a member of our First Church, Allegheny City. The two ladies a few days afterwards visited our Preachers' Meeting, and Miss Guthrie gave us some account of her labors in Japan, and of the great opening presented there for Christian work, and excited a good deal of interest in the minds of the brethren. Previous to that time we had been co-operating with the Woman's Union Foreign Missionary Society, and had furnished money for the education of sixteen or seventeen girls in Japan, to become Bible-readers there. Miss Guthrie proposed that the women of our Church should organize a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and endeavor to enlist the women of our whole Church more fully in the missionary work. Her suggestion met with the hearty approval of the brethren of the Preachers' Meeting, and they encouraged the women to go forward and effect an organization.

The subject was accordingly discussed among our women in and about Pittsburg, and on the 14th day of February, 1879, a meeting of the ladies was held in the First Church, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, at which Miss Guthrie was present. She informed them of the general mission work done by the Union Missionary Society in Japan, and particularly of the good that was being done through the liberality of the Methodist Protestant Church, in furnishing means for the education of young girls in Japan, in view of becoming Bible-readers and helpers in missionary work.

After due deliberation a society was organized, to be known as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Protestant Church. Mrs. Margaret H. Scott, wife of the writer, was elected president; Mrs. John H. Claney, secretary; Mrs. N. B. O'Neal, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Shaw, treasurer. Mrs. James I. Bennett, Mrs. F. H. Collier, and Mrs. John L. Sands were elected vice-presidents. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the women of the Methodist Protestant Church, and another committee was appointed to prepare a Constitution and By-laws for the Society. These committees subsequently reported, and their reports were adopted, and a thousand copies were printed in pamphlet form for distribution. Thus the Society was fairly inaugurated, and entered upon its career of great usefulness.

There seemed to have been something peculiarly providential in the organization of this Society, and in the way in which it was brought about. It would seem as if God had chosen Miss Guthrie, and thrown her in our way, to stimulate our lagging zeal in the missionary cause, and lead us to engage in the work of the foreign field.

Miss Guthrie was born in Bakerstown, Allegheny County, Pa., a village about eighteen miles north of Pitts-

burg. Her father, the Rev. Joseph Guthrie, D. D., was a minister in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and cousin of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of Scotland. Her mother died when she was but two days old. She was then placed in charge of her grandfather, Mr. Joseph Coskey, who tenderly cared for and educated her. In 1861 she was adopted by an aunt, Mrs. McClurg, and removed to Philadelphia, where she enjoyed every comfort and even luxury, and became a gay and fashionable young lady, full of life and joy. But a change came over her. Jesus laid his hand upon her heart, and called her into his service. Won by his love, she yielded to the Divine Spirit, and dedicated herself to God. Her heart was changed, and also the great purpose of her life. She could now say,

“Fade every earthly joy,
Jesus is mine.”

Like the Master himself, she resolved to seek, and, by the assistance of Divine grace, to save the lost. She was converted under the ministry of our own sainted Thomas H. Stockton, and partook of the last communion ever observed in the church at the corner of Eleventh and Wood Streets, Philadelphia, where Brother Stockton served for so many years as pastor. That was an Independent Church, and Miss Guthrie knew perhaps nothing of the Methodist Protestant Church, of which Brother Stockton was a minister.

Miss Guthrie's attention was soon turned to the subject of missions, and, after due deliberation, she made up her mind to go out as a missionary in the foreign field.

In 1868, Miss Guthrie's services were secured by the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, and she was sent out as a missionary to India. The climate of India, however, did not suit her. Her health soon gave

way, and at the end of a few years her fellow-missionaries deemed it advisable that she should return home. Her friends were advised of her purpose, but were also informed that but little, if any, hope was entertained that she would live to reach her native land. Contrary to expectation, however, the sea voyage proved beneficial; her strength began to return; and when she reached Japan, the improvement in her condition was very marked. She was urged by the missionaries of the Woman's Union Board there to remain a few months until her health should be fully restored. To this she assented. At length, having entirely recovered from her illness, and her services being needed there, she entered heartily into the mission work, under the direction of the Union Board, and remained there for six years.

During her stay in Japan, the funds of the Union Board were taxed to their utmost extent, and she was directed not to receive any more girls into her school, as there were no means at command for their support. Contrary, however, to this direction, she did admit two girls for whom no provision could be made. She felt that she could not reject them. She took the case to God, and entreated him to open up some way for their support. About this time God put it into the hearts of some of our people to assist in the education of young girls in Japan. Dr. William Collier, pastor of our Church in Connells-ville, raised forty dollars for this purpose, and Sister John L. Sands, of the First Church, Pittsburg, contributed forty dollars for the same purpose. The Woman's Union Board presented a medium through which they could carry out their purpose, and it was soon reported that the Methodist Protestant Church had made provision for the support of two girls, and Miss Guthrie regarded this as a direct answer to her prayers, and, as a consequence, her attention

was turned to our Church, and she became very much interested in it, and anxious to learn something more about it.

How wonderful are the dispensations of our Heavenly Father, and how mysterious his ways of working! Who could have imagined that an entire stranger to our Church, though one who had been converted under the labors of one of our ministers, but who had been trained under the auspices of another organization, should become the means of arousing our missionary zeal, organizing our women, and should go forth as our first missionary to a foreign field! But so it was. It seems that God had prepared and sent her to lead us out into the foreign missionary work.

Miss Guthrie aided our women by her counsels and efforts, and during the year subsequent to the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, visited some of our Conferences, to promote its interests.

The first anniversary meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Protestant Church was held in the First Church, Pittsburg, February 19, 1880, the president, Mrs. Margaret H. Scott, presiding. The morning session was occupied with an old-fashioned Methodist love-feast, and was a season of much religious interest.

It was then the day of small things with us in missionary work. Neither the Board of Missions nor the Woman's Society was prepared alone to send out a missionary. Before the meeting of the Woman's Society in the afternoon, the Rev. C. H. Williams, corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, met Mrs. Scott in my office, and we discussed the propriety of the Board of Missions and the Woman's Society uniting for the present in sending out and supporting a missionary, until they should

be able to engage separately in the work. This, it was agreed, was the best thing under the circumstances that could be done.

At the afternoon session of the Society, Mr. Williams being present, by request addressed the meeting, and assured the Society of the kind feelings of the Board of Missions, and suggested that they unite their strength, and then a missionary could immediately be sent to the foreign field, and the labors of the girls being educated by our money in Japan could be utilized in connection with our own Church. This suggestion met with favor; but did not assume tangible form. I took the liberty of making a few remarks in favor of it, and said that if I were a member of the Society, and had a right to make a motion, I would move that a committee be appointed to confer with the corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, to ascertain if a suitable arrangement could be devised to carry into effect the suggestion which had been made. Some one then moved that such a committee be appointed, which was carried, and the committee named. Thus the matter was placed in proper form.

The committee and the corresponding secretary arrived at a satisfactory understanding, and reported the same to the Society. The report was adopted, and all that was needed was the sanction of the Board of Missions to render the arrangement complete. This was soon obtained, and Miss Guthrie was appointed our first missionary to a foreign land, to represent the General Board of Missions, and also the Woman's Society. The women agreed to pay her salary, and the Board agreed to meet her other expenses.

As soon as convenient, the necessary arrangements were made, and April 23d was fixed upon as the time of her departure from Pittsburg. On Thursday evening, April 22, 1880, a farewell meeting was held in the First Meth-

odist Protestant Church, Union Avenue, Allegheny City. It was an occasion of deep interest. The Rev. S. F. Crowther, pastor of the Church, presided. The large lecture-room was filled with a select audience, in which nearly every evangelical denomination was represented by earnest workers for Christ, who had come to greet Miss Guthrie and extend to her their kind regards. The stand was decorated with beautiful flowers, and in the rear of it was a large American flag, presented to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society by the ladies of the Muskingum Conference, to be placed over the mission home in Yokohama, Japan. The first hour was given to social enjoyment, the ladies having provided substantial refreshments for the occasion. After this came the devotional exercises and addresses. Prayer was offered, several hymns were sung, and short impromptu addresses were made.

Miss Guthrie was introduced, and spoke in the most tender and touching manner in reference to her departure. She said: "To-morrow I shall leave you, dear friends, and set my face toward the rising sun in Japan, the place of my future labors and love. I rejoice to know that I do not go alone. My Savior will go with me, and keep me and bless me in my distant field. But there is one thing that I wish to urge upon you, Christian friends, especially upon the young members of the Church, that you soon send me an assistant, as the field there is already white to the harvest; but the laborers are few. What can one do among so many millions who are hungering for the bread of life? I shall expect to read in every kind letter from you the cheerful tidings of your earnest efforts to send, as soon as possible, another worker into the vineyard in Japan." Then, extending her thanks to the Christian friends for their great kindness and courtesies bestowed upon her, and soliciting a deep interest in their prayers

and symapthies for the future, she said she would pronounce the words, "good-by," or in its Saxon meaning, "God be with you."

After Miss Guthrie's address, the writer of this made a few remarks. He said: "The cause of Christ can only be promoted in the Spirit of Christ. This truth should be deeply impressed upon every mind and heart. To attempt to promote it in any other spirit would be in vain, and would bring upon us the fate of those who offered strange fire upon God's altar. We are now about to take an advanced step as a Church, and to attempt greater things for Christ, and we should seek a greater consecration to him. God's ancient people on one occasion desired a king, that they might be as the nations round about them. We should not permit Church pride or denominational ambition to influence us to engage in this work, that we may be as other Churches; but the love of Christ should constrain us. This love has constrained our dear sister to sever the tenderest ties, and leave home and friends to carry the gospel to perishing souls. As a Church, we have the ability; and all that is necessary to send out an assistant missionary at an early day is to be more fully imbued with the Spirit of Christ and the love of souls." He urged the Church to a more entire consecration to the Savior, and to the work of converting the world to Christ. He assured Sister Guthrie of our sympathy, our prayers, and our support as a Church.

Dr. J. J. Murray spoke in the most earnest terms, and indorsed the remarks that had just been made. He urged the Church to greater missionary zeal, referring to the case of a Christian mother, who cheerfully gave her only son to go and die in Africa as a missionary of the Cross, and thanked the Lord that he had given her a son for such a glorious purpose. He said: "If we have the Spirit of

Christ, we will soon have funds and workers in the foreign field."

Several other short addresses were made, kind adieus were uttered, and the meeting, after a most enjoyable and profitable season, adjourned.

The next forenoon was spent by Miss Guthrie in receiving calls from her numerous friends at the residence of her uncle, Mr. James Irwin, Pittsburg, and at two o'clock a little company of brethren and sisters accompanied her to the cars, where the last farewell words were said. The parting with her aunt and foster-mother, Mrs. McClurg, of Philadelphia, and her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, of Pittsburg, was very tender and touching. But with a sublime faith, inspired by the love of souls, alone and unattended, she started to cross this broad continent and the wide Pacific, to teach the ignorant the way of life, and tell them of the love of Jesus. But the last tender words and whispered prayers of loving hearts were uttered. The train was in motion, and the object of our Christian love and deep solicitude was borne away from us. I shall never forget that last earnest, tender, tearful look! It shall abide with me as a constant benediction. My wife accompanied her across the river to Allegheny City, and there bade her a final adieu.

Miss Guthrie intended taking the steamer that sailed from San Francisco, California, on May 10th; but not having entirely completed her arrangements, she concluded to wait for the steamer which was to sail on the 22d. In the meantime she was taken ill, and died at the home of a relative of hers on the morning of May 15th. In referring to her death in an editorial in the *Methodist Recorder* of May 22d, I said:

"God has greatly chastened us as a Church. In the hour of our expectancy, when all hearts were cheered with

the prospect of entering upon a successful career of foreign missionary labor, a deep shadow has fallen upon us, and our standard-bearer, on the very threshold of her work, in the van of the host, has been released by the Master, and called to the joy of his presence. On last Saturday evening, the 15th instant, a telegram was received by Miss Guthrie's relatives in this city, from San Francisco, conveying the sad intelligence that on the morning of that day Sister Guthrie departed this life. None of the particulars of her death were given, and a week must elapse before full information will be received. Her remains will be brought to this city for interment.

"This appears like a mysterious dispensation of Divine providence. We can not fathom it. A mist is before our eyes. Still we would not reproach God foolishly. We would not murmur against his providence. It is a Father's hand that has bereft us. He knows what is best, and we would bow submissively to his will. 'The workmen die, but the work goes on.' The broken ranks must be closed up, and another take the place of our dear departed sister. Moses led the children of Israel through the wilderness to the border of the Promised Land, and then ascended to the top of Pisgah and died before the Lord; and Joshua conducted the people through the disparted waters of the Jordan into the land of their possession. Elijah went up in a chariot of flame, escorted by the angels to his God; but his mantle fell upon Elisha, and he became the prophet of Israel. Although Sister Guthrie has been taken from us, the work on which she had entered must not be abandoned. Our faith must not fail, our zeal must not abate; but, impressed with the importance of the work, we must meet the emergency with calm determination and renewed effort. God may try us, to prove our fidelity to his cause; but if we are faithful, he will open up a door of usefulness

to us, direct us to suitable instruments, and prosper us in our foreign mission work. Let no one yield to discouragement. It is God's cause we labor to advance, and while doing so we may confidently rely upon Divine aid.

"From the example of our dear, departed Sister Guthrie, who placed herself upon the altar of service, consecrating all she had to God, not counting her life dear unto herself, let us draw fresh inspiration, and consecrate ourselves anew to the mission work in which she labored, in which she died, and from which her gentle and purified spirit went up to join that great multitude before the throne, gathered out of all lands. We have a missionary crowned in the kingdom, and from the exultant presence of the Master she is beckoning us on to the conflict and the victory. With chastened spirits and trusting hearts let us look up through our blinding tears to our loving Father for grace to enable us to press forward in our mission work. Let us trust God where we can not trace him."

The news of Miss Guthrie's death was almost a crushing blow to the members of the Woman's Missionary Society. A special meeting of the Executive Committee was called, and the following action was taken:

"WHEREAS, We have learned, by telegram from San Francisco, of the death of our beloved missionary, Miss Guthrie, on Saturday morning, May 15th, we, the resident members of the Executive Board of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, at Pittsburg, convened by special call, May 17th, desire to place on record some expression of the deep feeling of sorrow produced in our hearts by this afflictive dispensation; therefore,

"Resolved, That we bear testimony to the gentle, amiable disposition of our sister, and her earnest devotion and self-sacrificing spirit in the cause she had espoused.

"Resolved, That while we can not understand the sad providence which has removed our sister so suddenly from the work she loved, that we bow in humble resignation to the will of

our unerring Father, and in the words of our blessed Lord himself, say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"Resolved, That we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to the immediate relatives of our deceased sister, to the Board of Missions of our Church, under whose auspices she had gone forth, and to the women of the Methodist Protestant Church, who have so earnestly aided to raise the standard of our Church in a foreign field.

MRS. JOHN SCOTT, *Pres't,*
MRS. CHAS. A. HERBERT, *Sec'y,*
MRS. JOHN H. CLANEY,
MRS. M. A. MILLER,

Committee."

Miss Guthrie, when she found she was about to die, hurriedly made a will, and left her money and effects, including her library in Japan, to the Woman's Society. Her will was found after her death to be informal, and not legally binding; but her brother, Dr. Guthrie, of Sparta, Illinois, carried out her wishes to the letter, and saw that her effects were disposed of according to her desire.

Miss Guthrie's remains were brought to Pittsburg for interment. They arrived in the city on Saturday afternoon, June 5th, and were taken to the residence of her uncle, Mr. James Irwin. On Monday morning, June 7th, her funeral took place from the First Methodist Protestant Church, Fifth Avenue.

The large auditorium was filled with relatives and deeply-interested friends, who came with tearful eyes and throbbing hearts to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom all had learned to love. Revs. T. H. Colhouer, J. C. Berrien, and Messrs. Charles A. Scott, Charles A. Herbert, W. K. Gillespie, and John H. ClaneY acted as pall-bearers. As the remains were borne to the chancel, the choir rendered in a very beautiful and impressive manner the anthem, "And God shall wipe away all tears." Upon the altar was placed a large cross of pure white flowers, and a

floral pillow showing the single word, "Rest." Upon the casket was laid a beautiful floral cross and crown. Other floral decorations were placed upon the altar, and the pulpit and altar and casket were trimmed with smilax. The whole arrangement was simple and tasteful, and the effect pleasing.

At the close of the anthem, Rev. S. F. Crowther read part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and part of the seventh chapter of Revelation. At the close of the reading of the Scriptures, Rev. William Wragg announced the eight hundred and ninety-fourth hymn, beginning,

"Farewell, dear friend," etc.;

after which Rev. W. H. Phipps led in prayer. After the prayer, the writer of this made a few remarks, in which he endeavored to speak in befitting words of the deceased, the purity of her character, the sublimity of her faith, and her entire consecration to the mission work in which she was engaged. Providence appeared to have sent her among us. Wherever she went she won the hearts of our people, and all eyes were turned to her as our standard-bearer in the foreign field. But almost at the moment when we expected her to sail from San Francisco for her field of labor, the sad news was borne to us, that she had passed through the "Golden Gate," and entered the Celestial City, and our expectations were cut off, and our hopes turned to ashes. But God's hand was in this. He knows what is best. He sees the end from the beginning. What is mysterious to us, is plain to him. This dispensation, which we can not comprehend, God may make the means of stirring up the whole Church to greater missionary zeal and effort. Her relatives, the women of the Missionary Society, with whom she had so pleasantly associated, and the members of the Church at large, were urged to imitate her example of de-

votion to the Master, and after a while, when the reapers return, bringing their gathered sheaves, there will be joyous greetings before the throne, where God shall wipe away all tears.

Dr. J. J. Murray followed in a few well-chosen, tender, and touching words. He held in his hand a volume of daily Scriptural readings, which had been the constant companion of Miss Guthrie amid her toils in Yokohama, and which, on leaving her brother at Sparta, Illinois, to come to Pittsburg, she presented to him as a small token of remembrance. In this small volume is the following entry: "February 4, 1880. Left Sparta for Pittsburg." The passage for the day reads: "The Lord hath said unto you, Ye shall henceforth return no more that way." On the day of her death, May 15, 1880, is this entry, made by her brother: "Passed from death to life at San Francisco, California." The passage for the day was: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away." The chorister, without knowing this fact, selected for the opening anthem, "And God shall wipe away all tears." The coincident was beautiful and touching.

We can not reproduce the words of Dr. Murray; but they were such as found a response in every heart that was present.

The remains having been embalmed in San Francisco, were remarkably well-preserved, and Miss Guthrie's friends were permitted to look once more on the face, now pale and cold, of their dear, departed friend. The large audience, without any confusion, came up the west aisle, passed in front of the altar, looked upon the calm, sweet face of the silent sleeper, and then passed down the east aisle, and filed out of the Church. The remains were then carried to the

hearse, and followed to the Allegheny Cemetery by as sincere a band of mourners as ever entered the portals of that beautiful city of the dead. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Shortly after Miss Guthrie's death, Miss Harriet G. Brittan, who had spent eighteen years as a missionary in India, and who had organized the work of the Woman's Union Foreign Missionary Society in that country, came forward, and was employed to take the place left vacant by the death of Miss Guthrie.

Miss Brittan was a very excellent lady, but very different from Miss Guthrie. She was of a sterner character, and possessed of great executive ability; but she lacked the sweetness and gentleness of Miss Guthrie, which gave her such power to win the hearts of those with whom she came in contact. Miss Guthrie and Miss Brittan were co-laborers in India during the stay of the former in that country. Miss Brittan served the Society with faithfulness, acceptability, and success for several years in Japan, until she entered upon independent missionary work of her own. She made a good record.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

General Conference of 1880—George B. McElroy, President—Session of 1838—Two Survivors—Not Members—Old and Young Men—No Antagonism between Them—Re-elected Editor *Recorder*—General Interests—Offer of Column to Women—Accepted—Editor for It Named—Kept It Up—Assisted the Women—Miss Brittan—"Brick Fund"—Mrs. Scott, Treasurer—Work Progressed Slowly—Labor Attending It—Amount Raised—"Home" Paid For—Mrs. Scott Resigned.

At the session of our Conference which met in Beaver Falls, Pa., September 3, 1879, Rev. S. F. Crowther was elected president, and J. F. Dyer secretary. Brother Crowther united with the Conference in 1865. He is a man of good mind, a fine preacher, and has faithfully filled some of the best appointments in the Conference, and has represented it in the General Conference. He served two terms as president. He is now among the older members of the Conference, and his sun is beginning to decline. Two members of the Conference, Alexander Clark, D. D., and Charles S. Cowl, youngest son of John Cowl, D. D., deceased during the preceding year.

The General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church met in its fifteenth quadrennial session in the First Church, Pittsburg, Pa., on Friday, May 21, 1880. This was the first session after the union of the Northern and Southern branches of the Church. George B. McElroy, D. D., was elected president, and discharged the duties of his office with ability, and to the satisfaction of the body.

Dr. McElroy was born in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., June 5, 1824. He was converted when sixteen years of age, and united with the First Methodist Protestant Church

in his native city. Almost immediately his attention was turned to the ministry, and on his eighteenth birthday he was licensed to preach the gospel. In September, 1843, he was received into the Pittsburg Conference, and for eight or nine years labored faithfully as an itinerant minister, filling different appointments within its bounds. In 1852 he accepted a position in Madison College, Uniontown, Pa., where, in addition to teaching, he finished his course of study, and graduated with honor. After a few years he was elected professor of Mathematics and Natural Science in that institution, which position he retained, except during a short interval, when he voluntarily retired from his chair, till 1857, when he removed to Henry, Illinois, where, for five years, he had charge of the North Illinois Institute. After that, for two years he served as county superintendent and principal of city schools. He then removed to Sharpsburg, Pa., and for three years had charge of the Allegheny Seminary, located in that place. In 1867 he was called to the chair of Mathematics in Adrian College, at Adrian, Michigan, and during the year became vice-president, and in 1873 he succeeded Rev. Asa Mahan, D. D., LL. D., as president of that institution. A few years ago he resigned the presidency, and is now professor of Mathematics, and also dean of the School of Theology connected with the college. In personal appearance, Dr. McElroy is tall, erect, and commanding. His hair and full beard are perfectly white, giving him a venerable appearance. He is modest and retiring in disposition, and never disposed to put himself forward, or bring himself into notice. In his chair of Mathematics he has few equals, and perhaps no superior in the country. As a preacher, he is clear, logical, convincing, and thoroughly orthodox. As a writer, he is chaste, exact, and attractive in style. As a man and a Christian, he is true as steel, and can not be

turned aside from his convictions of duty. He is not a place seeker; but has filled with credit every position to which he has been called.

The General Conference had met in Pittsburg in 1838, but not one of its members was present at the session of 1880, and it was stated on the Conference floor that but two of them were living, Rev. John Clark, of Rushville, Illinois, and James Barnes, of Greene County, Pa. Forty-two years had made an entire change in the men to whom the interests of the Church were committed. In the course of nature the old men pass away, and the young men as naturally come forward to take their place. As the grasp of the old men slackens, that of the young men tightens, and almost imperceptibly the former are succeeded by the latter, who, in turn, will be succeeded by others. The young should regard with affection and gratitude the old, who have laid the foundation of success; and the old should look with joy and hope upon the young, who will carry forward the work which they, often amid many difficulties, began. No sensible man, unless he has some sinister object in view, would excite antagonism between these two classes, who, like links in a chain, are mutually dependent on each other.

At that Conference I was elected editor of the *Methodist Recorder* and Sunday-school papers for another term of four years. I was not called to the position because there was no one else who felt himself competent and willing to fill the place. Such a thing as that could not occur in a Church of "mutual rights." But, however imperfect my work had been, the Conference chose to continue me in it for another term.

In conducting the Church paper, I made it a special object to keep all the general interests of the Church before the people, and to do what I could to promote them. When the women engaged in the work of foreign missions, I ten-

dered them the use of the columns of the *Recorder*, and offered to give a column or more of the paper, to be edited, if they preferred it, by one of their own number. This offer was accepted, and a column devoted to woman's work was opened in the paper, and an editor of it was elected by the Woman's Society. The matter for this column was furnished to me, and I took pleasure in arranging it, and reading the proof, and often supplemented it with selections of my own, and when matter was not supplied, I still kept up the column. At one time I did this for perhaps six months, when the editor was absent, and still kept her name at the head of the column. Indeed, I did everything in my power to help the women in their new enterprise, and I think the Woman's Society was no little indebted to me for their success in the beginning of their work. Although I do not go to the extent of some in the advocacy of woman's rights, yet I advocated their cause when they needed a friend, and when there was not only indifference, but opposition on the part of many to their work.

On the 8th of August Miss Brittan came to Pittsburg, to meet with the Woman's Society, and arrange for her departure to Japan. She was with them in council for several days, making suggestions and proposing plans for future work. Among the things suggested was an immediate effort to raise money to build a missionary home for the woman's work in Japan. She proposed that an appeal be made to the Church, and that any one giving ten cents should be considered as giving one brick for the building, and larger sums at the same rate. This plan was adopted, and the fund to be raised was called the "Brick Fund." My wife was elected treasurer of this fund, and began her collections in hope of being able to raise three thousand dollars, which it was thought at first would be sufficient to secure the desired home in Japan. The work progressed

slowly, the contributions ranging from five cents to fifty dollars. Every contribution was entered in the treasurer's book, and then transcribed and published in the *Recorder*. This continued for several years. As the sum collected increased, the amount needed seemed to enlarge, until nearly eight thousand dollars were collected, and a beautiful home for the Woman's Society in Yokohama, Japan, was erected and paid for. This being accomplished, and we having left the city of Pittsburg, Mrs. Scott resigned as treasurer of the Building Fund, feeling that she had accomplished a good work. The long-drawn-out effort involved no little labor and expense; but the satisfaction of having succeeded compensated for this.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

No idleness—Personal Attention to Every Department of Paper—Weary—Need of Rest—Trip to the West—Chicago—Political Conventions—Differences Harmonized—Council Bluffs—Mr. Baldwin—Meeting of Relatives—Beautiful Scenery—First Sabbath in the City—Two Sermons—Preaching of the Gospel—Scientific Preaching—Assaults on the Bible not Generally to be Answered from the Pulpit—Through Books, Magazines, Quarterlies—Visited Several Conferences—Mormon Camp-meeting.

DURING my editorial term in the office of the *Methodist Recorder* I did not eat the bread of idleness. I gave constant and personal attention to every department of the paper, except that of the publisher, and, as a consequence, I was often weary and worn, and a little relaxation became absolutely necessary. During the summer of 1880 I made a visit, with my wife, to the West, for the double purpose of obtaining a little rest and visiting some relatives. We left home on the 8th of June, and arrived in Chicago the next morning. The Republican National Convention, which met in that city, and which nominated General James A. Garfield for President, and Chester A. Arthur for Vice-President, of the United States, had just adjourned, and the National Greenback Party were to meet in Convention in the same hall that day. The city was full of people, and we did not tarry long amid the confusion.

At 12.30 P. M. we took the train on the Chicago & Northwestern Road for Council Bluffs. The cars were crowded in large part with the delegates returning home from the Convention, and we were treated to no little political talk. They had been the followers of various political leaders; but they had been converted, and were return-

ing home all of the same mind—at least they had waived their differences, and agreed to unite for the promotion of a common object. Verily, we thought, “the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.”

Next morning, about nine o'clock, we reached the city of Council Bluffs, and were soon conveyed to the home of my brother-in-law, John T. Baldwin, where mother and sisters and nieces united in giving us a hearty welcome. Here we spent a couple of weeks in delightful intercourse with our relatives and other friends in the city.

The scenery along the Missouri, especially in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, I always regarded as very beautiful. The towering bluffs, of almost every form and contour, with their cozy dells, covered here and there with the dark shadows of passing clouds, while some of their peaks were bathed in a shimmering light, presented a beautiful picture, which I could not but greatly admire, contrasting, as it did, with the broad plain stretching out two or three miles to the river, whose winding course could be seen in the distance for several miles.

On our first Sabbath in the city I heard two sermons from two different ministers, in different Churches, both of whom discussed Christian doctrines from a scientific point of view. The first was an attempt to prove, on scientific principles, the existence of a future spiritual state of being, as the perfection and development of the present life, and the light which this truth casts on the doctrines of miracles, providence, and prayer. The second was an attempt to show the harmony between science and the Bible, and the development of the higher manhood through faith and knowledge. Both were creditable productions; the latter was especially scholarly, and showed a great deal of thought.

The preaching of the gospel is the most important, and, perhaps, the most difficult work in which a man can engage. Its importance will appear when we consider the vast issues, embracing the spiritual and eternal interests of the souls of men which it involves. Its difficulty will become apparent if we consider the natural perversity of the human heart, its aversion to spiritual and divine things, the many forms of unbelief which prevail, and the numerous influences which are continually at work to draw men away from Christ and heaven. To present the truth to men in such a manner as to overcome all these opposing influences, and lead them to the Savior, requires more than human wisdom and skill.

Unbelief, although at all times essentially the same, is continually assuming new forms, and assaulting Christianity on what it claims to be new grounds. Its present form of attack is of a scientific character. The facts of science, it is claimed—although without any just foundation—can not be harmonized with the teachings of the Bible; and as truth can not contradict itself, it is contended that the teachings of the Bible, which conflict with science, so called, can not be true. However unfounded these assumptions may be, they are put forth with the greatest assurance.

That the various forms of error and unbelief which prevail among men should be fairly met and their fallacy exposed, does not admit of doubt; but how far this should be attempted in the pulpit, in the presence of promiscuous audiences, the great majority of whom, perhaps, never heard of them, and who can not appreciate the arguments by which they may be clearly refuted, is a question not easily answered. As a general thing, it may perhaps be safely assumed that the pulpit is not the most suitable

place for their discussion, and yet it would be unwise, no doubt, to exclude them entirely from it.

After hearing the two sermons above referred to, I endeavored to analyze them, and to get clearly before my mind the object at which they aimed, and to what extent the arguments presented sustained the positions assumed. The end contemplated was evidently nothing more nor less than to secure an intellectual assent to the truth, and the arguments employed were well calculated to do this. But this, while essential, is not sufficient to save the soul. There are hundreds and thousands of men who give an intellectual assent to the truths of the Bible, who are not Christians. Indeed, we are assured that intellectually the devils believe and tremble. Something more than a mere intellectual assent to the truth is necessary to the salvation of the soul. The most that scientific preaching can do, when it accomplishes the object which it proposes, is to convince unbelieving minds that there is no conflict between science and the Bible, but that when properly understood they harmonize with each other. But this only brings the objector to the condition of the great mass of unconverted men, who never, perhaps, had a doubt upon the subject.

Scientific preaching, then, can never convert men. The preacher must pass beyond this, if he would bring men savingly to Christ. He must present truths unknown to science, although not in conflict with it. The fact of our morally lost condition, the necessity of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as necessary to a change of heart and life, must be pressed home upon men's consciences, and they must be made to feel that they are not their own, but that they are bought with a price, and that they should therefore glorify God in their bodies and

spirits, which are his. The very same gospel which proved the power of God unto salvation before modern science set up its high and pretentious claims, is the only gospel that will convert and save the world. The apostles did not preach the gospel with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. Hence they declared that the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. What the Church and the world need to-day is less scientific preaching, and more of the power from on high for which the apostles tarried in Jerusalem, according to the command of their Divine Lord.

Let the assaults of science on the Bible be met, as a general thing, through the same channels in which they are made, in books, and magazines, and reviews, and quarterlies; but let the pulpit be left free, not to deal in negatives, or in scientific speculations, but in the plain and positive truths of the gospel. Let it ever be aggressive, and let all true ministers of the gospel, like those of old, preach Jesus and the Resurrection to the people. This is the work to which ministers of the gospel are especially called, and they should faithfully perform it.

Our little visit was very pleasant, and we returned home stronger and in better spirits to resume our labors. An editor who is always on the go can not do the work he is capable of doing if he would give it proper attention; nor can a man who is always tied down to his office till he is jaded and worn out, do what he is capable of doing under other circumstances. As a general thing, the editor who is least before the public in person is the one who has most influence with his readers and the public. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Still, an editor must take sufficient relaxation to keep in healthy action both mind and body.

In the fall (1880) I attended the Michigan, the West Michigan, the Pittsburg, the North Illinois, the Iowa, and Muskingum Conferences. The visiting of the Conferences was always a labor to me; but, nevertheless, a source of great pleasure. I was always glad to see the old members, and form the acquaintance of the new ones. Some of the pleasantest recollections of my life are associated with my visits to the Conferences. I often think of the dear brethren with whom I was permitted to mingle, many of whom have ceased from their labors, and have entered into rest. It will be pleasant to meet and greet them again.

While in Iowa, I had time between the sessions of the North Illinois and Iowa Conferences to attend for a day a camp-meeting of Mormons, or Latter-day Saints, a few miles from the Missouri River, in Pottawattamie County. It was more like a session of our General Conference than an ordinary camp-meeting. It was largely devoted to the transaction of business and planning for future work. The parties composing the encampment belonged to the Joseph Smith, Jr., faction, who profess not to believe in polygamy, "blood atonement"—or in killing a man to save his life—or in resisting the laws of the land.

I found, perhaps, seventy-five tents or more pitched in a grove, one-half of which, I suppose, were designed to furnish refreshments and entertainment for those needing them. The tents were all of muslin, of a very primitive style, and the interior of many of them, which was exposed to view, showed the most simple arrangements for comfort. I found an assembly of several hundred persons seated in front of the stand, which contained a number of the dignitaries of the Church, among them "Joseph," its recognized head. The meeting proved to be a business one, and the secretary was engaged in reading reports from their missionaries all over the country. I tried my

best to hear; but the wind happened to be blowing so strong at the time, that I could not hear with much satisfaction. I found, however, that they had missionaries all over the country, whose reports were being read, and that they were putting forth an amount of zeal, in support of their grand delusion, worthy of a better cause. Taking a position at the end of the stand, for the purpose of hearing and also of seeing, I took a good look at the assembled multitude, full in the face, and after looking at them, I did not wonder that they believed in Mormonism, and would not wonder at them believing in any other delusion. I did not see an intelligent-looking person in the crowd. They seemed to me to be of the very lowest and most ignorant class. As I retired I fell in company with a couple of the "Saints," who appeared to be very enthusiastic in support of their religion. One of them informed me that the business session, in which they were then engaged, would last till five o'clock P. M., but he proposed to call "Joseph" out of the stand so I might be introduced to him. But I declined the honor. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the appearance of "Joseph," although he is said to be a man of good education and fair ability. His great claim is that "he is the son of his father," the founder of the Church. He could never become a leader among intelligent people.

Many of the persons present had come hundreds, and some of them thousands of miles. There were delegates, I was informed, from Utah, California, England, and even Australia. Many of them had, no doubt, appropriated their last dollar to enable them to be present at this grand convocation. When will the friends of true religion be willing to make equal sacrifices to advance the cause of Christ and build up his kingdom in the world? While truth always elevates and ennobles men, error degrades and lowers them in the scale of intellectual and moral being.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Routine Work—Editorial on Women in the Church—Their Position and Work—No Thought of Controversy—Disappointed—Critique by Mrs. Taylor—Reply—End of Controversy.

AFTER the Fall Conferences were over, I settled down to my regular routine of work. From some cause or other my attention was turned to the subject of women's work in the Church, and I wrote an editorial on it, which, in my simplicity, I thought to be about the right thing; at least, that was the way the thing presented itself to my mind. Here it is:

"Women are coming to the front and pressing for recognition everywhere. They are no longer willing to be ignored or kept in the background. They have talents, education, and influence, and they desire a proper field for their recognition. And that they have a right to exercise their talents and influence in appropriate spheres, no one can rationally deny. The bestowment by the Creator of any gift, either upon man or woman, implies not only its use, but also ultimate accountability for the manner in which it is employed. The talents which God has bestowed upon women were evidently designed to be exercised, and that in a way to promote the greatest good. They are certainly designed to be workers in the great harvest-field of the world as well as men. They have ability to work; they have a right to work, and no one has a right to hinder them. Their demand to have their rights recognized can not consistently be disregarded.

"As to the proper field in which women should labor,

different opinions are entertained. Some maintain that every sphere of usefulness is open to them; others are of the opinion that they are necessarily restricted, by circumstances over which they have no control, to a more limited field of usefulness; but a field, nevertheless, sufficiently large to admit of the grandest achievements. This question, we think, must be determined by the law of adaptation which everywhere prevails throughout the works of God. All men are not adapted to the same positions in life, and it would be folly for them to aspire to move in the same sphere. There is much in common between them, and most of the duties of life alike devolve upon them. There are some positions, however, to which some men are especially adapted, and to which other men are especially unfitted. These differences sometimes arise from physical and mental constitution, and sometimes from external circumstances and mental and moral training. When they inhere in our physical and mental constitution, they can not be overcome; but when they arise from accidental circumstances, it is possible for them to be removed. A man's usefulness and success in life depend upon his moving in that sphere to which his natural endowments and his mental and moral training properly fit him. If he attempt to move in a sphere to which he is not thus adapted, he will necessarily fail.

"The same law of adaptation applies to women. There are certain spheres in life to which women are especially adapted, and there are other spheres for which they are physically and naturally unfitted. This is true of men, and is equally true of women. While men and women are fitted for the performance of most of the duties of life in common, they possess, without question, natural and mental peculiarities which clearly point in some particulars to different spheres of action. There are positions of useful-

ness to which women are by natural endowment and training especially fitted, and from which men are necessarily excluded. And who can reasonably doubt that the converse of this is equally true? While men and women possess a common nature, and are properly one, yet God himself has endowed them with certain peculiarities which clearly indicate that he designed them to move, in some respects at least, in different spheres, for the promotion of a common end. There is nothing in this that can reasonably be regarded as humiliating to women any more than it is to men. While the body is one, it has many members, and every member has its own office. Each one is necessary, and bears its proper relation to the others. Hence, as the apostle declares, 'The eye can not say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.' Each one occupies the position which God gave it, and fills the office which he assigned it. So God has evidently, by a different constitution of their physical and mental powers, fitted men and women in some important particulars, for different spheres in life, and it is the highest honor of both faithfully to perform the duties of their respective spheres.

"The family circle is, primarily, woman's domain. God has honored her by making her the mother of the race, and committing the early training of all the generations of men into her hands. No higher duty could be imposed upon her, and no grander field of usefulness could be afforded her. Young minds, in their plastic state, by her magic touch, may be molded into forms of moral beauty, and started upon careers of usefulness and unending happiness. In this respect she occupies a pre-eminent position, and has committed to her hands a work of far-reaching influence and untold importance. But she is not necessarily confined, in her ministries of love, to the family

circle. When its duties do not demand her attention, innumerable opportunities are presented for exerting her influence in society at large, in the promotion of benevolent labors, and in all the social and religious enterprises of the Church to which, by physical and mental constitution and intellectual and moral training, she is fitted. This field is certainly large enough to give full scope to her abilities, and satisfy her most enlarged and reasonable desire for usefulness.

“But there are those who are not satisfied with this wide field, and who claim that in the Church, so far as official position, labor, and authority are concerned, there should be no distinction made between men and women; that the pastoral office should be open to them, and that they should, like men, be solemnly inducted into this office by ordination. While the New Testament gives no sanction to this view, either by precept or example, woman’s lack of adaptation to this work is a sufficient reason, if there were no others, to convince us that God did not design her for it. This lack of adaptation does not arise from any intellectual or moral inferiority—for in these respects some women are vastly superior to many men who fill the sacred office—but it arises from other causes. Women must either renounce the family relation, for which God has eminently qualified them, or decline to enter the ministry till the period when the Jewish priesthood retired from the duties of their sacred office, before they can continuously discharge the duties of the pastoral relation. This is a point that can not be pressed; but it is one that determines the whole question, and clearly shows that God designed women to move in a different sphere.

“We honor the Christian love and zeal of those women who would break every barrier and serve the Master in the sacred office of the ministry. But if they will look around

them in the Church, they will find numerous other openings for usefulness, better adapted to their capabilities, and in which they may more successfully serve the Master."

I had no thought when I wrote this article, that it would excite any controversy, or call forth any dissent. In this, however, I was disappointed. It was not long until I received the following lengthy criticism of my article, from the pen of Mrs. M. Johnson Taylor, since deceased. I give it in full, that I may not be accused of marring it. She said:

"When moral issues are before the public for consideration and decision, there are no neutral grounds. Hence, thinking women rejoice when leaders of thought pronounce themselves on this modern problem, even though they can not go into heroics over the negative notions which pious prejudice always brings forth as 'strong reasons' for drawing the sex-line between pulpit and pew, thus to define lay privilege and clerical prerogative.

"Controversies through the columns of Church periodicals, however, are usually as objectionable as they are unprofitable. Nevertheless, truth and justice require the reconsideration of some of the statements in the editorial of October 16th, as to the 'women who are coming to the front and pressing for recognition everywhere.'

"But, first of all, let me modestly say, though I have written sermons and read theology most of my life—even studied it a year in Boston University as a pleasure—yet I pronounce myself as one woman not aspiring to the pastoral office, not asking ordination, not even considering myself 'called to the ministry.' Beside the irresistible power of the Holy Ghost upon the heart to believe that the true call, without regard to sex, implies a very special fitness of one's triune nature—spiritual, intellectual, and physical—and that disability in any one of these con

ditions disproves the divineness of the call, however great 'the feeling' or other constraining influences in the matter: according to this belief, God has not called me to the ministry. Friends have, frequently; but, fortunately, I have never mistaken the fond wishes of friends and generous judgment of fellow-workers for the 'voice of God within,' or the direct impression of the Holy Ghost, as, it is to be feared, many have done, judging from their manifest disabilities in pulpit and pastorate. Aside, then, from all self-seeking, and only in defense of the right in any cause, I am going to pick at a few of the able editor's paragraphs.

"In the first, he generously grants woman 'the talents, education, and influence bestowed by their Creator,' admits that they are 'designed to be workers in the great harvest-field of the world,' concedes that 'bestowment of any gift implies its use and ultimate accountability for the manner in which it is employed,' etc.

"Facts fairly and fully stated, but wholly negatived in the next paragraph, where 'as to the proper field in which women should labor,' instead of the judgment of the above-described capable women, and their undeniable efficiency and success in all departments of Church work being suggested as proof of 'the proper field,' the same old opinions of extremists who are forever wasting words on woman's 'limited sphere,' or woman's 'restricted fields of usefulness,' are quoted—as if man's opinion should decide woman's place!

"What a pity these speculators on 'spheres' and 'fields' have not yet learned that God has never transferred his right of defining woman's proper place to man or mannish woman, though many have assumed such right, forgetting utterly that it is alone God's prerogative to create, call, choose, and even ordain whom he will; and as he knows their fitness for any field—be it as home-makers in the

family circle, as benefactors in the social world, as reformers on the platform, or as spiritual guides in the pulpit.

"But mere opinions aside. The next statement is that woman's 'proper field must be determined by the law of adaptation.' We would n't quarrel with this in the least if, as afterward applied, it did not limit women, indiscriminately (not according to individual fitness, but by the sex-line again, because they are women!), to a few fields, and these always the hardest physically, and always cautiously below the officially recognized places of privilege, opportunity, and power for good, wholly ignoring the fact that the class of women who are asking for these latter places give the same assurance of their 'divine call' as are universally received as 'sufficient evidence' for the bestowment of clerical rights upon a brother. Perhaps men and Churches will wake to realize what a fearful thing it is to repress the Holy Ghost when these women are all forced out of regular Churches into all manner of undenominational unions, where they can work 'according to their ability,' and not as restricted by mere sex.

"The same paragraph continues: 'While men and women possess a common nature, and are properly one, yet God himself has endowed them with certain peculiarities which clearly indicate that he designed them to move in different spheres.' Somewhat, I suppose, as in the Churches of our childhood: men solemnly entered at one door, women the other, and sat on opposite sides, as a religious duty. We have always looked upon this as a horrible heathenism; but it may be that they were 'endowed with certain peculiarities which clearly indicated that God designed them to move in different spheres.' So, all down the ages, many foolish Church customs, as well as ridiculous theological theories, have been cherished and sacredized and dogmatically asserted, until they have seemed to be

'clear indications of God's designs;' hence all the notions about 'different spheres,' 'proper fields,' and 'sound theologies.'

"But again, if, as is asserted, men and women are 'one body of many members,' and if 'the law of adaptation is to determine the proper field,' why do not the able-bodied brethren of the pulpit exchange places with the more delicately organized sisters, acknowledged to be their equals mentally and morally, yet, for lack of physical endowment, always restricted to fields requiring far greater physical power than would the full work of the ministry?

"I wonder, if God were to 'clearly indicate his design' for a change in the offices of the members of this metaphorical body, how many of the heads would humbly become hands and feet? How many of the brother ministers would willingly become 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' and allow the sister ministers to serve the temple in spiritual things for a time?

"Only when women, as well as men, are allowed to enter the 'different spheres' for which their individual 'peculiarities' fit them, will it be, as the last of this paragraph says it is, 'the highest honor of both faithfully to perform the duties of their respective spheres;' for only then can they work out God's design in their several lives.

"So far, this law of adaptation limits women simply, as sex, to certain fields. In the next paragraph, it limits all women, first, to the family circle, which is necessarily true only of mothers while rearing families, hence does not apply to women as ministers; secondly, to 'society at large,' to which thankless toil the women in question are seldom 'called' or adapted; and, finally, to 'the social and religious enterprises of the Church, to which, by physical and mental constitution, and intellectual and moral training, she is fitted.'

“Well, experience has proven how much more ‘physical and mental constitution and moral training’ are required to attend to ‘the social and religious enterprises,’ such as presiding over gossiping societies, managing annual fairs and festivals (those spiritual waste-pipes of the Church), harmonizing quarrelsome choirs, enthusing dull prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools, and filling in the niches generally, than is ever necessary to constantly prepare and preach the sermons, visit the sick, bury the dead, and do the whole work of the pastorate. We admit all this, and much more on this point as to the ‘unlimited field of usefulness’ for women as lay workers.

“But what about eminently spiritual and intellectual maids and widows and even childless mothers who are *not* adapted by nature or circumstance to ‘the family circle;’ whose capabilities compass more than the benevolences of society at large; and who, in so far as Church authorities allow, are giving unmistakable proof that they are ‘called of God,’ and adapted to the full work of pulpit and pastorate, though not to baking and boiling, washing and ironing, sewing and entertaining, child-bearing and rearing—to none of which honorable home-labors these women are constitutionally called, or circumstantially chosen.

“These are the consecrated women, who by God’s four-fold preparation of nature and grace, education and experience, are ‘asking that the pastoral office should be open to them, and that they should, like men, be solemnly inducted into this office by ordination.’ Yet these are the very women whose demand for a ‘proper field’ is not ‘determined by the law of adaptation,’ when that law selects the ‘family circle as woman’s domain,’ or limits her to benevolent and religious enterprises only, or allows her the unsettled ‘field’ of a traveling evangelist, or even permits her to go and preach the gospel to the heathen.

"Just here we never could quite understand how the editor can encourage women going to foreign fields with their hardships, exposure, and renounced 'family relations,' yet pronounce against their preaching in their native land, where the work of settled pastorate would be better adapted to woman's nature, where her sufferings would be fewer among Christian people, and where her home relation could remain unbroken. If his 'law of adaptation determines the proper field,' does n't it seem as if his consistency, courtesy, and Christianity would require him to urge women not to go to, but rather return from missionary lands, and 'preach the Word' in their home-land?

"In the next paragraph, speaking of official distinction and ordination, it is said that 'the New Testament gives no sanction to this view.' Of course not. The whole matter is a modern problem, and, like many others, not to be solved by the teachings of apostolic times. If Scripture be interpreted in its true light of time and place, and people and circumstance, then the restrictions of ignorant, degraded women in the early Church will not be applied to educated, consecrated women in the Churches of our time. Moreover, if local injunctions be literally applied as general principles, they will 'silence' women's voices in the Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, and all religious services just as much as in the pulpit, and remand enlightened women back to the veil, subjection, and ignorance of Oriental women.

"And, finally, as to 'the point that determines the whole question;' that is, as before hinted, that 'women must renounce the family relation before they can continuously discharge the duties of the pastoral relation.' This is true only of mothers who are rearing children, and such neither claim to be 'called' nor seek to enter the regular ministry. No other family relation need be renounced by women

assuming pastoral relations. If efficient women can devote hours daily and days weekly through months and years, as many are doing, to practice in the arts, research in the sciences, studies in literature, pursuits in professions and business, beside sustaining all manner of meetings—missionary, temperance, gospel, and social—without neglecting home duties or ‘renouncing the family relation,’ why may not capable, consecrated women, with similar economy and holier inspiration, ‘continuously’ prepare and preach sermons, and do the whole work of the pastorate without ‘renouncing the family relation?’

“But those who have no such ‘relation to renounce,’ nor ever intend to have, are the ones chiefly asking official recognition in the ‘field’ to which they are called, and for which they have made equal preparation with men in college and schools of theology. Cases without number could be quoted of talented single women; such as Miss Annie Oliver, of Brooklyn; Miss Annie Shaw, of Massachusetts; Miss Elizabeth Delevan, of New York—all graduates of Boston Theological School, and now doing excellent work as regular preachers in independent charges. Then there are faithful widows, whose lives are literally sanctified for the work; such as Mrs. Mary Willard, of Chicago, Mrs. VanCott, and many others, besides a few mothers whose families are reared and gone from them to life’s work or its reward; such as Mrs. Hibbard, of New York; Mrs. Livermore, of Massachusetts; Mrs. Davis, of Cincinnati; and, again, the well-known evangelists, Miss Sarah Smiley, Miss Frances Willard, Miss Leonard, Mrs. Jennie Willing; with the newer ones—Miss Fannie Hamlin, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Jennie Caldwell, of Illinois; Mrs. Hartsough, of Iowa; and local preachers, such as Mrs. Slade, of Illinois; Mrs. York, of Michigan; and many others, all earnestly preaching as they have opportunity. These are the ‘women who

are coming to the front' with holiness of heart, discipline of mind, endurance of body, experience of life, combined with that womanly tact, insight, and spirituality (so depended upon in other departments of Church work), simply asking Churches and Conferences to formally sanction God's call and God's ordination to the field for which he has adapted them by their organization, education, and circumstances.

"Surely the Methodist Protestant Church, with its boasted motto of 'Mutual Rights,' should be the first among Churches to welcome to its pulpits and pastorates the women thus called and ordained of God.

"Once more: as one Methodist Protestant, I publicly protest against drawing the sex-line to define any 'sphere' whose boundaries can and should only be determined by individual adaptation. And now, if our good friend, the editor, will pardon my picking his paragraphs, I'll promise to pick no more, provided his pen pursues preaching women no further."

I give this critique of my esteemed correspondent in full, and my reply to it, not as presenting anything decisive on the subject, or even a glance at it in all its phases; but simply as affording a slight view of the early discussion of a subject which is still in controversy in our own as well as other Churches. Here is my reply to my learned critic:

"On the second page of this week's *Recorder* will be found an article from the pen of Mrs. M. Johnson Taylor, criticising our editorial on 'Women in the Church,' which appeared in our issue of October 16th. We are pleased to lay this communication before our readers, because it emanates from a lady of talent and culture, a personal friend, who has 'written sermons, and read theology most of her life, even studied it a year in Boston University as a pleasure,' and who, if the cause she espouses admits of

defense, is able to maintain it. It is also gratifying that on a subject of some delicacy, to certain phases of which we felt at liberty but barely to allude, a lady has so heroically led the way, and compelled us, in self-defense, to speak plainly. We accept the situation, and do not shrink from the discharge of a duty which our relation to the Church requires. In doing this, however, it is not necessary for us to follow our respected correspondent through her lengthy communication, and notice all the points which she presents. If our object was merely an effort to display skill in polemics, we might, perhaps, be tempted to do this; but our only desire is to maintain the truth, and guard the Church against views and practices which we consider detrimental to her highest interests. We shall, therefore, only notice a few essential points to justify our former remarks, and render our position more clear. It is hardly necessary to say that we do this with the most profound respect for women. We do not forget that our mother, of precious memory, who, in intellectual and moral worth, has never been surpassed by any of her sons, was a woman; that our sisters were women; and that our wife is a woman; and we would not dishonor ourself by dishonoring them.

“Although it may be distasteful to our esteemed correspondent, we can not but regard it as highly creditable to any one to faithfully perform the duties of the ‘sphere’ in which God has placed him. That all have not been endowed with the same capabilities, and placed in the same ‘sphere’ of action, is a fact too obvious to be denied; and this is not chargeable to the ‘pious prejudices’ of men, but to the inscrutable design of the all-wise and benevolent Creator. We may question the wisdom of men, but we should not murmur at the allotments of Providence.

“Our reviewer, in defining what she believes to be a true call to the ministry, sets forth that it ‘implies a very

special fitness of one's triune nature, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, and that disability in any one of these conditions disproves the divineness of the call, however great the feeling or other constraining influence in the matter.' This is simply an affirmation, in a somewhat different form, of our position, that 'the law of adaptation which everywhere prevails throughout the works of God,' must determine this question. The lack of either spiritual, intellectual, or physical fitness, she admits, 'disproves the divineness of the call' to the work of the ministry. This is precisely what we affirmed. We said: 'There are some positions to which some men are especially adapted, and to which other men are especially unfitted. These differences sometimes arise from physical and mental constitution, and sometimes from external circumstances and mental and moral training. When they inhere in our physical and mental constitution, they can not be overcome; but when they arise from accidental circumstances, it is possible for them to be removed.' The same law of adaptation, we asserted, applies to women. 'There are certain spheres in life to which women are especially adapted, and there are other spheres for which they are naturally and physically unfitted,' and the regular pastorate in the Church of God we regard as one of these. This lack of adaptation inheres in their physical constitution, and can not be overcome. However much some may rail out against the 'sex-line,' it exists; God himself has established it; and neither men nor women can blot it out.

"On this distinction of sex is based the family relation, which is not an artificial, but a natural one. This is the normal condition of the sexes, and whatever interferes with this forms but an exception, and not the rule. Christ declared to the Jews, that 'from the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female,' and 'for this

cause shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife.' The design of this relation was clearly expressed by the Creator himself when he commanded the original pair to 'be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.' This is still the design; but in these modern times many persons have become so enlightened as to defeat the divine purpose. The woman who enters into this relation and accomplishes its design, is physically unfitted for the duties of the pastorate. A mother, for several months before the birth of her child, and for several months afterward, while it is dependent on her for that nourishment and care which God designed her to supply, would find it utterly impossible, continuously and properly, to discharge the duties of the ministerial office. No woman, under such circumstances, with any sense of propriety, and of the natural and social obligations devolving upon her, would attempt to do so. According to the rule acknowledged by our correspondent such women are debarred from the pastorate.

"'But what,' she inquires, 'about eminently spiritual and intellectual maids and widows, and even childless mothers, who are not adapted by nature and circumstances to the family circle,' and who, as she expresses it again, 'have no such relation to renounce, nor ever intend to have?' This class of women, she seems to think, may safely be admitted to the ministry, as the disabilities of mothers can not affect them. So far as maidens are concerned, we know of no place in the New Testament where they are instructed or exhorted to decline the marriage relation and enter the ministry; but we know that Paul, in his first letter to Timothy, says: 'I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.' This, we justly infer, he uttered under the influence of Divine inspiration;

for, on another occasion, when he advised Christians to refrain from marriage, for the time being, on account of the distressed state of the Church, he was careful to inform them that he did not speak by commandment, but simply expressed his own opinion as a man. But here there is no such intimation, and we are left to infer that he speaks by inspiration of the Divine spirit. Still, there is a difficulty about receiving young women into the ministry. If the Church receives them and forbids them to marry, she develops one of the signs of the great apostasy of the last times, which the apostle declares to be, 'forbidding to marry.' If she receives them without such prohibition, who can tell how soon they may change their minds and enter the marriage state? The same is equally true of young widows, whom the apostle exhorts Timothy to refuse, because they will marry. Now, what the possibilities of marriage may be in any given case, within the limits which God has fixed, who can tell? The marriage relation is that which God in our original creation designed the sexes to sustain to each other. The few women who do not marry, whatever the cause may be, are exceptional cases on which it would be folly to base a general rule. Taking the original design of God in creating the distinction of sex, on which is based the family relation, for the perpetuation of the race, we must determine the different 'spheres' of men and women according to this design, and not in disregard of it. This is the true principle, and according to this principle, women, on account of their sex, and not because of any inferiority, are disqualified for the duties of the pastoral office. It is not for us to presume that they will not fulfill this design, and on that presumption assign them a position inconsistent with it.

"As to women who have ceased 'bearing and rearing children,' or whose children are grown and settled in life,

we have only to remark, that they have arrived at a period of life when even men are regarded as unfitted to enter upon the ministerial office and discharge its duties efficiently.

“Our argument here is based upon plain, undeniable facts, and the conclusion is irresistible. We did not in our former article, nor do we in this, attempt to develop the Scripture argument, which we think will be found in perfect harmony with the order of nature. We have not space to attempt to do so now. Indeed, as preliminary to such an argument, we would have to show that the teachings of apostolic times are authoritative in the case, which our esteemed correspondent denies, for she says, ‘the whole matter is a modern problem, and like many others, not to be solved by the teachings of apostolic times.’ We had thought the teachings of the Bible were of universal and perpetual obligation, and the Methodist Protestant Church, unless we are greatly mistaken, so teaches. But as we barely alluded to Scriptural teaching on this subject in our former article, we shall not enlarge upon it here.

“One word in regard to the editor’s ‘consistency, courtesy, and Christianity’ in encouraging women to go as missionaries to foreign fields may not be amiss. We have conversed with many ladies who have served as missionaries in heathen lands, and have ascertained from them that the duties of such missionaries are very dissimilar to the duties of regular pastors in Christian countries. And for the discharge of these duties it is not necessary to renounce the ‘family relation,’ as they are not inconsistent with it, any more than many benevolent and Christian labors in which women engage, outside of the pastorate, at home. Married women, as well as single women, can reach heathen mothers in their seclusion, and converse with them, and by familiar intercourse teach them the

words of life. To encourage such missionaries we think does not compromise our 'consistency, courtesy, or Christianity.' We would not debar women from any sphere of Christian activity to which God has called them, and to which they are adapted. We have only attempted to show that there is *one* calling, that of the regular gospel ministry, to which they are not adapted, and to which, therefore, God has not called them.

"There are other points in the article of our correspondent which, did space permit, we might notice; but having considered the essential points, we shall not further trespass upon the patience of our readers except to say that, in the exercise of our right, and in the discharge of what we considered our duty, we published our former editorial. We have permitted our correspondent freely and at length to criticise it. We have, without introducing any new issues, as the lawyers say, in the exercise of our right, explained and fortified our former positions. And now, without giving any pledge that we will not pursue it further at another time, we dismiss it from our columns for the present."

Here our controversy ended, although my respected contributor desired to continue it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Visitation of Conferences—West Virginia Conference—Governor Pierpont—Anecdote—Three Original Members of the Conference—Pittsburg Conference—Solomon Spaulding—Book of Mormon—Pleasant Incident—Genesee Conference—Narrow Escape—Annoying Detentions—Pleasant Meeting—Onondaga Conference, North Walcott—Love-feast—Good Meeting—Did Not Speak—Brother Prindle—Aquafortis—Zeal—Muskingum Conference—Detention—Midnight Arrival—Members of Conference—Money Collected—A Day at Home—New York Conference—On Ship-board with Wife—Rockville Center—Day in New York—Central Park—Obelisk—New Jersey Conference—Atlantic City—Home.

BUT little occurred out of the ordinary course of things till the visitation of the Conferences in the fall of 1881. The first of these to be visited was the West Virginia Conference, which met in Palatine, W. Va., August 31st. At that Conference I was kindly entertained in the family of my old and genial friend, Ex-Governor Pierpont, of Fairmont, whom I had known almost from the time I had entered the ministry. He is a lawyer, and a devoted Methodist Protestant. He never wavered in his attachment to the Church of his early choice. Neither business, nor politics, nor office could cause him to neglect his Church, or become indifferent to the claims of religion. He is a man of fine social qualities, of sweet spirit, and although sometimes impulsive, never cultivated any bitterness of feeling. He was elected president of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1871, being the first layman who ever presided over a Methodist General Conference. It is needless to say that he filled the office with credit to himself and the Church.

An anecdote was told me of Brother Pierpont by Rev. George Shaffer, who was his pastor at the time. Mr. Pierpont had large business interests, and during the time he was governor of his native State and wholly occupied with official duties, these interests were controlled by a gentleman who was associated with him. When Mr. Pierpont came to look after his own business, he found that it had not been conducted in a manner satisfactory to him. The result was serious litigation between him and his business agent, with considerable unpleasant feeling. While this state of things existed, a brother of Mr. Pierpont died, and he was absent at and after the funeral for two weeks or more. During his absence a great revival broke out in our Church in Fairmont, and the gentleman above referred to, with many others, was converted. Mr. Pierpont got home late on Saturday evening, and had not learned much about the meeting. On Sunday morning he went to Church, and many parents presented their children for baptism, and among them the gentleman spoken of. Mr. Pierpont noticed it; but did not appear to think it strange. But when, after preaching, an invitation was given for persons to unite with the Church, and the gentleman came forward among many others, Mr. Pierpont seemed to regard him for a moment with great interest, and then got up, and passing inside the altar railing, came up to the man and threw his arms about his neck, and in an instant the two men were encircled in each other's arms. The whole congregation seemed to be electrified, for everybody knew they had not been on good terms. That incident showed what kind of a man Mr. Pierpont was, and what sort of religion he had. At the writing of this he is still living, bordering, I suppose, closely on fourscore. He is justly honored and esteemed by all who know him.

I found at that session of the West Virginia Conference but three persons who were members of it when it was set off, twenty-seven years before. These were Samuel Clawson, George Nestor, and William M. Betts. D. R. Helmick, P. T. Laishley, and J. B. McCormick, although members of the Conference when it was first organized, had for several years been members of the Pittsburg Conference. D. H. Davis was elected president, and B. F. Stout, present corresponding secretary of the Board of Home Missions, was elected secretary. The session was a pleasant one.

My next visit was to the Pittsburg Conference, which met in Amity, Washington County, Pa., a pleasant hamlet, where we have a good Church, composed of excellent materials.

While at the Conference I visited the grave of Solomon Spaulding, in the Presbyterian churchyard, but a short distance from the Conference room. Mr. Spaulding was the author of the Book of Mormon, or the romance on which it was based. From all the facts in the case there can be scarcely any doubt of this. Mr. Spaulding was a Congregational minister, whose health had failed, disqualifying him for the regular duties of the ministry. To amuse himself, he employed his leisure hours in writing a sort of religious romance, chapters of which he read to his neighbors from time to time. We were informed that at that time there was still living in the neighborhood a very old gentleman, Mr. Joseph Miller, who knew Mr. Spaulding, and who had heard him read portions of his book. Mr. Spaulding's work fell into the hands of Sidney Rigdon, who, in the beginning of the Mormon delusion, was associated with Joseph Smith, and was used by them as the basis of the Mormon Bible, which Smith professed to have obtained as a revelation from heaven. Mr. Spauld-

ing died in 1816. The headstone placed at his grave had almost entirely disappeared. A portion of the footstone remained.

Men's deeds live after them, and they can not be too careful to bring influences to bear that, instead of injuring, will benefit mankind. It is true, that which is in itself harmless may be turned by bad men to evil uses. Little did Mr. Spaulding think when he whiled away his leisure moments in writing his romance, that it would form the basis of one of the greatest superstitions that has ever cursed the world, and whose influence for evil is still increasing.

Our home during the session of the Conference was with A. J. Swart and his kind family near the church. At high noon on the first day of the Conference, September 7, 1881, an event of more than ordinary interest occurred in the family of our respected host and hostess. Their eldest daughter, Miss Florella, was united in marriage to Mr. Samuel Luellen, a highly-esteemed young gentleman of the neighborhood. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. G. Conway, pastor of the Church, assisted by Rev. S. F. Crowther, president of the Conference, Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., pastor of the First Church, Pittsburg, and the writer. A large company of friends, together with a goodly number of the members of the Conference, were present, and enjoyed the festivities of the occasion. After the ceremony, the company sat down to a sumptuous repast, sufficient to tempt the appetite of an epicure. In the evening the Amity Cornet Band serenaded the happy pair, discoursing sweet music for the entertainment of them and their many friends. At a late hour the company dispersed, all feeling that the occasion was one of the most enjoyable. There are two persons at least who will never forget the Conference at Amity.

Another interesting event occurred at the close of the services in the church on the evening of the first day of the session of the Conference. Brother G. G. Conway had served the Church for four years, and his services for another year were called for. The members of the Church, desiring to give their pastor some special token of their regard, presented him a copy of Henry's "Exposition" in five large octavo volumes. A gold-piece was also presented to Sister Conway. Such tokens of appreciation are very grateful to a sensible and faithful pastor.

Among others who were received at that Conference was W. H. Gladden, a whole-souled, earnest man, of bright mind, endowed with natural tact, making him a successful worker.

From the Pittsburg Conference I went to the Genesee Conference. I had but one day at home, into which I tried, but unsuccessfully, to press the labors of a week. In company with N. R. Swift, on the morning of September 14th I took a train on the Allegheny Valley Road, and followed the Allegheny River a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles to Oil City. I had a pass over the road to that place. I had never been there, and knew nothing about it. When the brakeman called out "Oil City," I got off to get a ticket to Salamanca. The agent had no tickets for that place, and the conductor, coming in, said I would get a ticket on the other side. I supposed he meant on the other side of the train, and that the ticket-office was there, and I stepped over to get a ticket, when the train started. It did not seem to be moving fast, and I took hold of the handles to get on; but it was moving much faster than it appeared to be, and I could not keep on my feet, and had nothing but the strength of my arms to keep me from falling under the wheels. A gentleman standing on

the platform, seeing my perilous condition, seized hold of me, and by his aid I got upon the steps, with hardly strength enough left to stand. Had it not been for the assistance I received, I certainly would have lost a limb, and perhaps my life. Before retiring to rest that night, I made a record of the fact, and gratefully acknowledged the goodness of my Heavenly Father in delivering me from danger and death. Out of how many dangers does God deliver us, when, perhaps, we are not aware of their presence! How thankful we should be to him continually for his preserving care! Passing up Oil Creek, we intersected the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road at Corry, and finding that we could not get a train going East from Salamanca that night, we stopped at Kennedy, where we were most kindly entertained by Brother S. S. Thatcher. Next morning we took an early train for Salamanca, where we connected with the New York & Erie Road for Hornellsville, near which the Genesee Conference was holding its session.

Our train on the Erie Road was in no hurry, although we were. It stopped wherever it pleased, and started whenever it chose, and in a most provoking way tried our patience all morning. At last, as we neared the place where we wanted to stop, it perversely dashed ahead and carried us four miles beyond our station. The only thing we could do was to take another train and come back; and, as if there was a conspiracy against us, that other train was an hour behind time, and when it did come up and stop, it seemed as if it never would start; but it did, in its own good time, and at last, after a day of delays and provocations, we reached our destination, and had the privilege of being present during one session at the Genesee Conference. The brethren received us very kindly, and permitted us to present to the Conference and friends the interests

which we represented. Our stay was necessarily brief; but very pleasant.

Next morning we took an early train for Rochester, where Brother Swift took the New York Central, which would take him by his home, and I took the Lake Shore for Wolcott. Here I staid all night, and next morning secured conveyance to North Wolcott, the seat of the Conference, about five miles distant. I was kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Field during my stay at the Conference.

The Conference at North Wolcott was one of much interest. The religious feeling which prevailed was especially good. The services on Sabbath commenced with a love-feast at ten o'clock, which was very spirited and deeply impressive. The house was nearly full, and from all parts of it persons testified for the Master, sometimes two or three persons being on their feet, desiring to speak at once. In some, the tearful eye, the quivering lip, and the tremulous voice indicated the depth of pent-up feeling in their hearts; others, with different emotions, spoke without apparently any restraint, while some even shouted aloud for joy. I have no criticism to offer on the manner in which Christians express the feeling of their hearts. Much in this respect depends upon natural temperament and education. The one great thing is to have the love of God in the heart, and whether it shines forth with a mild and steady light, or flashes out in coruscations of glory, I am satisfied.

I did not speak during that love-feast. The excitement was too great. I could not have got in a word if I had tried ever so much. Brother Prindle, a very good and zealous brother, who was all excitement, and as unlike me in natural temperament as one person can be unlike another, thought, I suppose, as I did not speak, that I did not like the meeting, or did not approve of it. When he got up to

speak I listened to him attentively; but he spoke so fast that I could not hear distinctly all he said; but I heard him mention "this Pittsburg religion," and then ask the Lord to apply the aquafortis. He wanted the Lord, I suppose, in some way to test it, to see if it was genuine. It was hard on Pittsburg, and amused me greatly; but nothing more. The dear old brother meant it all right; but his zeal was greater than his discretion. How much men are inclined to bring every one to their peculiar standard, and if they can not pronounce their Shibboleth, to condemn, if not to anathematize them! Men often need a little better judgment and a little more charity than they manifest in their well-meant but short-sighted zeal. We can not all move in the same line. Indeed, it would not, perhaps, be best if we could. Every man has his own proper gift.

My next visit was to the Muskingum Conference, which met in California, a small village in Pike County, Ohio. Going by way of Springfield, I took the train from there on Wednesday morning, September 28th, on the Ohio Southern, for Whitman's Station, the nearest railroad station to the seat of Conference. Brother William Hastings and O. V. W. Chandler and the delegates from their charges were on the train, on their way to Conference. Other brethren boarded the train at different points, until the number had increased, before we reached the place of our destination, to perhaps twenty-five. As the train did not stop at any place long enough for dinner, the conductor, Mr. Lewis Carr, very kindly telegraphed ahead, and ordered dinner to be brought on the car for us, and although not such a dinner as Delmonico could get up, yet it was very good and very acceptable. We greatly enjoyed it, and felt very thankful to our kind conductor for having procured it for us. The great trouble was, neither the dinner nor the diners could keep still, and although it is

said a blind man can find the way to his mouth, we found it quite difficult, with ordinarily good vision, to find the way to our mouths. But we continued our efforts, and succeeded comfortably well. Taking that dinner, with all its surroundings, it was very enjoyable, and in the strength of it we went, not like the prophet Elijah, for many days, but like other of our brethren, for many hours.

Our train was due at Whitman's at four o'clock, and we expected to get to California before dark. But it was a day of mishaps. A wreck on the road detained us more than three hours, and, instead of reaching Whitman's at four o'clock, we did not get there till after seven. It had rained all the afternoon, and the young moon soon went down, and the night was dark and gloomy. The teams that had come to the station to meet our train had met other brethren and gone home. There was no place to stay, and no place to go to. The station-house consisted of one room, occupied as a store and ticket-office, and was alone in the country—there were no houses near it. It had hardly space enough to hold us, and had no accommodations for eating or sleeping. A more dreary outlook could not easily be imagined.

At last, about nine o'clock, a team arrived, and Brothers Fisher, Chandler, Sears, Slosser, Wolf, and myself started, under the care of Mr. Thomas Brown, for California, six miles, as we were told, away. The incidents of that ride, and the many witty and sparkling remarks, to say nothing of the solemn expressions, it called forth, I will not attempt to describe. The miles seemed to increase with the hours; but at last, as the clock in the tower struck twelve, we made our triumphal entrance into the village of California, and, driving to the parsonage, called up the pastor, Brother Lowther, who received us kindly, and greeted us with a midnight welcome. The members of our party

were soon all provided for, and the trials of the day were forgotten in sweet slumber.

John Burns and W. H. Marshall, two of the old veterans of the Conference, in consequence of illness, were not able to be present. Among the old men of the Conference who were present were: Israel Thrap, Joel S. Thrap, John Baker, E. S. Hoagland, G. W. Hissey, and J. H. Hamilton. Then, of a younger class, were: S. A. Fisher, F. A. Brown, J. A. Thrap, W. A. Samson, and O. V. W. Chandler; and of a still younger class, were: J. H. Gray, L. Bowman, W. L. Wells, and many others, whose names I can not now recall. J. A. Thrap was elected president, and J. B. Wilkin and J. W. Thompson secretaries. The session was a pleasant one, and one of much interest. I returned home from that Conference with nearly five hundred dollars collected for the *Recorder* and other general interests of the Church. A better system now prevails of forwarding all collections as soon as taken to the treasurers of the respective Church Boards.

After a day or two at home, endeavoring to put things right in the *Recorder* office, and already tired, having attended five Conferences in succession, on Thursday, October 6th, at four o'clock P. M., I took a train on the Pennsylvania Central, accompanied for once by my wife, for New York, to attend the session of the New York Conference, to meet in Rockville Center, Long Island. We took a sleeper, and next morning found ourselves in the metropolis of the great Empire State, in the midst of its teeming multitudes and wonderful activities and enterprises. Finding that we could not conveniently make the morning train from Brooklyn for the seat of Conference, we took a car and ran up to Pier 46, North River, to call on Mr. Thomas Stevens, second officer of the *California*, of the Anchor Line, plying between New York and London,

and for whom we had a pleasant message. We were fortunate enough to find Mr. Stevens on board, and had the pleasure of spending some time with him very agreeably. He had the reputation of being a very skillful officer, and we certainly found him to be an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. He kindly showed us through his vessel, and gave us a great deal of information in regard to many matters of which we had but an imperfect knowledge.

In the afternoon we made our way to Rockville Center, where we were kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Hulshart during our stay. The Conference had been in session two days when we arrived; but several of the members were still absent. Business progressed slowly. The brethren did not seem to be in any hurry, and gave themselves sufficient time to transact their business. There are, perhaps, two extremes to be avoided in this matter: too much haste on the one hand, and too much deliberation on the other.

That was our fifth visit to the New York Conference, and we were glad to meet with a number of old friends, among whom were Brothers Withie, Painter, Smith, Hanks, Weaver, Robinson, Hulshart, and others. Of younger men, we met Brothers Woodworth, Berrien, Davis, Hanks, Jr., Holden, and others. Of these last, Brothers Berrien and Hanks, Jr., are now members of the Pittsburg Conference.

Our Church at Rockville Center was a large and strong Church. Brother Hulshart had served them for ten years as their pastor, and the people desired him to remain. This was alike creditable to him and them. Long pastorates should be encouraged, rather than discouraged. The desire for change—for something new and novel—should not be encouraged. If a minister is the right kind of a man, and is adapted to the place and people, the longer he remains the better. The conditions which rendered a

change of pastors necessary every year or two, do not now, at least in many cases, exist; and where they do not exist, a change should not be made, except for very good reasons.

Having accomplished our mission so far as possible, we left on Tuesday morning, before the adjournment of the Conference, in order to attend the New Jersey Conference, to meet in the Palestine Church, on English Creek, New Jersey, October 11th. We spent a little time in New York, and took the opportunity to visit Central Park, and among other things to take a view of the obelisk which had been recently brought from Egypt and put in its present position—a task which required a large expenditure of means, and no little engineering skill. In looking at its massive proportions, one can hardly imagine how it was ever taken from the quarry, reduced to its present form, and erected anywhere, much less taken down, placed on shipboard, and transported across the seas for many thousands of miles, and again erected. Under each corner of the shaft, resting on the square and massive block of granite that forms its pedestal, is an immense bronze crab, showing its great claws, and which was no doubt intended to represent something, of which we can now only conjecture. While standing at its base and looking on the hieroglyphics on its sides, we could not but imagine that Moses had often looked upon and read those characters, which, to us, were entirely unintelligible.

On Thursday evening, after some unexpected delays, we arrived at the seat of the New Jersey Conference, and found a pleasant home in the family of Captain E. S. Barrett. The captain was absent when we arrived, but Sister Barrett was so kind and whole-hearted in her hospitality that we felt perfectly at home. On Saturday evening, the captain, having left his vessel at New York, arrived, which added to our pleasure. The attendance of the Con-

ference was good, and, although some inconvenience was felt by committees, in consequence of the members being entertained at places considerably distant from each other, the business of the Conference was conducted with dispatch, and it reached a final adjournment by Saturday evening. Several members of the Conference left on the evening of its adjournment, which we thought detracted somewhat from the interest of the Sabbath services. I think every Conference should embrace one Sabbath within the time of its session. Sunday should be at every Conference the great day of the feast.

Early on Monday morning the members of the Conference left in crowded vehicles for their homes.

We had nearly a day on our hands, and not being far from Atlantic City, we concluded to run down there, and spend the day till train-time on the seashore. The crowds of pleasure-seekers were gone; but the city and the beach and old ocean were still there, and the day being pleasant, we enjoyed ourselves very much. We concluded that pleasure, as recreation, was a very good thing; but as a regular business, it could not but become irksome. At half-past three o'clock we took a train for home, where we arrived safely the next day.

The Pittsburg Conference of 1882 met in Waynesburg, Pa. Mr. Samuel Melvin, proprietor of the Downey House, Waynesburg, an old friend of mine, had sent Mrs. Scott a very kind invitation to accompany me to Conference, and make his house our home during its session. This invitation was accepted, and we enjoyed a very pleasant time with him and his kind family.

Brother John Gregory, who had been president of the Conference the preceding year, was re-elected, and Brother J. F. Dyer was elected secretary. At that Conference George Shaffer was received by letter from the Pennsyl-

vania District, and has made an honorable record in the Conference. Brother Shaffer is a man of an original mind, of clear analytical powers, social and pleasing disposition, an able preacher, and an excellent pastor. He is approaching the prime of life, and seems to have a hopeful future before him. Brother George C. Sheppard was also received at that session on recommendation of the Eighteenth Street Church, Southside, Pittsburg. He had graduated at Adrian College, and desired to take a special course at Yale; but his services being needed, he entered the active work, and has become a very successful minister. He has filled some of the best appointments in the Conference, and served with credit to himself and the Church as its president. He is a good executive, a fine preacher, and a tireless worker.

Brother John Henderson came into the Conference also at its Waynesburg session that year. He was appointed to his home charge, and has remained there ever since, and the indications are that if the charge can have its choice, he will remain there much longer. He is a good preacher, and a very faithful and diligent worker. He is a man of sweet spirit, genial and companionable, and so calm and self-poised, that his society is restful. C. E. Wilbur also united with the Conference that year. He came by transfer from the New York Conference. He is a man of ability, one of our best preachers. Since entering the Pittsburg Conference, he has served for several years as a professor in Adrian College; but as a matter of choice he has returned to the active work of the ministry. He is highly esteemed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Routine Duties—Visitation of Conferences—Pittsburg—Semi-Centennial Session—Valuable Papers Read—Sermon—Fraternal Messengers—Dr. Collier—J. W. Rutledge—Other Old Members—Ohio Conference—Old Veterans—Straw Mattresses—Life of Clawson—General Conference of 1884—Address of Welcome—Conventional Powers—Communication from Bishops Simpson and Harris—Case of Anna H. Shaw—Re-elected Editor—Centennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Addresses.

THERE is generally not much in the regular routine of editorial work worth recording. As on a broad, flat prairie there is nothing presented to the view but a monotonous sameness, so there is ordinarily in regular editorial work nothing special to attract attention or excite more than ordinary interest. Occasionally something may occur worth noting; but this is not of frequent occurrence. So there was nothing during the year of sufficient interest to be noted here.

In the fall of 1883 my visitation of the Conferences again began. I visited the Michigan, the Ohio, the Pittsburg, the Genesee, the Onondaga, and the Muskingum Conferences.

The session of the Pittsburg Conference that fall was its semi-centennial session, and was held in the Eighteenth Street Church, Southside, Pittsburg. The attendance at the opening of the Conference was unusually large. The session was opened with religious services, under the direction of the president, by Dr. John Cowl, after which business was taken up. Rev. G. G. Westfall was elected president. On Wednesday evening, according to previous

arrangement, Rev. T. H. Colhouer delivered an address on the general history of the Methodist Protestant Church, which commanded close attention. On Thursday evening the Rev. James Robison read an interesting paper on the history of the Pittsburg Conference from its organization down to that time. At the close of Brother Robison's historical sketch, the Rev. John Gregory presented three papers, one of them giving an account of the time and place of each session of the Conference for fifty years, with the name of every president and secretary, and brief notes of some important action taken at each session. He also presented a list of deceased members, and also a list of all persons who at any time held membership in the Conference. This last list numbered four hundred and eight. On Friday evening the Rev. David Jones preached on the doctrinal position of the Methodist Protestant Church. All these special services were of deep interest, and appeared to be highly appreciated. The valuable papers of Brothers Robison and Gregory have been preserved in the Minutes, and will be available for the future historian in writing a history of the Pittsburg Conference.

The Revs. J. A. Thrapp and S. A. Fisher, of the Muskingum Conference, and Rev. C. M. Conway, of the West Virginia Conference, were present, and presented the fraternal greetings of their respective Conferences. Letters expressing fraternal regard were also received from Rev. J. B. Walker and T. Douglas, of the Ohio Conference, and from Rev. H. C. Cushing, of the Maryland Conference. Proper responses were made to these greetings, in the midst of which Dr. William Collier, a superannuated member of the Conference, who had been unable to attend any of its sessions for several years, was carried up the aisle in a large chair, and placed beside the president. Dr. Collier was then in the eighty-first year of his age. He was licensed

to preach in 1824. In 1829 he became identified with the Reform movement, and for fifty-four years had been connected with our Church as an itinerant minister, part of the time in the Maryland Conference, and after 1851 in the Pittsburg Conference. He received the hearty greetings of his brethren, who were delighted to see him once more in their midst. He answered to his name at roll-call, and dismissed the Conference with the benediction. He had been conveyed from his home in Sharpsburg, some six or seven miles distant, to the Conference room in an easy carriage, and after remaining till the close of the afternoon session, returned home in the evening. I feared that the trip would be too much for his strength; but, calling next morning about seven o'clock, I found him comfortably seated at the breakfast-table, cheerful and happy, though feeling somewhat tired after his unusual exercise and excitement.

Another old veteran, also on the superannuated list, Rev. J. W. Rutledge, who had not been able to attend the sessions of the Conference for several years, was also present. He was very feeble, but slightly better just then. He was over seventy, and had long been in the ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church. He came to the Pittsburg from the Pennsylvania Conference in 1852; but in consequence of feeble health, had been superannuated for several years. It was a great pleasure to Brother Rutledge, as well as to his brethren, to be able once more to be present in the Conference.

There was not an individual present at that session who was a member of the Conference at the time of its organization. There was one person living who was a member then, John Clark; but who had long been a resident of Rushville, Illinois, and who, by force of circumstances, in order to obtain a Church home, had become a member of another

Church. James Robison and John Cowl had united with the Conference in 1837, Henry Palmer and myself in 1842, R. H. Sutton in 1846, James M. Mason in 1850, and W. Collier in 1851. All these were present. Brothers Collier, Robison, and Palmer have passed away, and Brothers Cowl, Sutton, and Mason have been superannuated for several years. Brother Mason is the only one of the last three named who has been able to attend the Conference for several years past. He is feeble; but his heart is still in the work, and, if he had physical strength, would still be active. He was a faithful laborer, and never refused any work assigned him. Among others who united with the Conference at that session was W. S. Fleming, a graduate of Adrian College, who is still in the active work; also C. A. Sturm, who came by transfer from the Pennsylvania Conference. He is an excellent man, and needs only to be known to be appreciated.

The Ohio Conference met that fall on the Ohio Conference Camp-meeting grounds, about four miles from Washington Court House, Ohio. I had the privilege of being present a few days with the brethren. There were several of the old veterans present, among them A. H. Bassett, R. Rose, C. Caddy, A. H. Trumbo, and R. C. Davis. I was kindly entertained at the boarding-hall. The party having charge of it set a good table, and the sleeping accommodations were as good, perhaps, as could be expected under the circumstances. But it requires a good deal of practical philosophy and skill, in a country where grain grows very rank, to enable any one to make up an ordinary camp-meeting straw mattress so as to be perfectly smooth and level, and as soft as a bed of down. There are sometimes irregularities or protuberances in these mattresses, which, by a concatenation of circumstances, are brought into immediate contact with certain irregularities of the

body, which produce a sort of pivotal sensation, not free from uncertainty as to what turn matters may take. These things are not always of a soothing character, but, nevertheless, excite reflection, and fill the mind with pleasing anticipations. Such things must be agreeable to some minds. But men will differ, even in regard to the make-up and length of an ordinary camp-meeting mattress.

In the fall of 1883, Brother James Robison published a very interesting volume, entitled, "Recollections of Rev. Samuel Clawson." Mr. Robison was a great friend of Mr. Clawson, and had treasured up many anecdotes of that good and wonderfully eccentric man, with which he enriched his book. At Brother Robison's request, I wrote a short introduction to the volume, as I was well acquainted with Brother Clawson. The book, I suppose, is now out of print; but a new edition, I have no doubt, would command a ready sale. It is greatly to be regretted that so many of the fathers, good and great men, have passed away without any suitable record of their lives and labors.

The Genesee Conference, which I attended that fall, met at Adams Basin. The Church at that place is the mother Church in this district, and there appears to have been a special providence connected with its organization. The Rev. Isaac Fister, when a young man, in passing through Charlotte, some eight miles north of Rochester, New York, and about sixteen miles from where the Church at Adams Basin now stands, was taken sick, and Dr. Webster, of the latter place, was called to attend him. He made him three visits, and then informed his patient that he thought, with proper care, he would get along, and that it would not be necessary to visit him again. Mr. Fister then asked the doctor for his bill, whereupon the doctor inquired if he was not a minister, and on receiving an affirmative answer, remarked that he had inferred as

much, and stated that he would require Mr. Fister to return his visits, and preach an equal number of times in his house. This Mr. Fister agreed to do, and on his third visit a revival broke out, and twelve persons were converted, and the Church at Adams Basin was organized. The first class consisted, in part, of Stephen Webster and wife, familiarly known as "Aunt Betsy," Joseph Woodmansee and wife, Jeremiah Webster, and Asa A. Webster and wife. Stephen Webster was a son of Dr. Webster. Dr. Covil was the first pastor on this charge. We had the pleasure of meeting Sister Webster ("Aunt Betsy"), who was the only surviving member of the original organization. All the others had passed away to their eternal rest, and she had almost reached the close of life's journey, and although feeble in body, was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and expected soon to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." We took her by the hand, bade her farewell, not expecting to see her face again till we meet in our Father's house of many mansions. That little class grew and strengthened until circuits, and at last a Conference was organized, where our cause before was unknown. How mysterious the ways of Providence! Who could have imagined that such important results should be linked with the apparently accidental sickness of a stranger in a strange place?

There were but two changes made in the pastoral relation at that session of the Conference, Brother Bowen and Brother Leach exchanging places. Sometimes at some of the Conferences the changes are quite numerous. Notwithstanding the discomfort which this system of ministerial supply sometimes occasions, it is perhaps the best system that has been, or can be, devised. But the burdens which it imposes on ministers should, so far as possible,

be lessened by the Churches which they are appointed to serve.

Some men are adventurers, dissatisfied with what they have, and willing to run the risk of change in hope of bettering their condition. With them familiarity creates contempt, and consequently they are always seeking for something new. They are never so much at home, as when they are abroad; never so much in the midst of friends, as when surrounded with strangers. This may be the case with some preachers; but generally it is not the case with them, nor with any other class of men. Persons of this character form an exception to the general rule. By continued intercourse the social principle, generally, is developed, and attachments are strengthened. Whatever disturbs these attachments and associations is disrelished, and gives pain to the mind. The frequent changes to which itinerant preachers are subject is a fruitful source of trial, and as they advance in life, and can not so easily accommodate themselves to change, this trial increases in severity. Persons who are permanently settled in life, or who even change their locality as a matter of choice, from motives of interest connected with worldly pursuits, can not appreciate the feelings of those who, for the Church's sake, without any prospect of worldly gain, but in view of loss and discomfort, patiently submit to the severance of the strongest social and Christian ties, and go forth amid the chilling shyness of uncaring strangers, to perform their work in the spirit of self-denying love.

Strangers in any community should be treated with attention and consideration, on principles of common politeness and humanity. God expressly declared to the children of Israel, "Ye shall not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in

the land of Egypt." And who can know the heart of a stranger but he who has been himself a stranger, cut off from the tender associations of known and tried friends? On the same principle the apostle exhorts us to be "not forgetful to entertain strangers."

Many of our preachers go to their fields of labor, and enter upon their work as strangers, with a sense of loneliness stealing over their hearts. And, if in their sadness they can sing at all, they will feel like singing:

"A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm alone,
The earth seems dreary as a tomb,—
I have no home but heaven."

The members of the Church, instead of increasing this sense of loneliness in the preacher's heart, and in the hearts of those who share his toils, by a distant and reserved behavior and an apparent indifference to his comfort, should at once rally around him, and with grasping hands and kindly words assure him that, though strangers in the flesh, they are brethren in the Lord. It is to be presumed that the official bodies of the Church have done their duty; and if so, that he is a tried and true man, and worthy to be received to the hearts and homes of the membership. He does not come as a probationer. He has already served his probation, and proved himself worthy, and should be so regarded. Let him be received, then, "without doubtful disputations."

Brethren and sisters should promptly call upon their new minister at his home, and invite him and his family to enjoy their hospitalities. They should show him that they sympathize with him, and desire him to feel that he is at home among them. When a Church invites a min-

ister to labor among them, and the invitation is accepted, the advances should be upon their part. But how much more so if a minister has been sent who had not been called! How much more, in that case, does he need the attention of his brethren to relieve his mind from the anxiety which he can not but feel, and assure him that he may be "among them without fear!"

But something more substantial, but not more agreeable, than these kindly attentions is also needed. Our ministers often find it difficult, with all the economy they are able to exercise, to maintain their families, without laying aside a surplus of means. A removal from one circuit or station to another, necessarily incurs an expense which they are not well able to meet. With their little means exhausted by their removal, they have nothing left to support them till the close of the first quarter, and great embarrassment in feeling is the result. They can not think of beginning their labors by asking their brethren for money, or the grocer for credit, and yet the necessities of life must in some way be secured. Brethren should not permit their ministers to endure these embarrassments. Unsolicited, they should at once, either as a gift of kindness, or by the prepayment of a portion of their regular contributions, furnish him with means to meet his present wants.

The General Conference of 1884, to which my brethren of the Pittsburg Conference saw fit to elect me as one of their representatives, met in the St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore, on May 16, 1884. The Conference was called to order by Dr. G. B. McElroy, president of the preceding General Conference. After the opening religious services, Dr. L. W. Bates presented to the president a handsome gavel, the gift of Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse. Dr. S. W. Hammond, secretary, then called the list of

members, after which a Committee on Credentials was appointed. A very interesting address of welcome to the members of the Conference was then delivered by Dr. J. J. Murray, pastor of the Church in which the Conference met. Among other things, he said: "It is with no little pleasure that I welcome you to St. John's Church. Considerations of convenience, not to be overlooked in a city of such physical proportions, prompted the Committee of Arrangements to solicit the use of this building for your meetings; but it was not without a touch of sentiment that application was made; for within these very walls, fifty-six years ago, assembled our fathers in council, and fifty-four years ago they here adopted the Constitution and Discipline under which, with some modifications, the Church has lived and grown to its present proportions."

The Rev. W. S. Hammond, of the Maryland Conference, was elected president, and Rev. S. K. Spahr, of the Ohio Conference, secretary.

It was decided, after considerable discussion, that two-thirds of the Annual Conferences had clothed their representatives with conventional powers, and that the body was fully authorized to make changes in the Constitution as well as the Discipline of the Church. In the exercise of this power, numerous changes were made in the Constitution and Book of Discipline.

At an early stage in the business, Dr. G. B. McElroy presented a communication from Bishops Simpson and Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, inviting the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church to take such action as would secure the participation of our body in the approaching celebration of the Centennial of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The paper was referred to the Committee on Fraternal Re-

lations. The committee, at a subsequent time, made a report which elicited considerable discussion, and which resulted in the reference of the subject to a special committee, whose report, after a spirited debate and several changes, was adopted. The report, as adopted, recommended the appointment of a Fraternal Commission of two ministers and two laymen, to convey the fraternal greetings of our Church to the Centennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1884. We had been invited to become a constituent part of that Conference; but this our Convention declined, and resolved to remain outside and present fraternal greetings. I was not favorable to this action, and thought that we should have accepted the very kind and respectful invitation extended to us. I submitted to the action of the Convention, simply because I found that no other action could be secured. The whole thing was simply a matter of Christian courtesy, and was not intended to imply in any way a renunciation of our ecclesiastical principles. But not being able to secure such action as I desired, I acquiesced in the action taken.

The Committee on Judiciary reported that at the fifty-first session of the New York Annual Conference, Miss Anna H. Shaw was elected to elder's orders, and received ordination. This, the committee declared, was unauthorized, and that her ordination was not entitled to recognition in the Methodist Protestant Church. This report was adopted, and the advocates of this view claim that, as it was the action of a General Convention, it can not be reversed by the action of a General Conference; but only by the action of a General Convention. The General Conference of 1892, however, reversed the action of the General Convention of 1884, the highest body known in the Church, and recognized the validity of female ordination. I simply

state the facts, and the further fact that I was not favorable to the action of the General Conference; but, from conscientious convictions, opposed it.

At the General Conference of 1884, I was again elected editor of the *Methodist Recorder* for another quadrennium. I had previously served in that position for nearly eleven years, and I appreciated the evidence of confidence in me which my election afforded.

My home during the Convention was with my old and highly-esteemed friend and brother, Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., formerly pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church, Pittsburg, but then pastor of the St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore. The Rev. J. L. Michaux, editor of the *Central Protestant*, North Carolina, whose acquaintance I formed thirty years before, and whom I have always highly esteemed, together with Rev. W. H. Phipps and Mr. William McCracken, Jr., Publishing Agent, Pittsburg, Pa., shared with us the hospitality of Dr. Murray and his very agreeable and amiable family. Words can not express our appreciation of the kind attentions we received, and the pleasure which our association with so many old friends afforded us. Those sunny days form a bright spot in our recollection, to which we revert with pleasure. We often think of the happy reunion of the loved and saved ones in our Father's house of many mansions, to go no more out forever. Blessed hope!

In connection with Rev. L. W. Bates, Dr. J. W. Hering, and F. H. Pierpont, I was appointed one of the commissioners to bear the fraternal greetings of our Church to the Centennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Conference met in the Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, December 10, 1884. It was a large and imposing body, embracing the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, South, the Independent Methodists, the various colored Methodist Churches of this country, and the Methodist Church of Canada. After the organization of the Conference, Bishop Foster delivered the opening sermon, which was fully up to the demands of the occasion, and a credit both to the head and heart of the preacher. It was a grand discourse; grand in its great practical truths, which were presented with a clearness and incisiveness which could not be surpassed. It was but partly delivered, although the bishop spoke for two hours and ten minutes, without wearying his audience, which appeared to be willing to sit, had he gone on, that much longer. The sermon, however, appeared in full in the next morning's *Centennial Daily*. Many able papers were read and discussed in the very best spirit, and the whole atmosphere of the Conference was one of fraternity and love. On Thursday afternoon one of the colored bishops presided, and presided with becoming dignity. Several of the colored members participated in the discussions during the Conference, commanding as marked attention as any other speakers, and sometimes being as enthusiastically applauded as any others. There was one subject which, whenever it was alluded to, called forth the greatest applause; it was the subject of Methodist unity. Of course, it was not on the program, and was not formally discussed; but it was often alluded to, and always with the same effect.

Thursday evening was set apart for the hearing of fraternal delegates, no other service being held under the direction of the Conference that evening, although on the preceding evening services in the regular program had been held in eleven churches. The only fraternal delegate present, in addition to those from the Methodist Protestant Church, was the Rev. Richard Thomas, of the Bible Christian body. The evening was wet and disagreeable; but a

large audience was present, and a very respectful hearing was given to the addresses delivered on the occasion. Indeed, the Conference could not have treated the fraternal delegates with greater kindness and respect than it did.

I always believed that our Church should have been represented in the Conference as one of the constituent members of the body, and after attending for some days upon its deliberations, I was more than ever convinced of the correctness of my view. Our Church, in appearing as it did, lost an opportunity which might have been improved greatly to its advantage. The Conference was not occupied with fulsome eulogies of Methodism, much less of Episcopacy. While it properly recalled the important facts in the history of Methodism, it devoted large attention to the presentation of broad plans and wise counsels in regard to its future operations and success. No grander ecclesiastical body ever assembled in this country, and its influence was, no doubt, productive of good. The day is past for any Church to succeed by exalting human theories above Divine truth, and cultivating a spirit of narrow sectarian bigotry, rather than the broad, catholic spirit of the gospel.

A very amusing incident took place that evening in the opening of the evening services. The senior bishop in the chair had invited a very venerable-looking old brother from the South to open the exercises with singing and prayer. The Mt. Vernon Place Church had a grand organ and an excellent choir. But it is presumed that the venerable brother was not favorable to such modern innovations; for, having read through the hymn, he repeated the first two lines, and immediately, without waiting for the organ and choir, started the tune himself. Having sung the two lines, he repeated two more, when the great organ struck up, and the choir chimed in, and when those lines

were sung, the organ would not stop; but poured forth its pealing notes, and the choir seemed enthused with the spirit of song, so that they ran away with the tune and hymn. The old gentleman stood, and seemed to look on in amazement. The situation appeared to be pretty generally comprehended, and every one seemed amused. Bishop Foster, on whom my eye happened to fall, almost shook his sides at the old brother's discomfiture. We may have our own notions about things; but we can not always control those who differ from us in opinion.

After the address of Brother Thomas, our delegation was heard. Dr. Bates, in his address to the Conference, said:

"A few years ago, in 1874 perhaps, by the earnest invitation of Bishop Janes, I held an agreeable interview with the Board of Bishops in this city, the entire Board being present, I believe, with the exception of Bishop Simpson, Bishop Foster, and Bishop Haven, and I do not hesitate upon this occasion to refer to passages in that pleasant interview.

"Bishop Janes asked me what I believed to be the chief impediment to organic union, and, in reply to my answer, said he believed my opinion was correct. Bishop Ames then asked me what impression it would make upon our Church if the right of appeal were extended to elders, leaving deacons and licentiates still absolutely in the hands of the stationing authority. He would not say that it could be done, but simply wished to know what impression such a measure would make upon our people. I answered that such a measure would make a profound impression upon our Church. We have the right of appeal; but during a membership of forty-four years in the Maryland Conference—a Conference of one hundred and nine traveling preachers, and eighty-six stations, circuits, and missions—

I can not recall a half-dozen appeals during those forty-four years.

“Bishop Peck asked me how the class-meetings were attended in our Church. I told him that they were attended just as they were in his Church; those who had Methodist religion enough attended class, and those who had not, neglected class-meeting. He then asked me what plan I believed would be the most effective to bring about the union of all the Methodists in the United States. I answered: ‘A joint Convention with equal powers; for every branch represented in such a body would yield much more than they would concede by mere negotiation.’ He replied, ‘Yes; that is the most honorable way to do it.’

“Before I leave this point, I will take the liberty to present to you a prediction by Rev. Nicholas Snethen, Bishop Asbury’s ‘Silver Trumpet.’ In 1834, Nicholas Snethen and Asa Shinn were joint editors of our Church paper, and in one of his editorials Mr. Snethen said: ‘The point of controversy is reduced to a unit—a pure, unmixed question of representation. If we are true to it, if we are not ashamed of it, it must finally prevail and proselyte every Methodist in the United States. They may, indeed, remain Episcopal Methodists; but so sure as we are not moved from our high calling, the whole lump will be leavened into representative Methodists.’ Thus, you see, we once had a true prophet in our Zion; and as a son of the prophets, I venture to predict that a union of American Methodism is a foregone conclusion.

“We claim the credit of your lay delegation, and when the union comes to pass—and lo, it will come—we shall claim the credit of that also.”

Dr. Hering’s address was very chaste and pleasant, and confined to the expression of fraternal regard.

In my remarks, I said, among other things:

"Could it be demonstrated that a particular form of Church government existed in apostolic times, it would not necessarily follow that the same form of government should always exist, under different circumstances and in different conditions. The fact that Christ and his apostles did not enjoin any particular form of Church government, very clearly indicates that the whole subject of Church order was left to the enlightened judgment of the Church, and may be varied according to the varying circumstances in which it may be placed. We may safely conclude, then, that men may honestly differ in regard to questions of Church polity and discipline, but that these honest differences of opinion do not afford just cause for the alienation of Christian brethren, especially when they agree in doctrine and the observance of the same means of grace. A man who is not willing to accord to others the same rights of conscience, and the same liberty in regard to prudential regulations in the Church—which are confessedly a matter of individual judgment and preference—that he claims for himself, is a tyrant, however much he may boast of liberty. But there are many men who overlook the unity of the Churches in what is essentially saving and divine, and magnify their differences in regard to non-essential things, thereby producing alienation and strife.

"While recognizing the differences in matters of polity between the Church which I, in part, represent, and most of the Churches embraced in this Conference, I do not regard these differences as sufficient to prevent the exercise of that brotherly love, Christian fellowship, and general co-operation that should exist between brethren of a common origin, a common faith, and of the same high and Christian aims. While I love all of them, of every name and order, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and

truth, I have a special love for my Methodist brethren of the different Methodist Churches, who agree with me on the great doctrines of the gospel which are essential to the salvation of the world. However others may feel, I desire to act towards them in such a manner that, when I shall meet them in heaven, I shall not be ashamed to look them in the face.

"May we not hope, my dear brethren, that this Conference will exert a unifying influence on all the Methodist Churches in this country, and lead them to magnify those things wherein they agree, and minify those wherein they differ? Christ is the great center of Divine attraction and glory, and as lines drawn from a circumference to a common center continually approach each other, until they at last unite, so as we draw nearer to Christ we shall draw nearer to each other, until at last, either on earth or in heaven, we shall be 'gathered together in one, even in Him.'

"I would be willing, Mr. President, to live to a great age, if I could only see all the Methodist Churches in this country sink out of sight the minor differences which separate them, and, as my brother from Canada suggested this afternoon, unite in one great Methodist Church."

From present indications I am inclined to think that I would have to live to a very great age indeed, to be permitted to see a union of all the Methodist Churches in this country.

In the summer of 1884 there appeared a very sensational article in the *Pittsburg Leader*, which it styled, "A Modern Miracle." It was the cure of a little boy by the name of Albert Clemmer, of Redstone Township, Fayette County, near Brownsville, Pa. His father, Samuel Clemmer, was a saddle and harness maker, doing business in Brownsville. His home was more than a mile from town, situated in a little vale a quarter of a mile from the old

National Road. The reporter represented it as a pretty place. He described his visit to it, and his meeting with the little boy. He says: "He was a delicate-looking boy, with a pale, intelligent face, black, bright eyes, and jet-black hair. His limbs were slender; but he seemed graceful in action. It was no use to ask him his name, as he was at once known to be Albert Clemmer, from the description of him. Mrs. Elizabeth Clemmer, his mother, is a comely matron of forty-five, intelligent in speech, and pleasant in manner. A pretty, black-eyed daughter, Gertrude, also joined the company, when the following interesting facts were elicited from the restored boy, who took a seat close by. 'I have been sick for nearly three years, and in bed for ten months. My left limb was drawn forward and my head downward, so my chin touched my knee; my right leg was bent straight back, and out of joint; my backbone, they said, like the letter S. My left leg was paralyzed, my right eye was entirely blind, and I could just see daylight with my left one. I had no appetite, and could neither sit up in bed nor crawl. My pains were very great. I had the dream at night, for three nights in succession. I did not speak of the dream to ma until after the third night. I dreamed that I was directed by God to go to Pittsburg, where, on a big street full of people, I should get the drugs. I thought I went into a drugstore, and got the drugs and made the ointment, mixed in sweet-oil, as directed, and that I got well in two days.' (The names of the drugs his father had forbidden him to tell; but by dint of persuasion, his mother gave them as follows: Xanthoxylum, filbrin, lupulin, xyris, euphorbium.) He continued: 'How I mixed them in proportion I am not allowed to say now. I first told my mother and sister of my dream. The drugs were mixed in sweet-oil. I asked pa to get me the drugs, and he finally did so. He sent off for them.

When he brought them home, I could tell that they were right by the smell. I made the ointment at ten A. M. on Sunday. My mother and sister saw me with the drugs.' Upon being asked if he thought they would cure him, he said: 'I knew they would cure me, for God told me in my dream they would. I mixed them in bed. At a quarter to twelve my left or paralyzed limb was anointed with the ointment. At twelve ma anointed my back. I then lay till five P. M. I could not raise myself in bed. At that time I was again anointed as before. I then lay till seven A. M., Monday, when it was applied again. A bandage was then put about my hips for half an hour. It was removed by my direction, and tightened in a double band higher up, and remained an hour. At twelve I stood up. There was to be a throbbing in my back, so I would know when to try to stand. When my paralyzed limb straightened out I suffered awfully for about two minutes; at the same time my back straightened and went to its place.' His sister said that when his limbs were straightening out he cried out: 'O ma, God has made my legs the same length.' The boy continued as follows: 'God told me in my dream that when I had done all he wanted he would cause a clap of thunder overhead, which he did. There was a little white cloud overhead. I went and saw it. God said in my dream that when I first applied the ointment the limb would turn purple, and it did; and then when the circulation started it grew very hot and felt good. I have not had any pain since I began to walk. I have walked continually since I began. I can see well out of both eyes. I am thirteen years old. I have a good appetite.' Upon wishing to see his former afflicted parts, he refused, saying that no one was to look at his body, according to his dream, for a certain number of weeks, when the shrunken limbs and breast would be filled out. He had expected to walk a quarter of a mile

to a neighbor's house to-day; but sent word he would not go, having company. Said he: 'I prayed to God frequently to help me, and I believed that he would do so. When I dreamed, I thought God said no man could cure me, and that if I followed his directions I would get well. I will never, never lose faith in the good God who has helped me so. I am getting stronger day by day. My limbs are filling out, my breast is fuller, and I feel well.' If ever a boy told a plain, unvarnished tale, little Albert Clemmer did, so truthful and honest is his countenance that its expression strikes one on sight. The boy had told his people that there would be a clap of thunder when he was cured, and the medicine was no longer needed. In speaking to his mother, she said that what remained of the ointment had been put away in a bottle, and the boy had forbidden any one to touch or uncork it, alleging that it is dangerous. The medicines unmixed were not strong; but when mixed were almost unapproachable. The boy's case had been looked into by several physicians, none of them giving her any hope. When the boy's limbs and back straightened, those about the bed could see the cords loosening and twitching throughout his frame; all thought he was dying, and the mother fainted and had to be taken from the room. . . . In religious matters his father had some 'go-as-you-please' ideas of the existence of a God, and when the boy began to mix the drugs he went off to his mother's house, not believing in the boy's whim. When he saw his son rise up and walk, he cried out, 'This is God's work,' and now believes as the boy does. Said the mother: 'At first my son complained of a pain in the back of the neck, then it went down his back, then his left limb began to be paralyzed, and it kept bending him until from walking on crutches and crawling he got past moving. I have taught my son to pray and ask God to help him in trouble, and I

believe he did so.' When the writer departed, Albert arose from his chair and walked to the door alone, and, extending his little hand, said: 'When you see me again I will tell you more than I am allowed to now.' The writer went away, convinced that something beyond earthly power had transpired in that house. Either the Divine Hand had interposed, or there has been a most wonderful and fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. The writer called upon Mr. Theodore Vankirk, a neighboring wealthy and very intelligent farmer, known to nearly all Fayette County people. In answer to the question as to whether he thought there was anything in it, he said: 'I know there is; I have known the boy and his condition, and it is the most wonderful cure I ever heard of. I heard the clap of thunder, and wondered whence it came; when, looking up, I saw a little cloud, light in color, and over the house down there (pointing to Clemmer's house). I have seen the boy since, and I say there is more than man's hand in it.' Rev. Nevin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Brownsville, questioned the boy closely, and the reverend gentleman says that since the time when Christ was on the earth no such miracle had been performed. The Brownsville physicians have for the most part visited the boy, and all agree that the doctor who cured the lad is greater than they. The mystery to physicians is how the boy, who knew the names of no medicines in the world, could dictate the medicine by name, and spell it properly. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

The preceding marvelous statement appeared in the *Pittsburg Leader* of June 19, 1884. I thought of inserting it in the *Recorder*; but as the writer of it referred to the Rev. Mr. Nevin, of Brownsville, I concluded, before doing

so, to send the article to him, and ask if its statements were correct, which I did. Here is Mr. Nevin's answer:

"BROWNSVILLE, PA., June 24, 1884.

"REV. JOHN SCOTT, D. D.:

"*Dear Brother,*—Your note, together with the clipping from the *Leader*, is just received. It is only necessary for me to say that it is correct. I was just out with the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this place to see the boy. He was away at the house of a neighbor, and we saw him there. He is now about as well as he ever has been. Rev. J. T. Steffy is the brother who was with me. You might write to him, when you will have testimony from one whom, I presume, you personally know. 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' Why should it be thought a thing incredible?

"Very respectfully, W. G. NEVIN."

At Brother Nevin's suggestion, I wrote to Brother Steffy, and here is his reply:

"BROWNSVILLE, PA., June 27, 1884.

"REV. JOHN SCOTT:

"*Dear Sir,*—Yours in reference to the Clemmer boy to hand. The statement as to his helpless condition is true. His dreaming of the remedies by their technical names, . . . is true. He was to mix them in olive-oil, and apply at a quarter of and at twelve; and a quarter of and at seven, and then walk, and in the presence of family and neighbors [he] stretched out his limbs and walked. I met him a few days ago at a neighbor's, one-fourth of a mile from home, and he is still improving. His uncle, U. S. Clemmer, told his mother, a few days previous to the cure, that the boy must die in a few days. In the main, the newspaper accounts are true; in detail, somewhat colored.

I confess I have been skeptical, and would explain everything away on natural principles; but there are facts about this case that won't down at our bidding. There is no doubt that the boy was distorted, suffering, growing sightless, and given up to die. He dreamed of remedies, followed directions, and was cured.

Truly,

"T. J. STEFFY."

This is a wonderful statement, and as given in the *Leader*, is pronounced by Mr. Nevin to be correct, while in some other papers its details, as Mr. Steffy states, may have been somewhat colored. The main facts being admitted, how can we account for them? If we refer the cure of this boy to the operation of mere natural causes, we do so without sufficient reasons; for there are no natural agencies of which we have any knowledge capable of bringing about a result involving mental operations and the acquirement of important knowledge while the senses are locked up in sleep, as well as the previous knowledge of natural phenomenon which no human wisdom can foretell. But if we refer the cure in all its parts to the power of God, the difficulty disappears; for with God nothing is impossible. In other ages he gave evidence of his power by performing miraculous cures beyond the power of human skill to effect; and where has he told us that he will not do so again? In such an age of skepticism and unbelief as this, may there not be sufficient reasons why God should, as in olden time, give, as he may see fit, some special evidence of his Divine power? We are willing that everything that can be explained on natural principles, and in harmony with physical laws, shall be so explained. But, after all, we hold that there is a God that doeth wonders in the earth, and that he is to judge when circumstances justify the special interposition of his power. That God can cure

the sick, with or without means, in answer to prayer, we do not doubt; but in this, as in other things, except for special reasons known only to himself, he works through ordinary means. But that he will cure all sickness in answer to prayer it is foolish to assert. Paul prayed thrice for the removal of the thorn out of his flesh; but his prayer, in that form, was not answered. All men must die. There is a sickness that is unto death, from which no prayer can deliver. If it were not so, men in answer to prayer would in the flesh become immortal.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Visit to Bethel—Sacred Associations—Communion—Reception of Members—Among the Graves of the Departed—Relatives—Robert and Charles Scott—My Father and Mother—Other Cherished Names—Sheep-shearing—Pastoral Life—Scenes in the Holy Land—Crossing the Jordan.

PASSING over a year or two which contained nothing but the ordinary routine of duty and labor, and a few things which should be forgotten rather than remembered, I can not refrain from noticing a visit to my early home, which was of much interest to me, if to no one else; and yet it may possibly be of some interest to others.

Ever since Jacob slept at Bethel, and in divine vision saw a ladder set on the earth, with its top reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, the name has been invested with more than ordinary sacredness. But before I was old enough to know much of the place where Jacob slept, with a stone for his pillow, another Bethel, scarcely half a mile from where I was born, became associated in my thoughts with all that was sacred and divine. There was Old Bethel, and then, after the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, there was New Bethel, but a few rods distant. Old Bethel has entirely disappeared, and New Bethel now stands alone as the one central place of worship for the neighborhood. This Bethel is not located at the place Luz; but in a far more fertile region in Washington County, Pennsylvania. For more than eighty years God has had a house and an altar here, and through him, whom Jacob's ladder prefigured, uninterrupted communication has been kept up between earth and heaven. For many years I have made

annual, and sometimes more frequent, visits to that sacred place, where my fathers worshiped, and where, in the adjacent graveyard, many that I knew and loved sweetly sleep in Jesus.

On the 14th day of May, 1887, I visited my early home to assist Brother William A. Rush at his quarterly communion at Bethel. The occasion was one of much interest. There were large congregations, and a very large communion on the Sabbath. Four persons were received into full membership, in one of whom—my youngest son, Albert R. Scott—I felt the deepest and most tender interest. God had blessed the faithful labors of Brother Rush, and given him success and favor in the eyes of the people. Brother Rush is one of the younger members of the Conference, having been received at the session of 1881, held in Amity, Pa. He is a good preacher, a faithful pastor, and a consistent Christian, and commands the love and respect of all who know him.

After speaking to the living, it was natural enough to recall the memories of the dead, with many of whom I had associated and worshiped in former years. One among the first books I ever bought was Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs." The title, to many persons, is suggestive of unpleasant thoughts; but although it is nearly sixty years since I read the book, my recollection is that the style was pleasing, and to a Christian mind the meditations were by no means disagreeable. Indeed, to the Christian death is not the king of terrors, for to him he has lost his envenomed sting. Christ has consecrated the grave, and by his rising has burst its barriers and scattered its gloom. My meditations among the graves of my fathers were not disagreeable. There was something pleasing in the retrospect, and also in the prospect. There are sacred memories and sacred hopes which we delight alike to cherish.

Among the graves I found were those of two brothers, Robert Scott and Charles Scott. My grandmother, on the paternal side, Susan Scott, who married a Scott, was their sister. Robert died in 1821, at the age of nearly seventy. His wife, Catharine, who lies by his side, died in 1837, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. The family were Irish, and had some of the peculiarities of their countrymen. Robert died in my infancy. I never saw him; but in my boyhood I heard some amusing anecdotes of him. Among others, was this:

He had a young horse that he was breaking to the saddle, and he was anxious to know whether it would be easily frightened or not, and concluded to test the matter in a practical way. Accordingly, he directed his son, Robert, to go out along the lane and hide in a fence-corner, and when he came along riding on the colt, to jump out and say, "booh!" This plan was carried out effectually. When the old gentleman reached the place where Robert was concealed, he jumped out and said, "booh!" The colt was greatly frightened, and threw its rider, considerably shaking up the old gentleman. But gathering himself up, and addressing his son, he said very earnestly, "Ah, Robbin, that was too big a 'booh' for a filly." There are many things in this world that are overdone. The experiment of the old gentleman was not, perhaps, a very philosophical one; but there are many men, esteemed very wise, who are experimenting on subjects of a far more serious character, involving far more serious consequences, but which are not any more successful.

Robert Scott, who was the innocent cause of his father's discomfiture, had a large family of sons and daughters. Four of his daughters married Methodist preachers. Pamela married Rev. Robert Hopkins, D. D.; Catharine married Rev. Hamilton Cree; Rachel married Rev. George B.

Hudson; and Mary married Rev. Edward Hunter. They are all dead except Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. Hudson.

Charles Scott, the other brother, was a local preacher, and died in 1840, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was the grandfather of the Rev. George M. Scott, for many years a member of the Iowa Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. His wife, Annas, died sixteen years before him, aged seventy years. He preached a great deal, and never softened the truths of the gospel to suit the carnal tastes of his hearers. If he knew of any prevailing sins, those were the sins he denounced, and generally with such plainness of speech that there was no misunderstanding of his meaning. He was not a learned and cultured man in the modern sense, but possessed a great deal of good common sense, accompanied with a sparkle of Irish wit. He often preached in Wellsburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), and Philip Dodridge, who resided there, and who was one of the most eminent lawyers of his time, a compeer of the celebrated Charles Hammond, and brother of Rev. Joseph Dodridge, author of "Notes on Virginia," always went to hear him preach, and often said that he liked to hear the Irishman; for, although he sometimes blundered, he got more ideas from him than from most men whom he heard. By the way, ideas are not a bad thing in a sermon.

As the old gentleman advanced in years, his memory became somewhat impaired, which sometimes led to amusing results. On one occasion he had an appointment to preach in a private house near Burgetstown. He had never been there, did not know the way with certainty, and, unfortunately for him, he had forgotten the name of the gentleman at whose house he was to preach, so that he did not know for whom to inquire. In the midst of his perplexity he overtook a gentleman and lady on foot, going

in the same direction as himself. He kindly spoke to them, and after some remarks, begged leave to ask them where they were going. They informed him that they were going to a certain place to preaching. He inquired who was to preach, and they informed him Mr. Scott. He then inquired the way. They gave him the proper directions, and he reached his appointment in good time.

He preached his last sermon, by special appointment, in Bethel, and he requested all his relatives in the neighborhood to be present. His friends turned out to hear him, and it was said there were twenty-one Scotts of the third generation present.

In company with his grandson, Rev. G. M. Scott, I watched with him the night he died. He was perfectly self-possessed, and conversed with us freely, and apparently with ease. He informed us of the first sermon he heard preached in this country, and of the manner in which the preacher handled his subject. He spoke of great preachers whom he had heard, and of the greatest sermon he thought he had ever heard. He gave us good advice, worthy of a dying patriarch. I left him about twelve o'clock at night, and in about two hours afterward he was dead. He was a man of sterling character, of great moral courage, and neither feared the frown nor courted the favor of any.

A short distance from the graves of these two brothers and their wives are the graves of my sainted father and mother, John and Frances Scott. My father was a class-leader and exhorter in the Church, and his house had been a preaching-place for the Methodists, and a home for Methodist preachers in Ireland, long before I was born. He died on the 19th day of December, 1833, aged fifty years and ten days. There was no obituary written of him. Indeed, it was not customary then, except in special cases,

to publish obituaries of deceased friends. But his record is on high. My mother, who sleeps by his side, was one of the best of Christian women. She survived my father forty-two years, and died on the 1st day of August, 1875, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. She had been a Christian for more than seventy years, and died in peace. There was no obituary written of her. Her pastor did not see fit to do it, and her children left the matter to him, and did not interfere. Indeed, it would be well if fewer obituaries were written. When, as editor of our Church paper, I received so many obituaries, and some of them quite lengthy, even of children, and of persons who were not even identified with the Church, I often thought of my parents, whose lives of Christian devotion were worthy of imitation, who went up to heaven without any obituaries being written of them. But their rest is as sweet, and their children are as fully assured that they are with the Lord, as if high eulogies had been written upon them.

Another grave that attracted my attention was that of Miss Nancy McNeely, who died April 22, 1834, in the twenty-third year of her age. She was an orphan, and possessed of considerable property. She was educated at Dr. Beatty's Seminary, Steubenville, Ohio, and after her graduation became a teacher in the school. She bequeathed all her property to Dr. Beatty; but in her sickness was brought to Robert Pogue's, near Bethel, whose wife was a distant relative of hers, where she died. Dr. Beatty erected a tombstone at her grave, of sandstone, which was originally about two and a half or three feet high, about sixteen inches broad, and perhaps two inches thick. The ground had been thrown up around it, and it then stood about twenty inches above ground. The back of the stone was scaling off, and before many years it will disappear. Dr.

Beatty, who received her fortune, should have placed a more permanent monument at her grave. She died triumphantly.

I found two other graves side by side—those of James Patterson and his wife, Sarah. James Patterson died August 31, 1849, in the ninety-second year of his age. His wife died a few months before him, on January 8, 1849, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. A little distance from these graves are those of John Patterson and his wife. John Patterson died October 29, 1849, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. His wife, Jane, died eighteen years before him, on August 5, 1831, aged fifty-four years. James and John Patterson were brothers, but very different in disposition and temperament. James was a man of clear, strong mind, gentle spirit, and great self-possession. He was a man of deep piety, and a wise and safe counselor. I had the pleasure from a boy of numbering him among my warm friends. After I commenced preaching, he always called me "Johnnie," as he had been in the habit of doing from my childhood. He said I was too young for him to call me "brother," and "Mr." was too cold an appellation. His brother was a man of warm temperament, great energy, and devoted to business. He, too, was a member of the Church, and a professor of religion, but not so devoted and self-sacrificing as his brother.

In the early days of Methodism in that neighborhood, as was the case in many other places, the people had preaching only on week-days. It was related of John and James Patterson, that on a certain preaching-day in the neighborhood both were plowing, and had marked out "lands," or pieces of ground, of the same size in the morning, each plowing his own "land." James resolved to go to preaching, but John thought he could not spare the time, and

plowed on. James went to preaching, returned, and resumed his plowing, and finished his "land" as soon as his brother John, having plowed as much and gone to preaching, too. There was nothing marvelous in this. James was so anxious to go to preaching that he worked with greater vim and energy while he was at it, and thus overcame his loss of time, as his brother thought, while he was at preaching. It is wonderful what an earnest purpose can accomplish, especially when that purpose is in the right direction.

A little distance from these are the graves of John and Nancy Elliott. John Elliott, Sr., died December 20, 1835, aged seventy-eight. Nancy, his wife, preceded him a little over six years, having died August 2, 1828, in her sixty-first year. He was a small man, a devoted and enthusiastic Christian, consistent in life, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

Not far from these are two other graves—those of John and Jane Cassidy. John Cassidy died March 23, 1868, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His wife died less than a year before him, on July 8, 1867. Mr. Cassidy was a man of strong convictions, of great conscientiousness, and of deep piety.

All these, with the exception of Miss McNeely, were members of the Methodist society of Bethel, and all of them, except she and Robert Scott, who died before its organization, became members of the Methodist Protestant Church. The great age, with one or two exceptions, to which they all attained, is worthy of note, and also the fact that none of them re-married. But they are only a few of a great host of worthies who were members of that society, and many of whom sleep sweetly there, till Jesus shall bid them rise. But time would fail me to tell of the scores who, from this Bethel on earth, have gone up to the Bethel

above. If I am ever so happy as to reach the Father's house of many mansions, I shall not enter it as a stranger.

“There's rest at home, there's joy at home,
And many I love are there;
They wait with sweet songs for me to come,
Their glory and bliss to share.”

My visit happened to be in the time of sheep-shearing, a time that has been fraught with interest from the earliest ages. The raising and caring of sheep has been an important industry from the very infancy of our race. Abel, the second son of Adam, was “a keeper of sheep.” For what particular purpose he kept them we do not know. It is probable that they were principally kept for food. Our first parents were in the beginning clothed with the skins of animals; but we can hardly suppose that the skins of sheep, at least in their natural condition, could have been used for that purpose. The nature of the climate was such that, in their state of innocence, they were perfectly comfortable without clothing. The wearing of sheepskins, in almost any form, in such a climate, would doubtless have been attended with great discomfort. The skins may have been used for the covering of tents, as they were afterwards used by the Israelites for the covering of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Whether Abel had learned at that early day to utilize the wool of his sheep for any valuable purpose, is a question we have no means of determining.

At what time the practice of shearing sheep was introduced is a fact which history has not recorded. We find, long before the Israelites went down into Egypt, about one thousand seven hundred years before Christ, that the practice existed among the patriarchs. We read of Judah having sheep-shearers at Timnath, and of his going to see

them in company with his friend Hirah. Long after that, in the time of David's persecution by Saul, we read of Nabal, a man of Maon, who had large possessions in Carmel, and among other things three thousand sheep and a thousand goats; and when David fled from Saul, after the death of Samuel, Nabal was shearing his sheep in Carmel. The treachery of Absalom, in causing his servants to slay his brother Amnon on account of his conduct toward his sister Tamar, when he had sheep-shearers at Baalhazor, will at once suggest itself to the mind of every Bible-reader.

While hearing some of the shearers complain of the inferior character of their shears, and knowing, both from observation and experience, that the best quality of steel is necessary to produce a pair of shears that will give satisfaction, I could not help thinking of the state of perfection to which metallurgy and the use of metals must have been brought in those early days referred to, to enable men to produce shears with which one could shear sheep at all. We hear a great deal of boasting about the intelligence and knowledge of "this nineteenth century," and the wonderful achievements which men have made in the arts and sciences, and I would not detract one iota from the just claims of modern discovery; but while this is the case, we must not suppose that men were less capable in those early days than they are at present; but their minds were exercised about fundamental and necessary things, a knowledge of which underlies all the achievements of modern times, and the discovery of which, under the circumstances, required, perhaps, as much penetration as the seemingly marvelous discoveries of the present day. The men who could build the pyramids, and erect the obelisks of Egypt, and embalm their dead so as to preserve their remains for thousands of years, were men of no mean intelligence, and not to be sneered at by our modern Solons, who seem to

think that all who preceded them were, comparatively, fools. The fact is, the more we learn of antiquity, the more we are led to admire the wisdom and achievements of the ancients. I should not wonder if Judah's sheep-shearers at Timnath had shears that answered their purpose quite as well as those do which are furnished to sheep-shearers at the present day.

Washington County, Pennsylvania, is celebrated for its valuable flocks, and for the superior quality of its wool; yet there are few persons in the county, if any, who have as many sheep as Nabal had at Carmel. Indeed, the flocks are not nearly so large there now as they were some years ago, on account of the low price of wool for the last few years, and especially of the finer qualities or grades of wool, such as are produced in this county. The wool-growers claim that this industry does not receive proper protection from the Government; that foreign wools are allowed to be imported at such a low duty that the native clip does not command a remunerative price. I do not pretend to know much about these questions of Governmental policy; but I know that sheep-raising and wool-growing are by no means as profitable as they were a few years ago, and as a consequence the number of sheep is diminishing, and farmers are compelled to turn their attention to other industries to which the soil is not so well adapted.

Sheep-raising in this country has never been carried to the same extent that it was in Palestine and adjoining countries. Sir John Chardin, whose manuscript notes are quoted by Mr. Harmer and others, says that he saw a clan of Turkoman shepherds whose flocks numbered three million sheep and goats. This great number did not belong to one individual, but to a clan, or tribe, of quite a considerable number. Job, before his affliction, had seven thousand

sheep, and after his affliction God wonderfully prospered him, and the number of his sheep increased to fourteen thousand. Jacob, no doubt, had large flocks, which required a large range of pasturage to meet their necessities; hence his sheep, under the care of his sons, were often pastured at a considerable distance from home. When Joseph was sent by his father from the vale of Hebron to visit his brethren, he found them pasturing their flocks in Dothan, not far from Shechem. In those ancient times sheep were always attended by a shepherd, and sometimes more than one. He watched over them by day and night, and protected them from beasts of prey, to whose attacks they were constantly exposed. In this country sheep are not thus attended, because they are not exposed to the same dangers. They are assorted into flocks of different sizes, and placed in different pastures, salted, and changed from pasture to pasture as circumstances require. The owner in caring for them is not, like Jacob when he kept the flocks of Laban, parched by drought during the day and by frost at night. Sometimes, in this country, dogs attack and injure the sheep by night, but not often.

There is something very agreeable in pastoral life, and most persons take pleasure in attending to their flocks. Sheep are very innocent and harmless animals, and afford a pattern of meek and patient endurance. The prophet uses this fact to illustrate the character of the blessed Savior, who was "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Shearers sometimes handle the sheep very roughly; but ordinarily they submit to this without resistance, and meekly and patiently endure.

There are more illustrations of Christian life and character drawn from the pastoral vocation in the Bible than from any other. The psalmist declares, "The Lord is my

Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Christ represents himself as the Good Shepherd, who careth for the sheep—who has even laid down his life for the sheep. He said to Peter, "Feed my sheep—feed my lambs." Every child of God is embraced in the fold of the Redeemer, and will be protected and preserved by him.

Dr. Thomson, in "*The Land and the Book*," gives an account of a shepherd and his flock, which he once saw crossing a river between Damur and Sidon. He says that the shepherd went before, and the sheep followed him. "Not all in the same manner, however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd, whether sauntering through green meadows, by the still waters, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide, they miss the ford, and are carried down the stream, some more, some less; and yet, one by one, they all struggle over and make good their landing." "I once saw," he continues, "flocks crossing the Jordan 'to Canaan's fair and happy land,' and then the scene was even more striking and impressive. The river was broader, the current stronger, and the flocks larger, while the shepherds were more picturesque and Biblical. The catastrophe, too, with which many poor sheep were threatened—of being swept down into that mysterious sea of death which swallows up the Jordan itself—was more solemn and suggestive."

This may well illustrate the final scene through which we all must pass. The crossing of the Jordan is before us. The Good Shepherd is leading us to its "stormy banks;" but we know that if we keep close to his side, we need not fear to enter its "cold stream," for he will conduct us

safely over, and we shall rest with him in peace on the farther shore. We may well say with the psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

That visit was a pleasant and refreshing one, and I returned to my post of duty strengthened and encouraged.

ELLA C. WILSON.

New Brighton, Pa.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Conference at Burnside—Bell's Gap Railroad—Ride by Moonlight—Election of Delegates—General Conference at Adrian—D. S. Stephens elected Editor—Retirement—Closing Remarks—Numerous Letters—Touching One—Kind Words of Brother Editors—The *Interior*—A Week Unemployed—Appointed a Supply—Conference at New Cumberland—Made a Station—Appointed to that Charge—"Arthur and Hattie"—Visit to Springfield—Remarkable Case of Mr. Goode.

IN the fall of 1887 the Pittsburg Conference met in Burnside, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. The great majority of the members, in reaching the seat of the Conference, passed over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to Bell's Mills, one hundred and twenty-four miles east of Pittsburg, and then over the Bell's Gap Railroad for thirty-seven miles, to Newburg, and from there in wagons, buggies, and carriages, a distance of eight miles, to Burnside, making in all one hundred and sixty-nine miles from Pittsburg, and, with the delays we experienced, occupying the whole day.

The Bell's Gap Railroad was built principally as a means of reaching the coal-fields and lumber region near and beyond the summit of the mountain. This road presented great engineering difficulties in its construction. For heavy grades, sharp curves, and the height to which it ascends the mountain in such a short distance, it has no competitor in the eastern section of our country.

Starting from Bell's Mills, seven miles east of Altoona, this remarkable road threads its serpentine way up the mountain's side, over gorges and torrents, around sharp

curves and steep inclines to the coal-fields at the mountain top. The distance to the summit is nine miles, and every mile reveals some of the grandest and wildest scenery of the Alleghany Mountains. The grade in some places, we were told, is one hundred and seventy feet to the mile. As the panting engine strains up precipitous heights, twists around sharp curves, and glides over high embankments, the passenger's nerves are severely tried; but alarm gives way to wonder and admiration. Here a beetling precipice seems about to break from its moorings; there one looks down into a gorge, seemingly thousands of feet deep, through which a rushing torrent dashes its silver flood. Here the skill of the engineer has constructed a path for the track high above the solid earth, which, contrasted with the majesty of nature around it, seems as frail as a spider's web; there, above and below, is the dark mass of the mountain, covered by primitive forest, and cracked into gaping fissures, dotted with mighty boulders, grand in the wild ruggedness of untamed nature. With every step of the journey interest intensifies, so that it is hard to decide whether the views from the ascent or the summit are the grandest.

Near the summit of the mountain a resort, called Rhododendron Park, has been laid out, and equipped with all the conveniences of a picnic ground. Mountain springs form pretty little lakes; rustic bridges span the sparkling streams, and a beautiful fountain scatters its spray amid green bowers. Pavilions and tables are provided for the use of excursionists. The park is surrounded with a wild tangle of mountain laurel, presenting, when in full bloom, a magnificent spectacle.

I have frequently passed over the Pennsylvania Central Road, with its "Horseshoe Bend" and other magnificent mountain views, and over the Baltimore & Ohio Road, which

also presents some magnificent mountain scenery; but nowhere have I seen anything to compare with the bold, weird scenery brought successively to view in the zigzag windings of the Bell's Gap Railroad, in its ascent to the summit of the Alleghany Mountain. To a lover of nature's grandeur, a view of this magnificent scenery would more than compensate for the cost of a trip across the mountains. I doubt whether many travelers to foreign lands see anything in their travels more grand than the views here presented.

A ride of eight miles by moonlight in a country hack, concluded a day's journey of no little interest.

The session of the Conference at Burnside was the one immediately preceding the session of the General Conference, and elected delegates to that body. This matter had occupied the attention of some of the members for a considerable time, and the election was quite spirited.

For reasons which I deemed entirely satisfactory, I did not visit any of the Conferences that fall, except the Pittsburg Conference.

At the General Conference in Adrian in 1888, I retired from the editorship of the *Methodist Recorder*, after a service in that position, at two different times, of nearly fifteen years. Rev. D. S. Stephens, D. D., president of Adrian College, was elected to take my place.

Immediately after the General Conference I turned over to my successor all my editorial responsibilities, and proffered him any aid I might be able to render him in his new position.

In retiring from the duties of editor, I said, among other things: "We have kept the paper true to the doctrines and traditions of Methodism and of the Methodist Protestant Church, and we are pleased to know that the *Methodist Recorder* never had a better subscription-list, nor stood better with its readers than now. Every enlargement

and improvement made in the *Recorder* within a quarter of a century has been made under our editorial supervision, and it is with no little degree of satisfaction that we are able to turn it over to our esteemed successor in such a prosperous condition. We trust he will be able to increase its prosperity, and carry it forward to a still higher degree of excellence."

Upon my retirement as editor I received many kind letters from many persons, expressing appreciation and regret, and saying even complimentary things, which it would be improper here to insert. Such expressions, however, were very agreeable, and showed that my labors had not been without appreciation. Several of my brethren of the press were pleased to notice my retirement, and to say kind things of me. I can not, of course, give these expressions here; and still I can not resist the inclination to insert a single specimen of them. Dr. Gray, editor of the *Interior*, Chicago, gave the following brief notice:

"Rev. Dr. John Scott retires from the editorial chair of the *Methodist* (Protestant) *Recorder* of Pittsburg. In closing his adieu, he says:

"'As the sun declines and the shadows lengthen, and the time for labor lessens, we would quicken our pace and improve the closing hours of day before the twilight deepens and the time for work is past. We know not what is before us; but if it is the Father's will, we would go from active service to join the victor throng who have been faithful to the end.'

"Dr. Scott was editor of the *Recorder* before that beautiful and brilliant character, Alexander Clark, came to its tripod. At his death Dr. Scott again resumed the editorship, and now after long and faithful and acceptable services retires. The words we quote from his valedictory will touch the heart of many a worker who is on the down-

grade of life—'quicken our pace and improve the closing hours of the day before twilight deepens and the time for work is past.' Beautifully said! Heroic words! Not the rest that an old man feels entitled to claim; but the full and busy employment of the golden hours of sunset for the dear Master. A few months before his death the venerable Dr. Plumer said to us: 'My time is so short, and I have so much to do.' Brother Scott's words will come as a reproof to many of us. I have said: 'Let the boy do the work—I have done my share, and now I propose to take it easy.' Perhaps Brother Allison said as much also.* Now we should reconsider, and say: 'Let us quicken our pace, and improve the closing hours.' "

Equally kind were the words of many of our late *confreres* of the religious press.

For about one week in forty-six years I was without regular employment in the Church. But in about a week's time I was appointed by the president of the Pittsburg Conference to fill out the unexpired term of Brother M. L. Jennings, who, on account of illness, had resigned the charge of the First Church, Eighteenth Street, Southside, Pittsburg.

The session of the Pittsburg Conference of 1888 was held in New Cumberland, W. Va. It is a manufacturing town, and the seat of justice for Hancock County. We had a good Church there, which had been connected with Manchester Circuit; but at that session it was set off as a station, and I was appointed to that charge, where I remained for three years.

When we went to New Cumberland, there was a great business "boom" in the town, and as the Church at that time had no parsonage, I found it almost impossible to

* Dr. Allison, of the *Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburg, had shortly before lost a promising son,

obtain a house. At last I secured part of a house from Mr. Arthur Stewart, who, with his wife, occupied the other part. They were a young married couple, and were as kind to us as our own children could have been. I had the pleasure of receiving them both into the Church, with a good many others, during my pastorate there. "Arthur and Hattie," as we familiarly called them, endeared themselves to us, and will ever retain a warm place in our affections. Although hampered by lack of room, we did not move till we left the place. We had many excellent members there, among whom were the Smiths, the Stewarts, the Donagans, the Bradleys, the McGrews, the Coopers, and many others. The Church has prospered, and is one of our most pleasant charges.

At that session B. F. Saddler, A. E. Fletcher, A. R. Rush, and F. N. Foster were received into the Conference. They are good and faithful men, who will make full proof of their ministry. Brother Foster came by transfer from the Genesee Conference.

At the Conference which met in Springdale, Pa., in 1889, R. B. Whitehead, a graduate of Adrian College, was received and loaned for one year to the New York Conference. At the end of that time he returned to the Pittsburgh Conference, and is one of the most active and earnest laborers in the Conference.

In 1890 the Pittsburgh Conference met again in Amity, Pa. Brother J. F. Dyer was elected president, and after serving acceptably that year was re-elected the following year. Brother Dyer is a devoted Christian man, earnest and faithful in the performance of duty, a good preacher, and an excellent pastor. He has the confidence of his brethren, and has not only served as president, but also for several years as secretary. He is a man of sweet spirit, and always affable and gentlemanly in his bearing. At that

Conference Robert McGarvey and J. M. McCormick were received as licentiates.

In May, 1891, my wife and I made a visit to Springfield, Ohio. While there I took occasion to inquire into some particulars connected with the last sickness and death of Frank C. Goode, Esq., son of Judge James Goode, of that city. I had learned something of the matter from my son, and also from Miss Bowman, with whom I had traveled some time before from Springfield to Pittsburg on the cars; but being in Springfield, I concluded to get the facts from first hands. Judge Goode was for many years one of the leading lawyers in Ohio, and for one or two terms judge of the Circuit Court. I knew him very well when I resided in Springfield, and frequently met him afterwards, as my oldest son was for several years associated with him in the practice of law. He was, I believe, a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Springfield. His son, Frank, had studied law in his father's office, and entered successfully upon its practice. He was a young man of fine mind, correct habits, studious, and devoted to his profession. He was a married man, and at the time of his death was about thirty-five years of age. He had been quite successful in his profession, and had accumulated considerable property. He was an attendant on the services of the Second Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Fullerton was pastor, but was not a member. He was very popular, and one of the most promising young men at the Springfield bar.

Wishing to learn the particulars of young Mr. Goode's death, I called on Dr. John Rodgers, his physician, and Dr. Fullerton, his pastor.

Dr. Rodgers informed me that Mr. Goode was taken ill with typhoid-fever; but in the beginning of his illness he did not regard the case as serious; that one evening, after

the gas had been lighted, while his wife was standing by his bedside, and his eyes wide open, he instantly seemed to lose all sensibility and consciousness. He was immediately summoned, and was soon at his bedside. He said that, to all appearance Mr. Goode was dead. There were no signs of life perceptible. He remained in that condition for about an hour, when in an instant he regained consciousness, and requested the gas to be turned up. Dr. Rodgers said that for a moment he appeared slightly agitated; but almost immediately became perfectly composed. He said he never knew a man who had such perfect self-control as Mr. Goode.

Next morning when the doctor called to see him, his trained nurse, a very intelligent man from Cincinnati, was walking back and forth before the house, taking a little fresh air, and he remarked to the doctor that Mr. Goode had had a vision the night before. The doctor passed in, and, after making a few inquiries of his patient, Mr. Goode said: "Doctor, I was in the other world last night, and I saw hell, and no mind can conceive nor tongue express its horrors." Dr. Rodgers, as he told me, replied: "Mr. Goode, you are a very sick man; I want you to get well; we will not talk about this now; but at another time when you are stronger." This terminated the conversation on the subject. The doctor said he did not wish to talk with him then about the matter, lest it might excite and injure him.

Dr. Rodgers said that throughout Mr. Goode's entire sickness his mind was never affected in the slightest degree, either before or after the above occurrence. As an evidence of this fact, he said, when he found that Mr. Goode could not recover, he told him that if he had any business to arrange, he had better attend to it. Mr. Goode then called his father, and informed him how he wished to dispose of

his property, and requested him to write his will. His father, according to his direction, proceeded to write his will, and, when it was finished, read it to his son. But he objected to it, and pointed out two or three particulars in which it was not sufficiently clear and definite, and might admit of different constructions, and he requested his father to re-write and correct it, which he did. Dr. Rodgers said that he referred to this fact to show that to the last Mr. Goode's mind was clear, and as keen in its perceptions as ever. He said, had Mr. Goode been a nervous, imaginative, and excitable person, he might have supposed that the whole thing was an hallucination; but knowing Mr. Goode as he did, and knowing the clearness of his mind, and his perfect self-possession and self-control, he could not accept the supposition. He said he never knew of such a remarkable case; and while the facts were as he stated, he had no theory to present on the subject.

After my interview with Dr. Rodgers, I called on Dr. Fullerton, and informed him of the object of my visit. He said that Mr. Goode had sent for him, and that he had visited him; that he had told him the same thing that he had told Dr. Rodgers, that he had seen hell; that it was a horrible place; that he did not want to go there; and that he wanted him to thank God for letting him come back to this world. Dr. Fullerton, like Dr. Rodgers, would not permit him to talk on the subject, lest it should excite and injure him. But he prayed with him, and conversed about his soul. He continued to visit him and pray with him, and he expressed his full trust and confidence in Christ as his Savior, and the hope of a blessed future life. Dr. Fullerton said that on one of his visits, Mr. Goode addressed his father in the most tender and touching appeal he ever heard. He said: "Father, you are an honorable man; you are an honest, upright man; but, father,

that is not enough; your sins must be washed away in the blood of Christ, or you can not be saved." He said he could not repeat his words; but his appeal surpassed in tenderness anything he had ever heard. At last the end came, and he passed away in great peace.

I have no explanation to offer of this peculiar case. There is a mystery about it that I can not explain. There is one thing, however, which it seems to me clearly to establish, and that is, that there is a soul—a spiritual essence or entity—in man, separate and distinct from the body, that is capable of perception, thought, and feeling, independent of the physical or bodily senses. This living, spiritual agent can use our bodily organs, which in themselves are lifeless and inactive; but it can exist independently of them, in possession of all the attributes of an intelligent, immortal being or essence. It is separate and distinct from gross matter.

During this year, on the 3d day of August, 1890, Brother James Robison, the oldest member of the Conference, passed from labor to reward. He had been a member of the Conference for fifty-three years, had filled its best appointments, had served as secretary and president of the Conference, had represented it in several General Conferences and General Conventions, and had served for ten years as Book Agent. Indeed, he filled almost every position of honor and trust the Church could bestow upon him. He was honored and trusted by all who knew him. He was a man of quick, bright mind, well-informed, a good preacher, an excellent pastor, and the church-builder of the Conference. He had been the means of erecting eight churches, and some of them among the best in the Conference. He was a man of sweet spirit, genial and companionable, and of unswerving integrity. Esteemed in life, mourned in death, his memory is precious.

CHAPTER XL.

Session of Pittsburg Conference in Wellsburg, 1891—Appointed to Wellsburg Charge—City of Wellsburg—Near Early Home—Fiftieth Anniversary—Special Services—Dyer—Jones—Westfall—La Grippe—Express Package—Various Letters—Gift from *Recorder* Office—Correspondence—Sunday Services—Communion—Addresses by Various Brethren—My Address—Close.

At the session of the Pittsburg Conference, in Wellsburg, West Virginia, in September, 1891, I was appointed to the Wellsburg Charge, to which I removed as soon as convenient after the rise of the Conference.

Wellsburg is the seat of justice for Brook County, West Virginia. It is one of the oldest towns on the Ohio River. Marietta, Ohio, I believe, is the oldest, and Wellsburg comes next. It is only ten miles from where I was born and raised, and is associated with the recollections of my boyhood. It is a nice little city, with paved streets, electric-lights, excellent waterworks, and good graded schools. It is located on the southeast bank of the Ohio River, with a railroad running through it, and two other railroads running along on the opposite side of the river. It is sixteen miles above Wheeling, and fifty miles west of Pittsburg. It is near my early home and many of my relatives, and the place where I expect to sleep with my fathers. We have a good church-building here, and a comfortable parsonage adjoining it; but the membership is small, and the Church has much to contend with. There are some excellent members in it, however, who do all they can to sustain it. Among those worthy of special mention are Benjamin

Huggins and wife, Ulysses Huggins and wife, Charles Huggins and wife, Brother Cram and wife, and a few others.

At the Wellsburg Conference B. W. Anthony was received by transfer from the South Illinois Conference, and W. S. Hanks from the New York Conference. They are both successful workers.

On the 19th of February, 1892, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of my licensure to preach the gospel. The brethren, learning of this fact, resolved that the occasion should be observed by some special services. Arrangements were accordingly made to that effect. Brother J. F. Dyer, president of the Pittsburg Conference, and David Jones and G. G. Westfall, two of the oldest members of the Conference, and special friends of mine, were invited to be present, and to participate in the services of the occasion.

A couple of weeks before the time of these special services, I was taken ill with grippe, and when the time came I was greatly prostrated, but able, by a great effort, to be up. I was exceedingly nervous, a new form of affliction for me, for I had never been subject to anything of the kind before.

The services were to take place on Sabbath, February 21st. On Friday evening the expressman brought me a package containing a copy of Ridpath's "History of the World," in four large octave volumes, beautifully bound. There was nothing to indicate from whence they came. Shortly after, one of the brethren brought me my mail, which contained letters from various friends, extending their congratulations. Among these letters was one which particularly touched me, and, in my feeble and nervous condition, considerably excited me. It was from the employees of the *Methodist Recorder* office, and called up memories of years of toil which the senders of it and I

pleasantly shared together. Although I had been absent from the office for nearly four years, it showed that I was not forgotten. Here is the letter:

“REV. JOHN SCOTT, D. D.,

“Wellsburg, W. Va.:

“*Dear Doctor*,—Your friends, the ‘boys’ of the *Methodist Recorder* office, send their congratulations upon the completion of your half-century in the ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church.

“As a slight testimonial of their regard, and in recognition of your uniform kindness and courtesy to all during the years in which they worked with you daily, they ask you to accept a set of Ridpath’s ‘History of the World.’

“With the assurance of highest esteem, and sincere wishes for your future happiness, we remain your friends,

“William McCracken, Jr., M. S. Johns, Jesse Hook, Pres. K. McClelland, J. H. Nieth, T. D. Jones, T. J. Armor, J. S. Leland, J. W. Zirckel, Charles H. Gullett, August Stoechr.

“PITTSBURG, PA., February 18, 1892.”

Here is my response:

“MY DEAR ‘BOYS’ OF THE METHODIST RECORDER OFFICE:

“Your kind letter and accompanying gift of a copy of Ridpath’s ‘History of the World,’ in four royal octavo volumes, elegantly bound, came to hand last night. Your kind remembrance of me, and your congratulations, deeply touched my heart. For nine years, in our almost daily intercourse, nothing occurred to interrupt the pleasant relations that existed between us. Your gentlemanly bearing, your promptness in complying with my every wish, and your constant readiness to do me any kindness within your power, placed me under great obligations to you,

and laid the foundation for a friendship that shall never die.

"Please accept the assurance of my appreciation of your valuable gift, and of my far higher appreciation of the kindness that prompted it. I shall preserve your autographs among my most precious things.

"My prayer is, that prosperity may attend you through this life, and that the friendship which we formed in our long and intimate intercourse with each other, may be renewed and cemented in a brighter and better world than this. God bless you all!

"Your old and sincere friend, JOHN SCOTT.

"WELLSBURG, W. VA., February 20, 1892."

The services on Sabbath were very interesting. Brother Westfall preached an excellent and touching sermon in the morning, after which the Lord's Supper was administered. In the afternoon the anniversary services were held. The choir had arranged for some good music for the occasion. Brother Dyer made the opening address, after which I read, with considerable effort owing to my weakness, my address. Then, after singing by the choir, addresses were made by Brother Jones and Brother Westfall, and others. Brother Jones preached on Sabbath evening to a crowded house, and Brother Dyer preached on Monday evening to a good congregation. This closed the services of the occasion. The addresses were interesting, and the people professed to be very much pleased.

The following is the address which I delivered on the occasion:

"On some public thoroughfares there are mile-posts at the end of each mile, to remind the traveler of the distance he has come, or how near he is to the end of his journey. So it is in the journey of life. The even, onward flow of

time is divided into separate periods. Some of these are artificial, such as minutes, hours, months, and years. Some of them are natural, such as day and night; the return of the seasons, as spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Some of them are marked by events in social life, such as birth-days, marriages, and deaths. Then there are periods marked by important historical events, deemed worthy of commemoration, such as the granting of Magna Charta and the Declaration of American Independence. So, also, in the religious world, there are important events which mark the progress of religious movements which it is deemed proper to observe. Then, in each individual life, there are events of special interest which the individual may observe, but which are not observed by others, except through courtesy.

“An important event, at least important to me, occurred in my history fifty years ago on last Friday. On that day, after due examination by the authorities of the Church, I was licensed to preach the gospel of Christ. That was my entrance upon public life; and as you have been pleased very courteously to take some notice of the fact, it is due to you that I should recall some of the events of the half-century through which, since then, I have passed. Hours could be occupied in such a review; but I am admonished that but a few minutes can be thus employed.

“Fifty years ago I was a young and vigorous man; to-day I am an old man, and not so vigorous as I then was. Then, like most young men, I thought I knew a good deal; now, like all sensible old men, I think I know but very little. Then, like other young men, I entertained high hopes of the future; now, like other old men, I have very clearly-defined experiences of the past. Then the battles of life were mostly before me; now they are mostly behind

me. Then the end appeared to be a great way off; now it appears to be drawing near.

"The changes which have taken place around me in the last fifty years, in the social, scientific, political, and religious worlds, have been great and marvelous.

"In that length of time the social habits and customs of the people have almost entirely changed. Their modes of life are very different. They are now more cultured and refined. Schools and colleges have increased, and the people, generally, are better educated. The comforts, and even luxuries of life, which, fifty years ago, were enjoyed only by the few, are now largely enjoyed by the many. Other changes have also taken place. Then a farmer could not employ hands to reap his harvest, or to assist him in performing other labor, without whisky. In many instances the intoxicating bowl sparkled on the sideboard of the minister, sealed the vows at the hymeneal altar, and drowned the sorrows of the living over the forms of the dead. When I first came to this town, sixty years ago, the bottle was placed on the merchant's counter, and every customer—ladies may have been excepted—was invited to drink. Then slavery existed in nearly one-half of the States of the Union, and it existed in this State. But great changes have taken place, and the state of things which then prevailed has largely passed away.

"Fifty years ago there was no electric telegraph. The first telegraph line was established between Washington City and Baltimore in 1844, two years after I was licensed to preach; and the thought of an ocean telegraph had not entered the mind of man. It was not until more than sixteen years after my licensure, on the 28th day of August, 1858, that the first message was received in New York over an ocean cable. At the time of which I speak, there was no electric-light. The first electric-light was used by

Professor Tyndall in 1855. There were then no telephones, nor any of the other phones now in use. The first attempt to transmit vocal sounds by electricity was made in 1860. Nor were there then any sewing-machines in use. The first successful machine was given to the public by Elias Howe in 1847; but it was not introduced into use till 1854. There were then no reaping-machines. McCormick's reaper was invented in 1831; but was not perfected till 1846. Travel was then on horseback, or in carriages, or by river and stage-coach. The first Conference I attended was in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, some five or six hours' ride from here by rail; but it took me between three and four days to reach it by private conveyance. There was then no railroad west of the Allegheny Mountains, except, perhaps, a portion of the 'Little Miami,' between Xenia, Ohio, and Cincinnati. I saw, in 1851, the first train of passenger cars that ever went out of Allegheny City, over a short piece of road extending then to Rochester, Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Road was not completed to Pittsburg, I think, till the following year. There were then less than three thousand miles of railroad in the United States, and only about five thousand miles in the world. Now there are in this country over one hundred and twenty-two thousand miles, and in the world about two hundred and seventy-seven thousand miles.

"The changes which have taken place in the political world have been equally great. Fifty years ago John Tyler was acting President of the United States, William Henry Harrison, President, having died on the 4th of April, the preceding year, just one month after his inauguration. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, was Secretary of State; Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania, a member of our First Church, Pittsburg, was Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Spencer, of New York, was Secretary of War;

Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia, was Secretary of the Navy; C. A. Wicliff, of Kentucky, was Postmaster-General; Hugh S. Lagare, of South Carolina, was Attorney-General; and Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, was Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. Calhoun, and Benton, and Cass, and Berrien, and Crittenden were leaders in the Senate; and Hunter, and Yancey, and Garrett Davis, and Joshua Giddings, and others, now almost forgotten, were leaders in the House. Neither Seward, nor Sumner, nor Fessenden, nor Douglas had then entered the Senate; nor had Breckinridge, nor Chase, nor Winter Davis, nor Thaddeus Stevens, nor Henry Wilson appeared at the Capitol, nor had Abraham Lincoln taken his seat in the House of Representatives. The "great War Secretary," Edwin M. Stanton, was practicing law in Steubenville, Ohio.

"Then there were only twenty-six States in the Union; now there are forty-four; then there were but 18,000,000 of inhabitants in the United States; now there are 63,000,000. Texas was then an independent State, and was not admitted into the Union till March 1, 1845, and the war with Mexico, which grew out of its annexation, commenced in the spring of the following year. California was not then ceded to the United States, and was not admitted as a State till 1850. The War of Secession did not occur till nineteen years afterwards, in 1861.

"Then Louis Philippe filled the throne of France. Napoleon III did not become emperor till 1852, ten years afterwards. It was before the unification of Italy, the reconstruction of the German Empire, the great Sepoy Rebellion in India, and the emancipation of the serfs of Russia. China was not then open to foreign influence and traffic, and Japan still maintained the isolation in which she had for centuries been concealed. Africa was, indeed, the 'Dark Continent,' and Livingstone had neither been

lost nor found. The Free State of Orange, in South Africa, had not been founded. The construction of the Suez Canal had not then been even proposed. Brazil, so far as our knowledge went, was a land full of Jesuits, slaves, and debased races. Then a few adventurous travelers, at long intervals, visited the Holy Land; but now such visits are deemed but little more than an ordinary pleasure tour. Eight hundred vessels now touch at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, every year, and within the next two or three months a railroad will be completed from that city to Jerusalem. Three locomotives for the road were received there from Philadelphia more than a year ago. Such changes were not then even imagined.

“The changes which have taken place in the religious world in the last fifty years have also been very great. Fifty years ago a spirit of antagonism prevailed to a great extent among the Churches. Religious and ecclesiastical controversies were the order of the day. The Calvinistic and Arminian forces in this country were earnestly arrayed against each other. Presbyterians and Methodists often encountered each other, and not always in the sweetest spirit. The excitement caused by the organization of the New School Presbyterian Church a few years before, added a new element to the strife. The contention between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church was still active. In 1843 the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this country was organized, and equally assailed both the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant Churches. In 1844 the Southern Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church withdrew, and organized the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, involving bitter sectional controversies. Alexander Campbell, at the time to which I refer, was in the fullness of his strength, and, with many others of similar belief, was laboring earnestly to extend

the influence of his new organization, and being an able man and fond of debate, many interesting controversies were engaged in throughout the country. In 1858 the Methodist Protestant Church was virtually divided into two parts, North and South. In 1860 the Free Methodist Church was organized, antagonizing all the other Methodist Churches. In 1862 the Southern Commissioners withdrew from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and organized another Presbyterian Church in the South. In 1868 the Reformed and the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Churches, through their commissioners, which met in Pittsburg, organized the United Presbyterian Church. In 1869 the Old and the New School Presbyterian Churches, through their commissioners, met in Pittsburg, and united. In 1877 the two branches of the Methodist Protestant Church, by their representatives, met in the city of Baltimore, and became one.

"Fifty years ago the Evangelical Alliance had not been organized, the Pan-Presbyterian Council had not been called, and an Ecumenical Conference of Methodists had not been thought of. The uniform Sunday-school Lesson system had not been devised, and the great temperance reformation was only taking form. The 'higher criticism' was unknown, and infidelity under its old forms attacked the Christian faith.

"What a wonderful change has taken place since then! While the old Churches remain, they have largely forgotten their controversies; they are no longer actuated by a spirit of antagonism, but of friendly rivalry in doing good. Men have ceased to quarrel about non-essentials, and now unite in practical efforts for the salvation of men. Religious and benevolent organizations of almost every kind have been multiplied, and are exerting a powerful influence for good. All Christians are learning that love is the essential prin-

ciple of our holy religion, and that 'every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.'

"When I united with the Pittsburg Conference, fifty years ago, it covered the territory now embraced in the Muskingum, West Virginia, and Pittsburg Conferences, and had about six thousand members. The Muskingum Conference was set off from the Pittsburg Conference the year I united with it; the West Virginia was set off in 1854. The Muskingum Conference has now 12,717 members; the West Virginia Conference, 15,867; and the Pittsburg Conference, 8,056; making nearly 37,000 members, where we then had but 6,000. The increase is not what we could have desired; but it shows, nevertheless, encouraging progress.

"When I entered the Conference there were on its roll the honored names of Asa Shinn, George Brown, Zachariah Ragan, William Reeves, John Herbert, James Robison, John Cowl, Peter T. Laishley, D. R. Helmick, John Clark, and many others, all of whom have passed away, with the single exception of Dr. John Cowl, and he has not been able to attend a session of the Conference for several years. There is not a single person left who was a member of the Conference when I united with it, except Dr. Cowl.

"I have attended fifty consecutive sessions of the Pittsburg Conference, never, from sickness or any other cause, having missed a single session since I became a member of it. I am the only man, I think, who has done so. God has mercifully kept me all these years, notwithstanding my unworthiness and unfaithfulness, and I desire this day to acknowledge my indebtedness to his love, and to call upon all that is within me to laud and magnify his holy and excellent name. From a long experience of the comforting and sustaining power of the religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, I can with confidence commend it

to you to-day. Change is written on everything around us. But while everything earthly is changing, our God is unchangeable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We may, then, confidently trust in him, for 'in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

"The great sorrow of my life has been that I have not been more successful in bringing souls to Christ; that I have not been instrumental in doing greater good. My success has not been equal to my desire. Still, I trust I have been the means of doing something for the Master. If I have not been able to take a place in the van, perhaps I have sometimes helped to steady the column.

"A few years ago, when editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, I attended a session of the North Illinois Conference at La Harpe, Illinois. I preached on Sunday morning, and at the close of the service some one told me that a lady at the door wished to speak to me. I went to the door, and was introduced to a lady in a plain calico dress, and wearing an old-fashioned sun-bonnet. She said to me, 'Are you the editor of the *Methodist Recorder*?' I told her I was. 'Bless the Lord!' said she. And then, as if to assure herself of the fact, she said, 'Are you the editor of the *Recorder*?' I told her again that I was. Then, 'Bless the Lord!' she exclaimed, with greater fervor. Then she told me that she lived sixteen miles from there, out on the prairie; that she had no Church, no pastor, no preaching. The only preacher she had was the *Recorder*, and that it did her so much good that she was rejoiced to see the editor. After all, I thought, I am doing some good, and felt encouraged to toil on.

"When I retired from the editorship of the *Methodist Recorder* some three or four years ago, I received a great number of very kind letters; but the one that touched me most, because the most unexpected, was from a young lady

in Baltimore. She was one of those bright, light-hearted girls that make sunshine wherever they go, and about the last person that I should have supposed would be impressed with my style of thought. After saying some pleasant things, and telling me how sad she was while reading my closing editorial, she went on to say:

“Now I want to tell you that your paper, and your editorials particularly, have helped me a great deal, and have been really a source of inspiration to me. I can not tell you the strength and comfort I have many times received from them. I am so sorry you are no longer editor, for my sake as well as that of many others.’

“I wiped the tears from my eyes, and took courage, and thanked God that he had condescended to use me as an instrument, even in any degree, in doing good to others. I trust that at last, through the Divine mercy, I may be able to bring a few sheaves, and lay them at the Master’s feet. . . .

“Well, the day is declining, the shadows are lengthening, and, as a matter of course, the end is approaching. But the evening grows pleasant, and I think there will be a calm sunset after a while.

“WELLSBURG, W. VA., February 21, 1892.”

So, with crowding memories of the past, and, through grace, a pleasing hope of the future, closed fifty years in the ministry.

In looking over my life I find much to regret, and but little on which I can look with entire satisfaction. God has been very good to me; but I have been a very unfaithful and unprofitable servant. My only hope for salvation and eternal life is in the atoning merit of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In him I trust; on him I cast my helpless soul. His grace is sufficient; his arms of ever-

lasting love encircle me. I hope in his mercy. I know that his faithfulness endureth forever. My trust and confidence in him are firm and abiding.

Could I begin life again with the experience I now have, I might be able to do better than I have done; but I would not begin life again as I did begin it, lest, instead of improving, I might even do worse than I have done in the past. We can pass over life's journey but once. We can not go back and correct our mistakes. We have but one trial. How important, then, that we tread life's pathway carefully, and that we earnestly seek, and, by the assistance of Divine grace, endeavor to do the right!

Were I called upon to give my closing advice to my young brethren in the ministry, I would say:

First of all, consecrate your heart and life unreservedly to God. Lay your all upon the altar. Like the apostle, "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus," your Lord; and, like him, "count not your life dear unto yourself, so that you may finish your course with joy in the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Second. Let your one great aim be to save souls; to bring men to the Savior. Abase self and exalt Christ. Endeavor to be able to say in truth, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." Hide behind the cross.

Third. Diligently improve your time in qualifying yourself, so far as you can, for your great work. Do not trifle away your time; do not spend it in needless and unimportant things. It is a precious gift. Improve it to the very best advantage.

Fourth. Be not a place-seeker. Put yourself into the hand of God, to be at his disposal. Qualify yourself for the

highest position; but if God so order, be content with the lowest. The place where God puts you, it matters not how trying it may be, or whether it be high or low, is the right, the best place. Put your hand in God's hand, and let him lead you.

Fifth. Pursue your work in the Spirit of Christ. Let the love of Christ constrain you. "We love him," says the apostle, "because he first loved us." Love begets love. Convince the people that you love them and seek their good, and you will be likely to gain their love, and acquire a saving influence over them. You can not, by harsh reproofs and unkind treatment, drive people into the kingdom; but you can drive them beyond your influence. Seek earnestly to possess the gentleness and tender sympathy of the blessed Savior, who wept over the doomed city of Jerusalem and prayed on the cross for his cruel enemies who rejected and crucified him. "Love is of God." Nothing but love will ever conquer the world and win men to Christ. In this spirit pursue your work.

Sixth. Be faithful. Make full proof of your ministry. Do the best you can, and all you can. Be instant in season and out of season, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Try and be able to say with the Apostle Paul, when you come to the end of your journey, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." What a blessed hope! What a glorious consummation!

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

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Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"



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